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THE HISTORY OF

THE

AUGUST

BY THOMAS BLACKWELL, F.R.S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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1791

M E M O I R S

OF THE COURT OF

A U G U S T U S.

By THOMAS BLACKWELL, J. U. D.

PRINCIPAL OF MARISCHAL-COLLEGE IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

V O L. III.

*Non erat is Populus, quem Pax tranquilla juvaret;
Quem sua Libertas immotis pasceret armis:
Inde iræ faciles; & quod suafisset egestas
Vile nefas; magnumque Decus, ferroque petendum,
Plus Patria potuisse sua. —* LUCAN.

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P R E F A C E.

BETWEEN the End of *Julius Cæsar's* Memoirs, or rather of *Hirtius's* Supplement, and the Beginning of *Tacitus's* Annals, there is a Gap in the most interesting Part of the *Roman History*. In it is sunk the Death of the Dictator, the Siege of *Modena*, the Proscription, the Wars in *Asia* and *Rhodes*, the Battles at *Philippi*, the Siege of *Perugia*, the *Sicilian* Sea-fights, the *Parthian* Expeditions, the final Contest at *Actium*, the Reduction of *Alexandria*, and the gradual Transformation of the Republic into a Monarchy. These happen to be just comprehended in the Life of Augustus.

It was no Part of the original Plan of these Memoirs to supply their Deficiency, and retrieve the grand Period of the *Roman Story**: but being once engaged in the Series of Affairs, and having forged a Link or two of the Chain; the Consequence and Curiosity of the Materials, and their strict connexion with the Subject, insensibly drew in the Author to fill up the Chasm.

When this was done, it became a Point of Choice, either to sacrifice this historical Period, or to add a Volume to the Work beyond the first

* Vol. I. page 5,

Design; and both the Nature of the Transactions, and the Characters of the Actors (being such as hardly any other Age has produced), seemed to bespeak the Subscriber's Candor, and promise Forgiveness to the Writer, if he, undesignedly doubled his own Labor. Those who prefer a connected History, and wish to be fully instructed in the fatal Catastrophe of the glorious Commonwealth, may perhaps find Satisfaction in these three Volumes; and those who delight in looser Memoirs, of Lives and Characters—who love Court-Stories and Intrigues, interwoven with Inquiries into Poetry, Religion, and Literature, may indulge that Taste partly in this, and more fully in the following.

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ΟΤΙ μὲν ἔν πᾶσι τοῖς ἔσιν ὑπόκειται Φθορὰ καὶ
 μελαβολή, σχεδὸν ἔ προσδεῖ λόγος — δυοῖν δὲ τρόπων
 ὄντων καθ' ἑς φθείρεσθαι πέφυκε πᾶν γένος πολιείας,
 τὸ μὲν ἔξωθεν, τὸ δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς φουμένον. τὸ μὲν ἐκτὸς
 ἄσπετον ἔχειν συμβαίνει τὴν θεωρίαν· τὰ δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν
 τελαγμένην. — ὅταν πολλὰς καὶ μεγάλας κινδύνους διω-
 σαμένη πολιτεία, μετὰ ταῦτα εἰς ὑπεροχὴν καὶ δυναστείαν
 ἀδμήριον ἀφίκηται, φανερόν ὡς εἰσοικιζομένης εἰς αὐτὴν
 ἐπὶ πολὺ τῆς εὐδαιμονίας συμβαίνει τὰς μὲν βίβας γίνεσθαι
 πολυτελεστέρας, τὰς δ' ἀνδρας φιλονεικότερας τὰ
 δέοντες περὶ τε τὰς ἀρχάς, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιβολάς·
 ὧν προβαίνοντων ἐπὶ πλέον, ἄρξει μὲν τῆς ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον
 μετὰ τῆς ἡ φιλαρχία, καὶ τὸ τῆς ἀδοξίας δέος¹· πρὸς
 δὲ τέτοις ἢ περὶ τὰς βίβας ἀλαζονεία καὶ πολυτέλεια·
 λήψεται δὲ τὴν ἐπιγραφὴν τῆς μετὰ τῆς ὁ Δῆμος, ὅταν
 ὑφ' ὧν μὲν ἀδικεῖσθαι δόξη διὰ τὴν πλεονεξίαν, ὑφ' ὧν
 δὲ χαυνωθῇ κολακευόμενοι διὰ τὴν φιλαρχίαν· τότε γὰρ
 ἐξοργισθεῖς, καὶ θυμῷ πάντα βεβρυμένοι, καὶ ἔτι
 θελήσει πειθαρχεῖν, καὶ ἴσον ἔχειν τοῖς προεσῶσιν·
 ἀλλὰ πᾶν καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον αὐτός· ἔ γενομένων τῶν μὲν
 ὀνομάτων τὸ κάλλιστον ἢ πολιτεία μετὰ λήψεται, τὴν
 ἑλευθερίαν καὶ Δημοκρασίαν· τῶν δὲ πραγμάτων τὸ
 χειριστὸν, τὴν Ὀχλοκρατίαν — μεθίσταται δ' εἰς βίαν
 καὶ χειροκρασίαν ἢ Δημοκρατίαν — καὶ τότε (τὸ πλεῖστον)
 συναθροισζόμενον ποιεῖ σφαγὰς, φυγὰς, γῆς ἀναδασμὸς·
 ἕως αὖ ἀποβληθῶν πάλιν ἕρῃ Δеспότην καὶ Μόναρχον·

¹ So I conjecture it should be writ, instead of εἶδος.

Polybius the Historian's PREDICTION of the
FALL of Rome.

* * * * *

“ **T**HAT all human Things are subject to Corruption and Change scarce needs any Proof: But of the two Ways in which the Constitution of a State may be overturned, *external Force* or *inward Disorder*; though the *first* hardly admits of any Rule of Judgment, the Progress of the *last* is fixed and regular. For when a Nation has surmounted many and great Dangers, and consequently arrived at unrivalled Eminence and Power; it is plain that amid continued Affluence, the general *Way of Living* will grow more sumptuous, the Citizens more unruly, more imperious in Magistracies, and in all Sort of public Management. *Ambition* therefore, and *Dread of Disgrace*, will first begin the *Change to the worse*; accompanied for the most Part with *ostentatious Expense* and *Emulation in Magnificence*. But it is the *Body* of the *People* that give the final Blow and complete their own Ruin: for when they imagine themselves oppressed by the Avarice of their Rulers on one Hand¹, and are flattered and inflamed by interested and ambitious Leaders on the other²; they then consult nothing but their Passion throw off all Regard to Authority, will no longer endure their Magistrates, but take all, even the most material

¹ The *Patricians*.

² The *Tribunes* of the People.

Parts of Power, into their own Hands³. The Government then assumes the *prettiest* of all Names, *Liberty* and *popular Sway*; but becomes in Effect the *worst* of all Things, a *Mob-ruled Nation* — For the Democracy, or Power of the People, quickly turns to open Violence — Then the assembled Multitude banishes one great Man, murders another, confiscates Estates, makes Divisions of public Lands, until, like a wild Beast, exasperated with its own Cruelties, it finally submits to a Master and absolute Lord.

³ See Vol. I.

M E M O I R S

O F T H E

COURT OF AUGUSTUS.

B O O K V.

WHEN *Themistocles* persuaded his Fellow-Citizens to abandon their stately Town to the Fury of the *Persians*, and betake themselves to their Ships, the *Athenian Republic* was undoubtedly in their Fleet¹: For there is no Soil so sacred, or Structure of such Virtue, as to constitute a State. That consists of a *Society of Men*, living together under certain Regulations, and performing to one another the mutual Duties prescribed by their Laws. The Roman Republic therefore, after the horrible Proscription, was no more at bleeding *Rome*. The Regal Power of her *Consuls*, the Authority of her *Senate*, and Majesty of her *People* were now trampled under Foot: these divine Laws and hallowed Customs, which had been the Effence of her Constitution, — under whose powerful Influence she had flourished, fought, and conquered, were set at nought; and

¹ Ἡμεῖς τοὶ ὧ μοχθηρῇ, τὰς μὲν οἰκίας ἢ τὰ τείχη καὶ λαλοῖσθαμεν, ἐκ ἀξιοῦντες ἀψύχων ἔνεκα δαλεῦειν. Πολις δ' ἡμῖν ἐστὶ μέγιστη τῶν ἐλληνίδων, αἱ διακρύπτει τριήρεις, αἱ νῦν ὑμῖν παρῆσσι βοηθοί.

Θεμιστοκλῆς παρὰ Πλείσρχ.

her best Friends were lying exposed in their Blood. The *Nobility* and *Knights*, who were so happy as to lie concealed during the *Massacre*, had either passed over to the young Pompey in *Sicily*, or had taken Refuge in Brutus's Camp: and, in the Assembly of *Senators* that composed *their Councils*, and of *Roman Citizens* who filled *their Legions*, as yet survived the *Remains* of Rome. Few very eminent Men had escaped the Sword of *Cæsar*, and the Dagger of his Successors²; but there was a young Generation come up, the Heirs of the illustrious *Patrician* Families, who were just about to enter on the Scene of Business; and these, as their several Ties and Hopes directed, went over either to *Cassius* or to Brutus's Camp. There was *Domitius Enobarbus*, the two *Lentuli*, *Faustus Sylla*, *Cornelius Cinna*, the young *Lucullus*, the Pretor of *Macedon*, *Hortensius*, *M. Bibulus*, *Metellus*, and *Portius Cato*, who joined themselves to Brutus: while the more military Men, *M. Torquatus*, *Sergius Galba*, *Tullus Cimber*, *Albius Sabinus*, and the excellent *Messala Corvinus*, Soldiers of the old *Roman* Stamp, and, excepting the last, of some Rank and Standing, passed over

² Cn. Pompeius amittit exercitum; illud pulcherrimum Reip. prætextum Optimates, & prima acies Pompeianarum Partium Senatus Arma Ferens uno prælio profligantur; & tam magna ruina imperii in totum diffilit orbem: aliqua pars ejus in Ægypto, aliqua in Africâ, aliqua in Hispania cadit: ne hoc quidem miseræ Reip. contigit, *semel* ruere.

to *Cassius* in *Syria*: These, to the Number of forty or fifty, (the rising Hope of *Rome*,) were in Arms, in *Macedon* and the East, while the thin Residue of the *elder* Senators fled to *Sicily*, to put themselves under the Protection of *Sextus Pompey*, as was said; and some few passed over to *Africa* to join *Q. Cornificius*, a zealous Friend of the Common-wealth. It is needless to tell that these illustrious Exiles were all proscribed by the three Tyrants at *Rome*; that their Estates were confiscated, their Houses and Villas pillaged, and a Price set on their Heads: That followed of Course upon their taking Arms in Defence of Liberty, and of every Thing dear to Men.

But, a little before the News of this public Ruin could reach *M. Brutus*, his Patience was put to the highest Trial by a private Calamity. He had been married early in Life, to *Clodia*, a daughter of *Appius Claudius Pulcher*, and Niece of the flagitious Tribune. *Cn. Pompey's* eldest Son, by marrying her younger Sister, was become his Brother-in-law: but, whether the Manners of the Family to which he was then allied did not please him, or whether he had Reason to be dissatisfied with the Lady's Behaviour during his Absence¹;

¹ It appears that *Brutus* had *Clodia* to Wife, when the civil War between *Pompey* and *Cæsar* first broke out. *Pro Appio* (*hic in Cilicia*) *nos facimus omnia; — nec enim ipsum odimus, & Brutum amamus.* Cicero ad Attic. Lib. VI. Ep. 2. *Duos enim, duarum ætatum, plurimi facio, Cn. Pompeium filiaæ tuæ socerum, & M. Brutum generum tuum.* Ad. Fam. Lib. III. Ep. 4. And that he

it is certain, that, soon after his Return from the Government of the nearer *Gaul*, he entertained Thoughts of a Separation. This raised a good Deal of Talk * while it continued in Suspense; and the Women of the *Clodian* Family, as might be expected on such Occasions did not fail to inveigh bitterly against Brutus'; but his Cousin-german, the famous *Portia*, becoming about this time a young Widow, by the Death of her Husband *Bibulus*, his Doubts were quickly determined, and, according to the Manners of those Times, he divorced *Clodia*, to marry his Uncle's Daughter *. The World could scarce have afforded

began to think of a Divorce immediately after his Return, while *Cæsar* was occupied in the *Spanish* War against the young *Pompeys*. *A te (Attico) expecto, si quid de Bruto: quanquam Nicias confectum putabat, sed divortium non probari.*

Lib. XIII. Ep. 9.

* The Roman Families had properly but one Name, as the *Junian*, the *Sempronian*, the *Valerian*, &c. by which the Daughters were called; but, if there happened to be several Sisters, they divided the whole Names and Surnames that had ever belonged to the Family among them, or took a Name from their Mother's Side, as *Lollia Paulina*, *Poppæa Sabina*, &c.

' *De Bruto nostro, perodiosum. Sed vita fert: Mulieres autem vix satis humanè, quæ iniquo animo ferant, cum utroque officio pareat.*

Lib. XIII. Ep. 22.

* Our excellent Mr. *Addison*, to whom we owe the most useful Tragedy that ever was written, has taken the poetic

him a fitter Match; Portia was worthy of such a Parent as *M. Cato*, and of such a Husband as *M. Brutus*: She had a Soul capable of an *exalted Passion*, and found a proper Object to raise, and give it a Sanction. She did not only love, but *adored* her Husband: his Worth, his Truth, his every shining and heroic Quality, made her gaze on him like a God: while the endearing Returns of Esteem and Tendernefs she met with, brought her Joy, her Pride, her every Wish, to centre in her loved *Brutus*. She was in the Bloom of Youth when that Hero formed the bold Resolution of delivering his enslaved Country; and soon perceived (as what escapes the Eye of Love?) that he was big with some deep Design, and agitated with Fits of recurring Anxiety. As he used to hide nothing from her, she did him Justice, and concluded herself unfit to be trusted with the mighty Secret: but, instead of peevish Complaints, a superior Spirit prompted her to make a dangerous Experiment of her own Strength: She called for a Barber's Knife, as if to pare her Nails, and putting all her Women out of the Room, gave herself a deep Stab in the Thigh: She was able to command both her Voice and Behaviour; but the intense Pain bringing on Fever and Fainting, she desired to be left with

Liberty to neglect History and the Roman Manners, in giving the Name of *Marcia* to *Cato's* Daughter. — *Philip*, or *Crispus*, or *Rex* might call their Females *Marcia*, as was *Cato's* second Wife: but a Lady of that Name could be no Child of the *Portian* Family.

her Husband, who was in Agonies of Grief. When all were retired, with a settled Countenance, though in the Height of Anguish, ‘*Brutus!*’ said she, when I became your Wife, it was not only to be the Partner of your Table and Bed, but the Sharer of your Fortunes, and Companion of the Cares of your Life. You dearly discharge your Duty to me;—but, how can I perform *my* Part, if I may neither partake in your secret Sorrows, nor be intrusted with your grand Designs? I know the Imputation that lies on my Sex, with regard to Secrecy; but some Allowance should be made to the Power of good Education, and to keeping the best of Company: Besides which, I have the Honor to be *Cato’s* Daughter and *your* Wife: Yet, I laid no great Stress even on these, till I put myself to a Trial; and now, thank Heaven, I find that I am above bodily Pain, and can bear *any* Torture without complaining.’ So saying, she uncovered the Wound,—and told him what she had done. The astonished *Brutus* held up his Hands, and earnestly prayed the Gods would make him so happy as to accomplish his grand Purpose, that he might appear worthy to be Husband to *such a Woman!* His Prayer was granted; he killed the Tyrant, and put it in the Power of the *Romans* to resume their *Liberty*, and continue a *free People*: But their public Virtue was gone; their Armies had been corrupted by the Usurper; and soon after, *Brutus* seeing the *Veteran Bands* set themselves as it were to sale,

to the highest Bidder between *Antony* and *Octavius*, he began to distrust the Event; and at last found it necessary to leave harassed *Italy*.

A Day or two before he intended to sail, *Portia*, who was to return to *Rome*, suffered extremely at the Thoughts of their approaching Parting. She strove to hide her Anguish, and put on the Appearance of Serenity: but a Piece of Painting that was in the House at last betrayed her. It was *Andromache* with her infant-Son in her Arms, taking her Leave of *Hector* going out to Battle. She was represented looking tenderly on him, with a Mixture of Grief and Love, as if her Heart foreboded she should never see him more; — the Sight was too melting, and bore too great a Resemblance to her own Condition for *Portia* to bear: She burst into Tears whenever she viewed it; and felt the indulging her Sorrow so sweet, that every now and then, she stole away to gaze and weep before the moving Representation. She was observed both by *Brutus* and his Friends; one of whom, *Icilius* ⁷, (the same who afterwards could not refrain from Tears at hearing him attainted, and who had the Honor and Courage openly to give his absolving Voice) this Gentleman, I say, repeated the Words put by *Homer* into the Mouth of *Andromache*,

⁷ There are Variations about his Name. *Plutarch* in one Place calls him *Acilius*, in another *Silicius*; *Appian* calls him *Icelius*; and *Dio*, in telling that he gave openly the Ballot acquitting *Brutus*, calls him *Sicilius Corona*.

*Hector ! now thou'rt my All, — my Father first —
My Mother, Brother, and m'endearing Husband !*

at which *Brutus* smiling, ' But, said he, I cannot
' make *Hector's* Reply, and bid *Portia*

Go mind her Webs and Wheel, and rule her Maids :

' for though she cannot fight *in Person* for her
' Country, she is as deeply concerned for its
' Welfare, and has as brave a *Soul*, as any of
' Us, who do.'

These two Pieces of her Conduct paint *Cato's*
Daughter better than the most labored Description:
But a *third* is necessary to support my Conjecture
about the particular Anxiety of her Temper, and
Delicacy of her Constitution. The Day on which
her Husband was to strike the Blow that delivered
Rome, *Portia*, the only one of her Sex intrusted
with the Secret *, passed a terrible Time at home.
Cæsar lingered in coming to the Senate-house:
and *Brutus* and *Cassius* in the mean While sat se-
rene hearing Causes in their *Pretorian Tribunals*,
and giving Judgment, as if their Minds had been
void of all other Care. But the high Risque which
they ran, and the dreadful Consequences of a
Miscarriage put *Portia* almost beside herself. —
She could scarce keep within the House, — and
started at the least Noise. She questioned eagerly

* Μόνη γυναικῶν ἡ τῷ Βράτῳ γαμῆλῃ Πορκία τὴν ἐπιβελὴν (εἰς
Καίσαρα) ὥς φασὶ, συνέγνω.

every Body that came in, *What Brutus was doing?* and dispatched Message after Message to the *Forum*, to bring Accounts of his Situation. At last, her Strength of Body was not able to support the Rack of her Mind: her Spirits gave Way: a Dimness seized her as she sat with Company in the Dining-room; her Color changed; her Speech failed, and unable to retire to her Closet, she sunk down and fainted away. Her Women gave a loud Shriek — the Neighbours came running into the House, and the dismal Whisper ran through the Crowd till it reached *Brutus*, as he sat in Court, 'that his *Portia* was dead.' It wrung his Heart-strings, we may believe; but could not shake his Firmness, nor make him abandon the Cause of *Liberty* and *Rome*. His Lady revived; and the chief Cordial to her sinking Spirits was the glad-some News that her Hero, after destroying the Tyrant, was retired in Safety with the Band of Patriots to the Capitol.

She was now once more, almost in the same, but a much more lingering Perplexity. *Brutus* was beyond Sea; obnoxious to the Blows of Fortune, and Risques of merciless War. She was left at *Rome*, as it were *alone*, (so a Woman that loves is apt to think); *There* she saw every Thing going wrong: the Fruits of the complete Victory gained by the brave *Hirtius* over *Antony* entirely lost, through the Perfidy of the young *Cæsar*: the *Cæsarean* Captains conspiring again to destroy the Republic, and pointing their Swords principally at its Protector, her Husband's Throat: the in-

tense Anxiety of such a Situation preyed upon her Spirits ; her Solitude exasperated every gloomy Apprehension, until her Health finally broke ; and, *Brutus's* Absence and dubious Fate baffling the Power of every Medicine, this excellent Woman, the Ornament of her Age and Sex, breathed out her last a little before the bloody Proscription. *Brutus* was in deep Distress ; having lost, as his great Friend expresses it, That whose equal the Earth did not afford". — And as in that gloomy Temper Men are apt to repine at the least Omis- sion, we are told, that *Brutus* complained heavily of his Friends at *Rome* "as not having done their 'Duty, nor paid due Attention to his Lady in 'the declining State of her Health, when it should 'seem she grew weary of the Vicissitudes of Life; 'and, if she did not hasten her own Death', saw 'it approach with Pleasure.'

¹ Illud enim amisisti, cui simile in terris nihil fuit. This *Cicero* could affirm with the better Grace, that, if I mistake not, he had writ and published an Encomium of this rare Lady (*Laudationem Portiæ*) a little after her Marriage with *Brutus*. Vid. Lib. XIII. Ep. 37.

Cic. ad Brut. Ep. 9.

² The common Story of *Portia's* having swallowed Live- coals to put an End to her Life, after the Death of her Husband, depends upon the Authority of *Valerius Maximus*, and of *Nicolaus*, a Greek Philosopher : and they, I am apt to think, have confounded it with the Fate of her Cousin *Servilia*, Spouse to the young *Lepidus*, whose un- happy Exit we shall soon have Occasion to relate.

³ Τῆς Πορκίας — ὡς ἀμεληθείσης ὑπ' αὐτῶν, ἢ Προελομένης διὰ νόσον καὶ ἀλιπεῖν τὸν βίον.

Πλαρχ. Βιβλος.

A hard Circumstance in his Sorrow was, that he must not show the least Dejection, nor appear otherwise than as became the *General* and the *Patriot*. The Eyes, not only of his own Army, but of all *Rome*, and indeed of the whole Empire, were fixed upon Brutus; and permitted no Mark of Frailty that might demean his Conduct: nor allowed him *Leisure* for indulging Grief. The Weight of Affairs that lay upon him, the Command of a vast Army, the Cause of Liberty and of Mankind to be supported against Cruelty and Usurpation, left no Room for personal Indulgence. — *General* Calamities swallow up *private* Affliction — and not long after his *Portia's* Death, the News of the horrid Tragedy acted by the *Triumvirs* in *Italy*, filled him with alternate Grief and Indignation. He deplored the unhappy Fate of his Countrymen, and detested the unworthy Instruments: but his high impatient Spirit made him think it was *partly deserved*; as for many Years they had lost the noble Sense of Liberty, and had meanly submitted to many Encroachments, the bare Mention of which ought to have been intolerable to the Ears of a *Roman*. He tarried however on the *Adriatic* Shore, until he should receive into his protection, all the unfortunate Citizens who were driven from *Rome*, and in the mean Time was not wholly free from Danger himself.

When *Caius Antony*, the second of the three Brothers, had been defeated by the young *Cicero*, and afterwards taken Prisoner, *Brutus* not only saved his Life, contrary to the Opinion of the

Republicans, but left him the Ensigns of Power as a *legal Pretor*. This Favor he returned by attempting to draw his Army to mutiny; and had actually debauched some Cohorts, when his Ingratitude came to be known. In the Hands of another, he would have paid for it with his Head. But the mild *Brutus* was contented with taking the Pretorial Ensigns from him, and putting him under the Custody of a Centurion. Perverse Natures are not to be won. *Caius* persisted to stir up the Army to Sedition and brought it so far, that Part of a Legion *deserted*, and came to Blows with their Fellows who kept their Fidelity: while another Party of the Mutineers stole away, and took the Route of *Apollonia* to release *C. Antony*. Some intercepted Letters had given *Brutus* Time to be before Hand with them, and to order *Caius* to be put into a covered Waggon, and conveyed out of Town as a sick Person. The Deserters were cruelly disappointed in not finding him in *Apollonia*; and despairing of Pardon, possessed themselves of the Top of a Hill that over-looked the Town. But *Brutus* coming up with superior Force, treated them with great Lenity: some few of the most audacious were put to Death, and the others simply dismissed from the Army. This Mildness so wrought upon the Rest, that, of their own Accord, they sent a Party after the Criminals to take Vengeance on them; and called out to have *C. Antony's* Pay-master and chief Officers delivered over to them, to be punished in the same Manner. *Brutus*, instead of complying, commanded

these Officers to be put aboard Vessels, and carried to Sea, as if he had been to drown them; but with Orders to the Ship-masters, to convey them all to Places of Safety. After which, leaving *C. Antony* under the guard of *C. Claudius*³, he left the Coast opposite to *Italy*, and marched with his whole Army Eastward, to *Upper Macedon*. This he did, partly to avoid the ill Impression which the Accounts of the growing Power and Cruelty of the *Triumvirs* might make on Troops that had some Time served under *Julius Cæsar*, and partly to meet *C. Cassius*, his fellow Champion in the Cause of Liberty, and to secure the *Eastern Parts* of the Empire.

While yet in *Macedon* *P. Apuleius* his Friend arrived in his Camp, hardly escaped from the Sword of the *Triumvirs*. His Story is remarkable, and a lively Picture of the Misery brought upon the *Romans* by their own Oppressors.

Soon after, *Brutus* had become Master of *Greece* and *Epirus*, this Gentleman had taken journey for *Rome*, to appear at the ensuing Elections (as a Candidate for the *Pretorship*⁴. His Birth and Capacity, his Connexion with *Cicero*⁵, and late im-

³ A Nobleman of the *Claudian* Family, probably a Relation of his first Wife, *Appius Pulcher's* Daughter.

⁴ See Vol. I. p. 89 and 93.

⁵ *Apul. vero Tu, tua auctoritate sustinere debes. Brut. ad Cic.*

His Sister too, *Apuleia*, was married to *T. Amplius Balbus*, a Man of Genius and Spirit, a zealous Republican, and *Cicero's* intimate Friend. See Vol. II. p. 193.

portant Service to *Brutus* made up a Merit that seemed to give him a fair Title to the legal Dignities of his Country; — but, instead of a free Choice by the People, the young *Cæsar* having extorted the *Consulship* by Terror of his Arms, soon returned with his Associates, *Antony* and *Lepidus*, and in Lieu of the Pretorship, put a Price upon *Apuleius's* Head. In the Heat of the Massacre, he and *Aruntius*, bred Soldiers, put on the Habit of *Centurions*; and having dressed out their Servants like Veterans, marched a great Pace through the Streets to the Gates, through which, in this equipage, they ran unsuspected, as if in Pursuit of some of the proscribed Nobility. Then parting Company, they took different Roads; and by breaking open the Jails where-ever they passed, and collecting all the unhappy Wanderers from *Rome*, they soon gathered a good Body of Men. As they marched on, their Numbers still increased, so that in a few Days they came to have Arms and Ensigns, and the Face of an Army. But their Route lying the same Way, towards the Sea-coast, it so happened, that both Parties intended one Evening to take Possession of a little Eminence to encamp on all Night: their mutual Appearance struck mutual Terror; — each dreading it might be a Body of the Triumvir-Cut-throats come in Pursuit of them. In this anxious State they passed the Night; and both beginning to move by Day-break, neither doubted but the other was coming to attack them; a fierce Encounter ensued, and many Wounds were

given on both Sides , until the rising Sun let them see the unhappy Mistake : they then again joined Companies , and took the Road to the nearest Sea - port ; from whence *Aruntius* passed over to the young Pompey , and *Apuleius* made the best of his Way to Brutus's Camp. He came just in Time , as the Army was in Motion from *Macedon* toward the *Hellespont* , to be intrusted by *Brutus* , with the Government of *Bithynia* , and with the Care of building Ships of War at *Nicor* and *Chizico* , the most celebrated Arsenal for shipping , next to *Rhodes* , then in the World.

In his March from *Macedon* through the *Thracian* Territory , (which was named *Romania* by the *Turks* , when they took *Constantinople* ,) a singular Piece of good Fortune befel *Brutus* and his Army. That Country , like all the Northern Tract , was divided into many little Principalities , under particular Chieftains , often at Variance among themselves. *Cotys* , a petty Prince of the *Sapeans* , (whose Dominion was not far from the Gold and Silver Mines , along the Coast opposite to *Thasus*) , had been surpris'd and murdered by his Enemies : and , to prevent the young Heir's meeting the same

* *Reges ex nobilitate , Duces ex virtute sumunt.*
Tacit. de *Morib. Germ.*

In iis (*Germanorum*) gentibus , quæ regnantur.

Ibid.

Under the Name of Germans , the Ancients comprehended the Nations along the Banks of the three Rivers the Rhine , the Elb and the Danube , beyond whom were the Sarmatians , i. e. Tartars.

Fate, his Mother *Polemocratia*, allured by the Fame of *Brutus's* Justice and Moderation, came into the Camp with her little Son, and put him and his Father's Treasures under his Guardianship.

Brutus received the Princess with his usual Humanity; and having found a surprising Quantity of Bullion in the royal Coffers, he ordered *Pletorius* and *Costa*, Masters of his Mint, to strike the celebrated Gold Coin, with the Head of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, his Progenitor, who expelled the *Tarquins*, on one Side, and round it *L. Brutus prim. cos.* On the other his own Face, with *M. Brutus imp.* and *Costa leg.* in the Exergue. But the more famous and wide spread Silver Coin, had his own Head on one Side, and on the Reverse, a Cap, (the ancient Badge of Freedom) between two Daggers, and *Eid. Mar. the Ides of March*, in the Exergue. He then sent the young Prince to *Chizico*, one of the most polite and best governed Cities in *Asia*, to be educated under the Inspection of the good *Apuleius*, until he should have an Opportunity to resettle him in his royal Estate, and add to his Dominions ten Times the Worth of his Father's Ingots. This lucky Incident kept *Brutus* easy, and the Army in Affluence in their March towards the *Hellespont*. Yet, in the midst of his Troops, his Life was threatened from a Quarter he little dreaded.

' This curious Medal was in *M. de Harlay's* Collection, Attorney-General, and one of the *French* Plenipotentiaries at *Ryswick*.

Two Brothers of the first Nobility, *M. Val. Messala Corvinus*, and *P. Gell. Cotta Publicola*, driven from *Rome* by the Tyrants, had repaired the former to *Cassius*, as was said, and the latter to *Brutus's* Camp. Never were there Men of more opposite Characters than these two Brothers. *Messala*, on this Journey to *Cassius* took *Macedon* on his Way, and delivered to *Brutus* a Letter from their common Friend *M. Tullius Cicero*, of which the Introduction follows,

M. CICERO to M. BRUTUS.

‘ This will be put into your Hand by *Messala*
 ‘ *Corvinus*. No Letter of mine, how accurately
 ‘ soever writ, could give you so distinct an Ac-
 ‘ count of the State and Management of our pu-
 ‘ blic Affairs, as *he* will lay before you, who is
 ‘ both perfectly acquainted with them, and can
 ‘ relate them with the utmost Elegance and Ex-
 ‘ actness. For don’t imagine, *Brutus*, (though it
 ‘ be needless for me to write Things so well
 ‘ known to you, only that I cannot let such Emi-
 ‘ nence in every Thing that is praiseworthy pass
 ‘ in Silence,) don’t imagine, I say, that for Pro-
 ‘ bity, Constancy, Application to Business, and
 ‘ Zeal for the Public, there is any Thing like him
 ‘ in *Rome*: so that his Eloquence, in which he
 ‘ wonderfully excels, deserves a Place among his
 ‘ greater Qualities. Yet in cultivating that very
 ‘ Talent, his Wisdom chiefly shines, with so true
 ‘ Judgment and exquisite Art has he formed him.

‘ self in the most *genuine* and *manly* Manner: at
‘ the same Time, his Application is so great, and
‘ his Study so intense, that it is a Question whe-
‘ ther he owes more to it, or to the Superiority
‘ of his Genius.’ This eminent Youth’s younger
Brother *Gellius Publicola*, the Reverse of his elder,
thought he would become a great Man, and far
outstrip *Messala*, if he could dispatch *M. Brutus*,
and escape himself to the *Triumvirs*. Nor was he
contented with hatching such wicked Thoughts,
but had actually concerted Measures to take away
his Protector’s Life, and imparted his Design to
some Persons whom he judged proper Instruments
for carrying it into Execution. One of those,
not so great a Villain as *Gellius* supposed, went
directly and informed the General of his Danger
from a Hand he was little suspecting. *Brutus*
could scarce allow himself to believe, that the
Information was true: but though concurring
Proofs at last convinced him, he could not resolve
to give the young Traitor the Reward of his
Crime, but with his wonted Compassion and
Magnanimity, sent him under a strong Guard to
his Brother *Messala* in *Cassius’s* Camp, where he
proved no better Man, as we shall see hereafter.

C. Cassius was far advanced on his way to *Egypt*,
in Order to chastise its dissolute Queen, for send-
ing Troops and Money to the Assistance of the
wicked *Dolabella*, and to prevent her doing the
same to the *Triumvirs*: but when *Brutus’s* Let-
ters reached him, putting him in mind, ‘ That it
‘ was not to acquire Power or Provinces to themselves

‘ *that they had taken Arms, but to deliver Rome;*
‘ *take Vengeance on her Oppressors, and resettle the*
distracted Common-wealth;’ *Cassius* obeyed his
Friend’s Call; and though unwilling to let slip so
fair an Opportunity of humbling their certain
Enemy, he turned short, and marched again
through *Palestine* and *Syria*, towards the *Asiatic*
Borders. He left his Nephew, the young *Cassius*,
with six thousand Men to command in *Syria*,
and detached the prime of his Cavalry into *Cap-*
padocia, to bring *Ariobarzanes*, the King of that
Motherland of Slaves, to Reason. He had taken
Side with *Julius Cæsar* against the Common-wealth,
and been rewarded with Part of the Kingdom of
Deiotarus, the Friend of the Senate; and now in
Conjunction with the *Tarsians*, and other disaf-
fected Towns, he had refused to send Auxiliaries
to the *Proconsul*, and was even suspected to have
laid a Design to surprise and assassinate him on
his March; but was surprised himself by the *Horse-*
men, put to Death as a Traitor, and all his
Treasure, and the Furniture of his Palace brought
as lawful Booty to the *Roman* Camp.

Upon the News of his great Friend’s Approach,
with his Army, *Brutus* passed over from *Thrace*
into Asia, with the Flower of his own. They
were under the Command of gallant Men, not
braver Officers than true Patriots; whom it is
therefore worth our While to recount, and make
pass before us, as it were at a Review. And first,
Publius Sextius was *Pay-master*, *Secretary at War*,
and *Commissary-General*. These three Commands

were united in the Person of the *Roman Questor* *. I name him before the *Legatus* or Lieutenant-General, because the sacred Discipline of the *Romans* required the closest Connexion, like that between Father and Son, to subsist between the *General* of an Army and his *Questor*: and here it did subsist, not only in Virtue of the Office, but of the Esteem and Veneration which *Sextius* had for his *Pro-Consul*; of which we shall here after have Occasion to give a very singular Proof. Next in Command was *Tullius Cicero*, General of the Cavalry; brave, vigilant, full of the Fire of Youth, and who generally led the great Detachments sent out upon any Enterprize from the main Army, and always returned with Honor, seldom without Success. The next General-Officer was the intrepid Republican, *C. Flavius*, Master of Artillery, (*Præfectus Fabrum*) already described; and *Domitius Enobarbus*, the best Man of his Family, though of the first in *Rome*, almost shared the Command with *Brutus* himself. The elder *Lentulus* was *Admiral*; and the younger, who had been *Questor* to *Hortensius*, rode in that Band of Volunteers that composed the Pretorian Guard; the noblest that ever surrounded a General's Person, except *Cn. Pompey's*, who had the Consuls and Senate, (Fathers of these illustrious Youths) serving in the same Capacity. Under these, the *Tribunes* of the Legions, commanding each five or six thousand Men, were *Pompeius Sabinus*, *Pub.*

* See Vol. I. page 96. and *Cicer. in Verrem; actione prima.*

Albinus, *Q. Horatius Flaccus*, with many others too tedious to name.

The City *Smyrna* was the Place appointed for the Rendezvous of the two Armies; and by its Situation on the Sea, and in a plentiful Country, was very proper to receive them. It was the fairest Town in *Asia*, standing partly on an Eminence, but extending itself chiefly on the Plain, toward the Port, the Academy, and Temple of *Cybele*. Its Streets were large, laid out by the Line, and finely paved. It had stately *Porticos*, or covered Walks, both in the higher and lower Town, and a noble Library, in *Homer's-Hall*: It was a square Colonnade with a Chapel and Statue of *Homer* placed in it. Near the Wall, runs the River *Meles*; and the Key was so built, that it could be opened and shut at Pleasure. The Town bore the Marks of *Dolabella's* Brutality, who after he had traiterously murdered *Trebonius*, pulled down many Parts of it, and left it lying in Ruins*. It is almost the only City that flourished under the *Grecian* and *Roman* Power, which still continues in any tolerable Splendor. Its safe and capacious Harbour still attracts the Mediterranean Trade, and the vast Country behind it, pouring down its rich Merchandize by *Caravans*, makes it the chief Mart of *Asia* the less. Hither therefore came the grand Army of the Commonwealth, led by the two Chiefs that had pulled down the Usurper and delivered *Rome*. Their meeting

* Δολοβέλλας — πόλεως τῆς πολλὰ μέρη παρέλυσε.

Στραβ. Βιβ. ιδ.

was joyful: when they parted from one another at the *Pireum* of *Athens*, they were pretty lonely, and but ill prepared for great Undertakings; having neither Men, Money, nor Ships of War: They now found themselves at the Head of *a hundred and sixty thousand* complete Men, with a considerable Fleet, and Treasures to support both. The chief Point to be settled was the Plan of the military Operations against the inhuman Triumvirs. M. Brutus, in the Council held upon that Subject, bent upon relieving *Rome*, and encouraged with the Sight of their joint Forces, was for marching directly to the Enemy, and hazarding a decisive Battle. *Cassius*, an elder Captain, had other Views of conducting the War. He knew the Strength of the *Veteran Army*, — thought it not advisable to come immediately to Blows with them; but proposed ‘to make himself *Master of all the naval Force* of the Empire, — to command the Coasts, and have it in his Power to starve the *Cæsarean* Legions, either in *Italy*, or where-ever the War should happen to be carried; while his superior military Skill kept them at a Bay, and put it out of their power to force him to a Battle.’ For this purpose, the *Eastern* Parts of the Empire, where its naval Strength chiefly lay, were to be first secured; a mighty Fleet fitted out, and the maritime States either made Friends, or disabled from succouring the Enemy. This was the Plan laid down by that great Captain; the same that *Themistocles* proposed for baffling the *Persian* Invasion, and that *Cn. Pompey* purposed to follow in the War against

Julius Cæsar. It was steadily pursued by the *Greeks*, and crowned with Success: *Pompey* was forced, much against his own Judgment, to relinquish it; and the Event proved dismal accordingly. It's Virtue has been too often tried, and I trust is too well known in Great Britain, for those at the Helm ever to neglect this our chief Strength, the awful Means of our foreign Influence, and domestic Tranquillity. When this Resolution was taken, the two Chiefs again separated, marching opposite Ways along the rich Coast of *Asia*, *Brutus* northward, to the *Propontis* or *Marmora*, and *Cassius* South-east, towards *Rhodes* and the *Lycian* Shore. These were the most commodious Places of the Empire for fitting out Fleets; the Woods of *Bithynia* and *Pontus*, and the Mines of the *Carian* Mountains affording Plenty of Timber and Iron, and the Inhabitants being generally addicted to a Sea-faring Life.

The *Island* and *City* of *Rhodes* had been once Mistress of the *Mediterranean*; and, after the Decline of the *Athenian* State, became the greatest maritime Power in ancient *Greece*. They had been, for some Ages, very faithful Allies, of the *Romans*, and had been maintained by them in the full Enjoyment of their Privileges, and even raised to new Lustre: But Envy and Wantonness made them favor *Perfes* the last King of *Macedon*; and forget themselves so far, as in a manner to threaten the *Senate*, if they did not make peace with him. This was generously forgiven them by the Fathers, to whom the same Passions made them afterwards Foes, and Friends to the lawless *Cæsar*: For, when

Pompey and the two *Lentuli* were on their unhappy Voyage to *Egypt*, after the *Pharsalian* Disaster, the *Rhodians* refused them Entrance into their Town: but after *Cæsar's* Death, when the barbarous *Dolabella* was pillaging the Province of *Asia*, they sent two Embassies to him contrary to their own Laws, and assisted him with Men and Ships, at the same Time that they refused to permit the young *Lentulus*, Deputy Treasurer of *Asia*, and his Colleague *Patiscus*; so much as to cast Anchor in their Bay; or their Soldiers to buy Provisions, or even to Water, in their Island. It was with Difficulty they allowed the two Commanders to come ashore, in their long-Boats: — They pretended not to believe that the Roman Senate durst vote *Dolabella* an Enemy; and were even suspected to have amused these noble Youths, until they should acquaint *Sev. Marius* and *C. Titus*, *Dolabella's* Lieutenants, who soon after hastily sailed from *Lycia*, in a light Frigate, leaving the Transport-Vessels they had painfully collected, to the hazard of being restored to their lawful Owners. This new Proof of the *Rhodian* Perversity, joined to their Refusal of assisting the young *Cassius*, when sent by his Uncle to man his Fleet, from the *Grecian* States along the Coast, left no Doubt of their *Malevolence* to the Republic, and made it necessary, not to leave such a naval Power in an Enemy's Hands.

It was no slight Undertaking to humble the haughty *Rhodians*; they had, as I observed, acquired a Superiority almost undisputed at Sea; an Element which the *Romans* never affected

when they could help it. *Their* Strength lay chiefly in their Legions or Infantry, though they became Seamen on Occasions, through Necessity. C. *Cassius* therefore, being to attack the most formidable maritime State then in the World, not only collected Ships of War, and expert Seamen from all Quarters, but was at great Pains to exercise them before he ventured to engage with the *Rhodians*. Myndus, a City of *Caria*, on the Continent, not far from *Rhodes*, called now *San Pietro*, offered him its spacious Port as an Exercising-Place; the adjacent fruitful Country supplied his Army, and all the Towns along the Coast, sent him Recruits of Seamen. While thus occupied, an Embassy of *Rhodians* came to him, with a Message full of these Pretences, which are easily invented to color Treachery, and as easily understood. “ They presumed to *admonish* the
“ General, not to despise the *Rhodian* Common-
“ Wealth, which had seldom failed to baffle
“ the boldest Aggressors, — nor to forget the
“ solemn Treaty subsisting between them and the
“ *Romans*, that neither State should attack the
“ other, but give mutual Assistance in times of War.
“ As for their having delayed to perform that
“ Part to him at present, it was, that they might
“ send to *Rome* and inquire at the Senate itself,
“ which Party they were to assist; and if com-
“ manded to join *Cassius*, they would instantly
“ obey.”

With respect to the *Advice* they tendered, the Proconsul said, ‘ The *Event* of the War, and not

' Words, would best approve it: but that the
 ' Treaty which they laid hold of, was first broken
 ' by themselves, in supplying *Dolabella* with
 ' Men and Ships against *Cassius*, to whom they
 ' were now again refusing Aid, under the shallow
 ' Pretence of sending to receive the Commands
 ' of a *Senate*, whose Members they well knew,
 ' were either murdered or banished by the Tri-
 ' umvirs at *Rome*; that these Tyrants should not
 ' escape the Punishment due to their horrid Deeds,
 ' — nor their *Rhodian Partisans* miss of their
 ' proper Rewards if they did not immediately
 ' return to their Duty, and assist him with all
 ' their Forces in so just a War.'

To do the *Rhodians* Justice, it was not their
best Men that were thus disaffected to *Brutus* and
Cassius; and Friends to the dissolute Faction in
Rome: It was the giddy *Multitude*, bribed by the
 late *Cæsar*, and fond of having such Profligates in
 Power, as they were conscious they would be
 themselves if intrusted with Government. At
 this Time, two Ring-leaders *Alexander* and *Mna-*
seas blew them up, with expatiating upon their
 Victories over *Demetrius* the *Town-Taker*¹, and
 the famous *Mithridates*; both whom they repulsed
 with Loss, and forced them shamefully to raise
 the Sieges they had laid to the City. In return
 for this Flattery, the Populace created the former
Prytanis or chief Magistrate, and made the latter
 their Admiral. Five - and - thirty Ships of War
 were immediately fitted out and filled with their

¹ Πολιορκητής.

best Seamen.—All that the *old Magistrates*, Persons of chief Respect, were able to do, being to prevail with them, before any Act of Hostility should draw a *Roman Army* upon them, to send the Philosopher *Archelaus*, under whom Cassius himself had studied in *Rhodes*, to try, if by *his Means* they could soften the *Proconsul*, and obtain easy Terms of Peace.

The artful old Man came to *Myndus*: and being admitted to the General's Presence, he laid hold of his Hand, with his former Familiarity, and, 'God forbid, Sir! said he, that *You*, a 'Friend to Learning, should overturn a *Grecian State*!—or a Friend to *Liberty* should be an 'Enemy to *Rhodes*! Let me hope you will 'recollect what you learned both here and at 'Rome, of the noble Actions of the *Rhodians* 'against Kings and States that invaded them; and 'of the powerful Assistance they often lent to 'your Ancestors against *Antiochus* the Great, 'and their other Enemies: Things which claim 'Remembrance from every *Roman*, and Regard 'from a Patron of Liberty.—But from *You*, Sir! 'what ought not *Rhodes* to expect? The State 'where you were bred and instructed in the most 'valuable Knowledge; where your declining 'Health was restored; where the very *House* 'you possessed, my *School* which you frequented, 'and *I myself* a Native, seem all to conspire in 'obtesting you, not to force us to war with 'our own Pupil, nor impose the hard Alternative 'of seeing our Country destroyed, or *Cassius* put

‘ to Shame. May an old Preceptor, Sir! presume
‘ to join a little Counsel to his humble Request?
‘ You are engaged in a mighty Undertaking:
‘ *Follow the Gods, Sir! in every Part of it.* By
‘ *them* you swore to observe the Treaty entered
‘ into with the late *Cæsar*. You, Romans! joined
‘ Hands in Pledge of adherence, and gave it the
‘ Sanction of solemn Rites. These Ties, deemed
‘ binding on *Enemies*, are still more sacred in the
‘ Case of *Benefactors*; as there is nothing more
‘ odious, or that more demeans a Man in the
‘ Sight of Friends and Foes, than Violation of
‘ the public Faith.’

In so saying, the old Man dropt some Tears, which could not but affect his former Scholar, and would no doubt have proved effectual had they been shed in a better Cause: But the Demerits of the *Rhodians* were too palpable, and their Conduct too flagrant to be disguised under so thin a Palliative. Cassius, without Hesitation, answered, “The Violation of Faith, Sir! lies at the Door of the *Rhodians*, by reiterated Acts of Perfidy. First, when I, in the Name of the *Senate and People of Rome*, applied to you, my *Tutors and Instructors*, for Assistance against *Dolabella*. I was slighted and refused; but when that Traitor, whom you neither educated nor instructed, came to ravage the Provinces, you assisted *him* both with Money and Shipping. But what is still more provoking, is your pretending, forsooth, to *stand neuter*, in what you call our *civil Contests*, while *Brutus* and I, and all the illustrious Senators you

see in our Camps, (escaped from the Tyrant's Hands) are endeavouring to rescue the *Common-Wealth*. It would indeed be a *civil War*, were we fighting for *personal Power*, and not for the public *Liberty*; but now the War is evidently between the *Roman Republic* and *three Tyrants*; whom you *Rhodian Lovers of Liberty*, befriend and assist, and leave the Republic and its Friends defenceless. With what Face can *You* mention your Friendship or good Affection to the *Romans*, you who can see, relentless, so many of them condemned to *Death* and *Forfeiture*, without being once accused or heard? — And then foolishly feign that you are to consult the *Senate*!... as if you did not know, that its Members are either murdered by the *Triumvirs*, or chased from *Rome*, to our Camps. The *Senate* while yet entire, fully declared its Pleasure by the *Decree*, commanding all the Eastern Provinces to join with *Brutus* and *Me* in prosecuting the War: instead of obeying which, you hold forth the Treaty made with the late *Cæsar*, the very Author of this cruel Tyranny. But, be it so; let the Treaty take place; it surely bears, That the *Romans* and *Rhodians* are to assist one another in their mutual Necessities. Fulfil now the Treaty, — acquit your plighted Faith, — assist the *Romans* in the highest Necessity. — *Cassius* the Proconsul calls upon you, whom the *Senate* ordered all the Empire to obey beyond the *Archipelago*; *Brutus* calls upon you by the same Authority; — and *Sextus Pompey* appointed Lord High Admiral in all the Seas of our Dominion. That illustrious

Body of Senators^a, whom you here see, — and all those of the same Rank with *Brutus* and *Pompey*, second our Request: whereas the Treaty provides, *That the Rhodians should assist the Romans, if it was but One single Citizen that stood in need of it.* But perhaps the good People of *Rhodes* do not look upon Us as *Proconsuls*, — nor on these as *Roman Citizens*, but rather as *banished Men*, or as the Tyrants say, *Persons condemned*: In that Case, there is no Treaty subsisting between *You* and *Us*, but only between the *Romans*, and *You Rhodians*: whom *We*, *Fugitives* and *Aliens*, excluded from the Treaty, will therefore pursue with Fire and Sword, until we have reduced you to perfect Obedience.”

This sharp Answer, which struck Terror to the wise, and staid Part of the *Rhodians*, served only to provoke the Populace, whose Favorites, *Alexander* and *Mnaseas*, hastened to draw out their Fleet and attack *Cassius*, as they imagined, unprepared. The first Day, to show their Address in rowing (the ancient Ships of War being all *Gallies*,) they made a stretch from *Rhodes* to *Cnidus*, where they cast Anchor; and the next, to the no small Surprise of *Statius Murcus* the Roman Admiral, they appeared drawn up in Order of Battle before the Port of *Myndus*. It was a provoking Sight: *Cassius* immediately ordered him to sail out with his Fleet and attack the Enemy, who insultingly shook the Chains at him, which they had brought from *Rhodes* in Order to bind their *Roman* Prisoners. A warm Engagement

ensued: the *Rhodians*, in their light Ships, sailed round the *Roman* heavy Vessels, and showed great Feats of Dexterity and Courage; but when caught with the Grappling - iron fixed along - side, and forced to fight as on firm Ground, they were no Match for the *Roman*. At last the Admiral gave the Signal to *contract his Front*, and bear close down upon the Enemy. This defeated their Dexterity: they could no longer sail through the Line, nor surround a single Ship; and when, with all the force of their Oars, they came in Front against a heavy Vessel, they did themselves more Harm than the Ship they assailed. But, though sore pressed they continued fighting until two of their Gallies were sunk, and three taken, with all their Men. They then gave up the Contest, and in poor Plight fled back to *Rhodes*.

Cassius enjoyed the View of this naval Engagement from the Top of an adjacent Hill. He lost not a single Ship: those that were shattered he soon repaired, and then sailed to *Loryma*, now *Maxi*, just opposite to *Rhodes*. From thence he ordered his Legions to be carried over in Transports into the Island, under the command of *Favonius* and *Lentulus* his Lieutenants; while he went in Person aboard his Fleet, consisting of eighty Sail, to block up the Port. Here at first he lay quiet, in Hopes that the sight of such a *Land - army* on one Side, and of a victorious *Navy* on the other, would bring them to a better Way of thinking: but they were obstinate; or, as their Faction would say, *brave*; and, in-

stead of treating, threw open their barred Port, sailed out with their newly supplied Squadron, and briskly engaged the *Roman* Fleet. The first Attack was very sharp; but in the End, they had no better Success than before. — Two more of their Ships were taken, and the rest driven headlong into the Harbour, which was now shut up, and the City Rhodes besieged by Sea and Land. The Walls, as in a populous Town, were instantly crowded with Men and Arms; but as in the Hurry of their Equipment, no Provision had been made against a *Siege*, it was not difficult to foresee that the City must soon be taken, either by Famine or Assault: For Cassius, who had Apprehensions of what might happen, had caused folding Towers of Wood to be built, that could be taken to Pieces: which he now raised upon his Ships, with Engines mounted on them that overtopped the Walls. By their means the crowded Ramparts were soon cleared, and the Town in hazard of being taken by storm, and consequently rased to the ground, if some of the wisest Men, trusting to the *Roman* Generosity; and to Cassius's Regard to the Place of his Education, had not privately opened a Gate. Surprise and Confusion seized the Citizens, when they saw the *Roman* General with his *Pretorian* Band within the Walls of *Rhodes*. The most criminal immediately absconded; and some (haughty in Prosperity and fawning in Danger,) fell down before him, and called him *Lord* and *Sovereign*. ‘Neither Lord nor Sovereign,’ said the Proconsul, but the Killer
and

and Chastiser of your lawless Lord.' Accordingly Orders were given to the Soldiery, on pain of Death, not to offer Violence, nor touch the least Thing belonging to a *Rhodian*. Then the General's Tribunal was placed in the *Forum*, with a *Spear* over it; the Sign of a City carried by Arms, and lying at mercy. The Sight struck terror into the Townsmen, (who alone of the *Asiatic States* had dared to act offensively against *Cassius*,) and made them expect Extremities; but out of many thousands guilty, he was contented with selecting *fifty* of the most profligate, whom he condemned to Death, and banished other five-and-twenty, who had found Means to escape. But the Weight of the impending War, and the Exigencies of so great an Army which were infinite, forced him not only to demand their public Money, but to lay a *Contribution* upon the rich Citizens, in Proportion to their Estates: and lest they should conceal their Treasures, a Reward was proclaimed to the Informer, of *Liberty* if a Slave, and a *tenth* of the Value if a free Man. At first they secreted their Effects, hoping the Heat of the Search would abate, or that *Cassius's* Affairs would soon oblige him to march away: but some few Examples having showed them that he was in Earnest, they applied for, and obtained a longer Term; against which they were as busy drawing their Gold and Jewels out of Wells, digging them out of Tombs and Vaults, or from under their Houses and Hearths, as they had been to hide them before. By this rapid Success against

a rich and formerly unconquered State, *Cassius* was covered with Glory, and enabled vigorously to prosecute the War. He left *L. Varus* his Lieutenant in *Rhodes*, with Orders to put the Shipping of the Island speedily in Condition to join the Fleet under *Statius Murcus*, that was soon to sail to intercept *Cleopatra*.

Among the *free States* in *Asia*, which the *Romans* had cherished, was the united Lycian Republic; being originally Colonies from various Parts of *Greece*, settled on the North Side of the Mediterranean Sea. For from the *Dedalean Cape*, a little to the East of *Rhodes*, all along the Shore to *Syria*, there runs a high rocky Coast, very shelvy and dangerous to Strangers; but here and there a safe land-lock'd Harbour secures the Navigation to the Inhabitants. These Conveniencies sheltered the Pirates in the Bays and hidden Creeks of *Pamphylia* and *Cilicia*, from whence having but a short Run to the *Egyptian* and *African* Shores on one Side, and to *Greece* and the Islands on the other, they easily intercepted the Traders to *Alexandria* and *Cyrene*, and retired hither with their Captures: *Sydé*, a famous Mart and Dock in *Pamphylia*², was their chief Rendezvous, where they both built their piratic Vessels, and sold their

² The Mountains furnished Ship-Timber; the Valleys, Flax and Hemp; and the Mines in its Neighbourhood, plenty of Iron and Brasses, which were chiefly wrought, and even turned into Looms at little *Cibyra*, within a few Miles of *Sydé*.

Vid. Horat. Epist. ad *Numicium*.

Captives for Slaves, without scrupling to own that they were *free born*. These Captives were of all Nations round the Mediterranean, but especially *Syrians*; the worthless³ Race of Princes that reigned in that Country, permitting their Coasts to be insulted with Impunity, and the Inhabitants to become a Prey to the Pirates: For, whatever Kings may believe, or their Flatterers affirm *Luxury* makes them *contemptible*, and *enfeebles* their Government⁴.

Under that *Demetrius*, who was taken prisoner by the *Parthians*, there was a bold ambitious Fellow, *Diodotus*, surnamed *Tryphon* (that is *Riot*), who persuaded the veteran Troops cantoned at *Apamea*, a strong and rich Town in *Syria*, to rebel, and proclaim that *Antiochus*, called blasphemously *Theos*, the *God*, while yet a Boy, their King. Tryphon was born at *Secoan*, a Castle in the Neighbourhood of *Apamea*, and was well acquainted with the Forces there kept, and with the

³ Ἡ τῶν βασιλέων Ουδένεια τῶν τότε ἐκ διαδοχῆς ἐπιστατούντων τῆς Συρίας ὅμα καὶ Κιλικίας.

Στραβων. ιδ.

⁴ Malherbe's admired *Stanza* contains a weighty Truth.

*Quand un Roi fainéant, la Vergogne des Princes,
Laisant à ses Flatteurs le Soins de ses Provinces,
Entre les Voluptés indignement s'endort;*

*Quoique l'on dissimule, — on n'en fait point d'estime
Et si la Verité se peut dire sans Crime,
C'est avecque plaisir qu'on survit à sa mort.*

vast Fertility of the adjacent Territory^s to maintain them. After four Years, he poisoned the young Prince, usurped the Throne of *Syria*, and was himself defeated, and besieged in Fort *Dora* by *Antiochus* the Saviour, *Demetrius's* Brother, who had married his Widow. From thence he was forced to fly to *Apamea*, where he cut his own Throat, after ravaging *Syria* three Years. This wicked *Tryphon*, was the *first* who taught the nearest *Cilician* Towns upon the Coast, to form piratical Societies, and encouraged them to infest those Parts of *Syria* that were not in his Interest.

The chief Booty which they brought out of that populous prolific Country, was Boys and Girls, especially of the better Sort, and handsome: They were easily kidnapped, and quickly sold at high Profit, if not at *Sydé*, at another Market whither all the Slave-Merchants from *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Ægypt* constantly resorted; the Island *Delos*, famed for the Birth of *Apollo*, and a free Port and Sanctuary, because of his Temple. Here was such a Demand, that *Delos* was said to receive and export sometimes *ten thousand Slaves in a Day*. Thence the Proverb. 'Merchant! Sail in — Unload — All is sold.' The chief Reason of this surprising Vent, was the Wealth and growing Luxury of the *Romans*, after the Demolition of *Carthage*, and Plunder of *Corinth*. Few Domestics,

ἡ Ἐνταῦθα δὲ καὶ ὁ Νικατωρ Σελευκὸς τὰς πεντακοσίας ἔτρεφεν
ἐλέφαντας, καὶ τὸ πλεον τῆς στρατίας, καὶ οἱ ὕπερ βασιλεῖς.

Στρατ. 15.

and not many more Country - slaves served a frugal parsimonious People: but now, when glutted with Wealth, they purchased a menial Train, liker a little Army than a Citizen's Family. At the same Time, the Kings of *Ægypt* and *Cyprus*, being generally at War with *Syria*, connived at these Disorders; nor were the *Rhodians* (the nearest maritime Power) disposed to check the Pirates; and the Romans had not yet begun to intermeddle in the Transactions in *Asia* beyond *Mount Taurus*. This Conjunction, and long Forbearance were the Sources of that immense Wealth and *piratic Power*, that in half an Age grew to be the Plague and Terror of the trading World. For our *Buccaneers*, whose History is thought so curious, were but puny Pirates, in comparison of the *Cilician Rovers*.

The *Piratical League*, says *Plutarch*, taking its Rise from *Cilicia*, acquired a surprising and unobserved Strength: but first began to assume State, and presume upon its own Forces in the *Mithridatic War*, when employed by that King in his Enterprises upon *Greece* and the *Islands*. The ensuing civil Wars raised by *Marius*, cut out Work for the *Romans* almost at the *Gates of Rome*, so that the Sea was left unguarded, which by little and little invited the Pirates to more distant Attempts. For now they were not satisfied with attacking Merchant - Ships, but, embarking large Bodies of Men and Arms, they conquered whole *Islands*, and plundered many *Towns* along the Coast. Their unchecked Prosperity made Persons

of Birth and Fortune, and of no mean military Skill, go aboard, and partake in their *piratic* Expeditions, as a Business attended both with Profit and Fame. They had their *Arsenals*, their fortified Havens, their *Beacons*, or *Light-towers*, in the most commodious Places, like a regular State. Then their Squadrons appeared not only terrible by their Complement of Marines, by the Skill of their Pilots, and Swiftness of their Ships; but honest Men were as much exasperated by the insulting *Show* and *Gaudiness* of their Equipment as by their Robberies and Violence. They gilded their very Masts; they used Sails of fine Purple, and had Oars with silver Handles, like Men wanton in Wickedness, and glorying in Mischief. Where-ever they touched, nothing was to be heard, but *Music* and *Revelling*; while *Incurfions* into the Country, seizing the Persons of *Magistrates*, and Ransoms exacted from surpris'd Towns, were a Scandal to the Roman Government. Their Fleet consisted of above a *thousand Ships of War*; they had taken and *sacked four hundred Cities*, and plundered the most sacred Temples within their Reach. Among these they had pillaged the Oracle of *Apollo* at *Claros*, that of the same *Twin-God* at *Branchidè*: — They had broke into the Sanctuary of the *Cabiri*, or *Great Gods* at *Samothrace*: — into the Temple of *Esculapius* at *Epidaurus*, and demolished many a one of *Neptune's* as they stood near the Shore: In a Word, they held their sacrilegious Hands from no Place or Thing, however holy: But, as it is rare to find even the worst of Mankind

without *some Sort of Religion*, in Lieu of worshipping *Jupiter* and *Apollo*, whose Temples they were daily plundering, and to whom they could not pray with so good a Grace, they learned the Rites of *Mithras* * from their *Syrian-Captives*, and to him they performed horrid and mystical Sacrifices; which, says the *sacred Antiquary*, were first introduced by the *Pirates*, and continued to be practised by their Betters for ages thereafter.

But of all Nations, the Edge of their Malice was chiefly turned against the Romans, whose Gravity, good Order, and legal Government was their mortal Aversion, and therefore they took every opportunity to distress and insult them. They beset the Roads leading to *Rome*, and plundered the *Villas* that stood near the Sea. Happening once to meet with two Pretors, *Sextilius* and *Bellicenus*, going in all the Pomp of their Magistracy to their Provinces, they surrounded and carried them off in their purple Robes, their Fasces, Lictors, and other Ensigns of supreme Command, with which they played a thousand mimical Tricks. For whenever a noble *Roman* fell into their Hands, to procure Respect, he was ready to let them know his *Name* and *Country*. Immediately, with an affected Astonishment, they began to beat their Breasts, fell down on their Knees, and besought him in the humblest Terms to forgive their having, through Ignorance, dared

* For the History of *Mithras* and of the *Cabir-Gods*, see Letters concerning Mythology, p. 272. 276. 282.

to meddle with *so great a Man*. The Romans, accustomed to command, and seeing them full of Humility and Entreaties, made no Doubt of their being sincere. Then one of them kneeling down, tied his Shoes, and another brought him a *Senator's Robe*, that he might not run the Risque of being again *mistaken*. — And after carrying on this opprobrious Farce till they were weary, they let down a Ladder by the Ship's Side in open Sea, and said, *God forbid they should detain a noble Roman their Prisoner*; and therefore humbly entreated he would be pleased to walk down and depart in Peace. If he resisted, two or three Ruffians got behind him, and pushed him over Board, to perish in the Ocean.

Arrived at this Pitch of Power and Insolence, they put an utter Stop to all Trade, intercepted all Convoys, and were like to starve *Italy* itself⁷, which finally roused the *Romans*, and drew the whole Force of the Empire upon the *Pirates* and their Country. Publius Servilius, called *Isauricus*, gained that Name by taking *Isaurum* the Capital of *Cilicia*; and Cn. Pompey, one of his fairest Trophies, by totally extirpating them, and leaving not a Vestige of their Power. He took, sunk,

⁷ Igitur quod nunc intra muros Patres-familiae fere correpperunt, relictis Falce & Aratro, & manus movere maluerunt in Theatro ac Circo quam in Segetibus ac Vinetis, frumentum locamus qui nobis advehat ex Africa & Sardinia, & Navibus vindemiam condimus ex Insula Coa & Chia.

or burnt *fifteen hundred* Ships of the Line; he transplanted the Pirates not killed in arms, fifty Miles from the Sea, and put a final End to the War in *three Months*, after the Date of his Commission.

But amid all these Commotions, it was very remarkable, and must now throw a particular Lustre upon the Lycian Community; (consisting of twenty-three Cities united into one State, like the *Swiss Cantons*,) that neither their Situation, nor the enormous Gains of their nearest Neighbours, ever tempted them *to rob on the high Seas*, or even to make cheap Purchases of the Booty sold at Sydé. This Abstinence and Modesty secured the Roman Friendship and their own Tranquillity: They lived unmolested, when Pompey was laying waste the Towns all around them, but especially in *Pamphylia* and *Cilicia*. Yet as his Name had once struck terror in these Parts, I am apt to believe his Defeat at *Pharsalia* would give Pleasure; and that now these Coast-Towns were the rather disaffected to *Brutus* and *Cassius*, because they were taught to look upon them as the Remains of the *Pompeian Party* in the Empire.

The Cities composing the Lycian Circle were divided into three Classes: the first and greatest sent *three* Members to their general Assembly; these were *Xanthus*, *Patara*, *Pinara*, *Myra*, *Olympus*, and *Tloon*. The second Class sent *two*, and the third *one* Member. This grand Council determined Causes in the last Resort, and at the same Time had Power to make Peace or declare

War as they saw Cause. They were now so unhappy as to persist in *refusing* Assistance to Cassius in his Passage to *Smyrna* (for they had formerly denied him Ships) and therefore, while he was chastising the *Rhodians*, Brutus having put his Affairs in *Bithynia* on a proper Footing, marched with his whole Army down towards *Lycia*.

But in passing through *Asia**, he received an Addition of Strength, that gave him particular Pleasure. — Among the Allies of the *Romans*, to whom Cassius had applied for Assistance in his Way to *Syria*, was the old Deiotarus King of *Galatia*. As his Name is celebrated by the *Roman* Authors, and his Story of a singular Nature, it is worth rehearsing. The three Tribes of the *Gauls* that settled in *Phrygia* and *Bithynia*, had

* *This Term of Geography being taken in various Senses, may bewilder an ordinary Reader if not defined. In its largest Extent, Asia signifies the vast Continent from the Hellespont to the Chinese Ocean, making one of the four chief Parts of the Globe. In a less extensive Signification, it comprehends all the Western Part of that Continent to the River Indus, beyond which was properly India. By Asia the Less is meant that great Peninsula, bounded by a Line drawn from Trebisonde on the black Sea, to the Bay of Issus or Giazza on the Mediterranean, which in some places coincides with the Course of the Euphrates. In these Memoirs, when treating of Roman Affairs, Asia means no more than the Roman Province which they won from Antiochus, commonly called Asia on this Side of Mount Taurus; and so it is to be understood in this Place.*

each their *Tetrarch*, with a Council of *twelve* that judged *civil* Causes, while a Court of *three hundred* had the Cognizance of *capital* Crimes. *Deiotarus* was originally one of these *Tetrarchs*; but by a Tract of Frugality, Temperance and Courage, and particularly by an inviolable Attachment to the Senate of *Rome*, he became not only Sovereign of all *Galatia*, but had got many Districts of the neighbouring Countries, *Lycaonia*, *Paphlagonia*, and of the Lesser *Armenia* adjoined to his Dominions. He was a Man of great Strength of Body and Mind; — one of those keen and happy Spirits that can ply to every Business, and excel in it. In his more moderate fortune, he had been a diligent and skilful Husbandman⁹, a good Grazer, and excellent Master in his Family¹; but along with these, was a hardy Soldier, a

⁹ A noble *Carthaginian* *Mago*, wrote eight-and-twenty Books upon *Agriculture* in *Punic* (a Dialect of the *Aramean*;) these *Cassius Dionysius* of *Utica* translated, or rather abridged in eight Books, into *Greek*; adding twelve more collected from various *Grecian* Authors: and this whole Work *Diophanes* of *Bithynia* reduced to six Books, which he dedicated to our *Deiotarus* as Judge and Patron of his Performance.

M. T. Varro. De R. R. Lib. I.

¹ Non solum *Tetrarcha* nobilis, sed optimus *Pater familias*, & diligentissimus *Agricola* & *Pecuarius*.

Cic. pro *Deiot.*

magnanimous Prince and wise Politician ². For it was by slow Degrees that he rose to the Royalty; and from the Time he could bear Arms, for fifty years, there was no War in *Asia*, *Cappadocia*, *Syria* or *Pontus* managed by the *Romans*, in which he was not their faithful Ally and Attendant. The many Decrees of the Senate in his favor, made him at Length be called the *Senatorial King* ³. And Pompey the Great used frequently to say, 'That of all the Kings of the East, *Deiotarus* alone was a *Heart-Friend* to the Republic'.—For it held in general, that all the Princes and States that loved *Order* and a *legal* Life, such as *Attalus*, *Massanissa*, the *Athenians*, the *Marseillians*, were Friends to the *Senate*, to the Equestrian Order, and the Common-wealth: but the rapacious and debauched, such as *Cleopatra*, *Mithridates* of *Commagene*, *Ariobarzanes* of *Cappadocia*, the *Laodiceans*, the *Tarsians*, and all the *piratical* *Cilician* Tribe ⁴, were zealous *Cæsareans*.

² Rex Deiotarus — vir cum benevolentia & fide erga Pop. Rom. singulari, tum præstanti magnitudine animi & consilii.

Id. Epist. ad M. Catonem.

³ Δειοταρος ὁ Συγκλητικὸς.

⁴ The Geographer Strabo, a Man of sound Judgment, in describing *Seleucia*, standing on the *Calycadnus*, a River in *Cilicia*, says it is "an orderly well governed Town, very different from the *Cilician* and *Pamphylian* Manners, Lib. XIV. And in the XVI. speaking of the *Arcadian* Republic, he says, they joined such Foresight

Lycia and Caria, high unequal Countries, full of towering Cliffs and shady Woods, were the Mother-lands of Augury; that is, of Omens taken from the Flight and Voice of Birds, with which Superstition the *Gauls* their Neighbours were deeply tinctured. *Deiotarus* was a mighty Believer and Proficient in these Sciences, as well as *Xenophon*, a Man of a like Character, though more polished by *Athens* and Philosophy. Upon a Call from *Pompey*, while at the Head of the *Roman* Power in *Thessaly*, he had consulted his sooth-saying Birds, and found it plainly the Will of Heaven, that, though past seventy, he should arm and join him, with assured Hopes of Victory. After the Defeat at *Pharsalia*, he kept close by *Pompey*, until that great Man commanded him to return home and make his Peace with the Conqueror: but so true a Disciple was he of the Aruspices, that he discovered after all, *that the Birds had directed him to his Good*; having kept his Faith, and saved his Honor, though he was stript by *Cæsar* of all his acquired Territories, in *Cappadocia*, *Armenia*, and *Pontus*, and confined to his ancient *Gallo-Grecian* Tetrarchy⁵.

and Industry in Sea-Affairs to their other Fortunes, that though they saw their Neighbours the *Cicilians* erecting piratical Societies, they would in no one Instance take Part with them.

⁵ *Deiotarus fugit ex proelio cum Pompeio: grave tempus! discessit ab eo: lætuosa res! Cæsarem eodem tempore, & Hostem & Hospitem vidit: quid hoc tristius? Is cum ei*

Among the *Galatians*, there was one *Castor*, a Man of obscure Birth, but of very great Talents, both for Letters * and Arms: he chose his Prince *Deiotarus* for his Protector and Pattern: and having spent several Years in Study, both at *Rhodes* and *Marfeilles*, at his Return, he so courted the Goodwill, and cultivated the Friendship, of the governing People, that he got the Epithet of *Philoromeus*, or the Lover of the *Romans*. This Person *Deiotarus* pitched upon as his Favorite and prime Minister; and in a little, gave him his eldest Daughter, with a District in *Paphlagonia*, and Hopes, if he had himself no male Issue, of his Succession to his Kingdom. While *Deiotarus* had no Son, and the Common-wealth stood firm, *Castor* continued to

Troginorum * Tetrarchiam eripuisset, & Asseclæ suo, Pergameno, nescio cui, dedisset, eidemque detraxisset *Armeniam* a Senatu datam, cumque ab eo magnificentissimo hospitio acceptus esset, spoliatum reliquit & Hospitem & Regem.

Cic. de Divin. Lib. II.

* History and Eloquence were his favorite Studies, being the proper Accomplishments of a *Man of Business*. In the former he composed, I. A Description of Babylon, the Capital of *Assyria*. II. A Description of the River Nile. III. A History of Great Enterprises, in IX. Books. And IV. A History of the Lords of the Ocean, or of the States who had obtained the Dominion of the Sea. In the latter, he wrote, I. A Treatise of the Art of Rhetoric. II. Another concerning the Effect of it, Persuasion: to which he joined a piece of Criticism that required Accuracy and wide Learning of Chronological Mistakes.

Σειλ, 'εν Καζωρ.

Strabo.

⁵ It should be *Trochmiorum*.

act in his good Character, and to behave dutifully to his Benefactor: But first a young Heir having quashed his Hopes of succeeding, and then *Cæsar's* Success against his Country, and his known Aversion to *Deiotarus*, made Castor forget his Obligations, and entertain guilty Hopes of mounting the Throne through his Father's Ruin. For this wicked Purpose, he sent his own Son, *Deiotarus's* Grand-child, to *Rome*, not without the Privy of the ambitious Mother, to accuse the old King to the Dictator, of having had a Design to assassinate him in *Galatia*. For *Cæsar*, in passing through *Asia* in Pursuit of *Pharnaces*, had, like the other Roman Generals, paid a Visit to *Deiotarus*, and passed a Night or two with him at *Peium* as his Guest. It was a Piece of *Cæsar's* political Humanity to visit him, and leave him and his young Son the Appellation of Kings and Allies given them by the Senate; though he both loaded him with a heavy Subsidy, that made him sell the very Furniture of his Palace, and tore from him the Rewards of his Fidelity and Toils, the best of his Tetrarchies, (the *Trochmian*) with which he invested *Mithridates* the *Pergamenian*, and *Gadilone*⁷ in the Lesser *Armenia*, which was given to a *Grecian* Minion. But to give a Color to the

⁷ *Gadilone* is a very fruitful champaign Country beyond the *Halys*, now the *Aytozu*. It has a kind of Sheep whose Fleece is in high Esteem for its Softness and Thickness; and also a Species of Goats rare to be found elsewhere. One Part of this Province belonged to the State of *Amisius*; the other Pompey gave to *Deiotarus* along with all the District about *Pharnacia* and *Trebisonde* unto the *Colchide* and *Armenia the Less*, besides his paternal Tetrarchy. I suppose it has

Impeachment, the young *Castor* found Means to bribe *Phidippus*, one of his Grandfather's Slaves, who was in the Retinue of his Ambassadors at *Rome* as their Physician, to profess himself a Complice in the old King's black Design. He said ' that armed
' Men among whom were his (*Phidippus's*) own
' Brothers, had been planted in the Gallery where
' the Presents which were intended for *Cæsar* were
' placed; and that he (*Cæsar*) was desired by the
' King to go in and view them, when he came
' out of the Bath: but that his good Genius had
' saved him, in making him rather chuse to go to
' Dinner. That disappointed here, (though *Cæsar*
' did enter that Gallery after Dinner, and viewed
' the Presents that were truly Royal,) the King
' deferred the Execution of this Plot till next Day,

been of these rare Fleeces, or of some not very fine Manufacture made of them, that he used to send Presents to Cicero who says merrily of the Speech he made in his Defence, that it was coarse spun, such as the Gifts he used to receive from Galatia. Munusculum levidense crasso filo; cujusmodi ipsius solent esse munera. This singular breed of Goats still subsists; and their Fleece for so it may be called, because of its Length and Softness, makes the Wealth of Angora (the ancient Ancyra Capital of Galatia) still one of the best Cities of Natolia. The learned and lively Dr. Tournefort describes them thus. On nourrit les plus belles Chèvres du monde dans la Campagne d'Angora: elles éblouissent par leur Blancher; & leur Poil, qui est aussi fin que la Soie, frisé naturellement, par Tresses de huit ou neuf pouces de long, est la matiere de plusieurs belles Etoffes, & sur tout du Camelot — Cette Toison fait la Richesse d'Angora: tous les Bourgeois s'appliquent à ce Commerce.

Voyage du Lev. Lett. XXI.
and

‘ and lodged his Ruffians in the Bathing - room
 ‘ of the Castle Blucium^{*}, where *Cæsar* proposed
 ‘ to sleep next Evening. — But that the same good
 ‘ Genius, that watched over *Cæsar*’s Life had there
 ‘ likewise preserved him, by making him refuse
 ‘ to bathe, and rather chuse to go to his Bed-
 ‘ chamber to take a Vomit.’

The King’s Ambassadors at *Rome*, *Hieras*, *Blé-
 samius*, and *Antigonus*, were in great Perplexity;
 not so much for the improbable Arraignment,
 which they could easily have confuted, as lest
Cæsar, who hated the Friend of *Pompey* and the
Republic, should lay hold of it, as a Handle to
 distress the venerable *Tetrarch*, and deprive him
 and his Son of the remaining Part of his Kingdom.
 But they were relieved by no less an Advocate
 than *Tullius Cicero*, who undertook his old Friend’s
 Cause, pleaded it so boldly, and made the Malice
 and Folly of the Accusation so palpable, that even
Cæsar, though both Judge and Party, was ashamed
 of it. He acquitted *Deiotarus*, and the Ignominy
 recoiled on the Castors, *Father* and Son.

This cruel Attempt upon his Life and Crown
 sunk deep in the old King’s Mind. His Creature!
 whom he had drawn out of Obscurity; his
Daughter! his *Grand-child*! to watch the Hour of
 his Distress in Order to overwhelm him, was a
 Wound that envenomed the more the less he durst

^{*} In the Tolistobogian Territory, *Deiotarus* had two
 Royal Seats *Blukium* and *Pëium*, the one an impregnable
 Fort, his Treasure; and the other his usual Residence.

complain or avenge it. It continued therefore corroding and gnawing his Breast, until the glorious News reached him, '*That the Tyrant, his Oppressor, was killed in the Senate House; that the Republic was free, that the Fathers had resumed their Authority, and his fast Friends, Cicero, Servius, Cassius, Brutus, were again at the Head of the Roman Common-wealth.*' Then the pent up Flame broke forth against his base Accusers and ungracious Progeny. He called together his trusty Bands, and, though near fourscore, marched at their Head to *Gorbeius*, the ancient Seat of the *Phrygian* Kings, where the ingrate *Castor* kept his mimic Court. — He came upon him at unawares, surrounded the Palace with his Horsemen; and as they say, *the Bite of an old Lion is dreadful*, without Mercy, he put his treacherous Son-in-law and his unnatural Daughter instantly to Death. Then he rased their Palace to the Ground, and laid the Out-works around it in Ruins. When this was over, turning to his left, he rode a great Pace to *Gadilone*, whence he drove out *Cæsar's* Creature, and repossessed himself of all he had been robbed of, during the Usurpation.

Soon after, to make sure of his Re-establishment, when his Residents at *Rome* heard that *Antony* was setting the Republic to Sale, and that Grants as from the *Dictator* were to be obtained, upon paying a round Sum to *Fulvia*, they thought *fourscore thousand* Pounds could not be better employed; and had a forged Gift restoring his Territories actually expedited as a Deed of the late

Cæsar. Whether this Transaction, or the Memory of the Shock he had received as *Pompey's* Confederate, had damped the old King's Zeal for the Republic, I know not, but he declined taking Arms when called upon by *Cassius*, in his Passage to *Syria*. He now yielded to *Brutus's* Solicitation; and though so unwieldy through Age, that for several Years six Men had lifted him to his Horse, yet came in Person into his Camp, with a Body of brave Men, and some choice Squadrons of Horse, under *Amyntas* his Minister and Lieutenant General; having left his Son, either because of his Youth, or from a political Consideration, at home in *Galatia*.

With this Reinforcement, *Brutus* as was said, marched down through *Caria* towards the *Lycian* Borders. *Xanthus*, the Capital of *Lycia*, stands on a River of the same Name, about eight miles from the Sea; hither *Brutus* sent *Pub. Sextius* his Pay-Master, requiring them as *Friends* and *Allies* of *Rome*, to furnish their Quota of Men and Money for defraying the Expenses of the War. The better Sort would have willingly complied; but *Naucrates*, one of their Demagogues (as the *Grecians* called them) whose Power lay in haranguing the Mob, was unhappily successful in persuading them to take Arms and resist. They had the Folly to take Possession of the Tops of some steep Hills, which separate their Country from *Caria*, as if they meant to cut off the Passage of the *Roman* Army; but being better accustomed to dine at a regular Hour than to keep advanced

Guards, Brutus sent the young *Tully* with some Regiments of Horse, who surprised them at Dinner, and cut six hundred of them to Pieces. After this he received by Surrender, or took by Force, several strong Places that lay between him and *Xanthus*, releasing all the *Lycian Prisoners* without Ransom, in Hopes of winning their Hearts by Humanity. But they were not to be won: *Proud and perverse*, they interpreted his Mercy as a Mark of Weakness; while their Loss in the first Skirmish served only to inflame their Hatred. All the Garrisons discharged by *Brutus* crowded into the Capital, where grand Preparations were making by the Populace for standing a Siege. First, they laid their Suburbs level with the Ground and burnt the Timbers, that the *Roman Army* might neither find Shelter, nor Materials for the Construction of their Machines. Then with incredible Labor, they cut a huge Trench, or rather *Gulph*, more than fifty Foot deep, and of a proportionable Breadth, quite round their Town: into this they let the yellow River, upon which the City stands, whose Gates they plated with Iron, and reared projecting Towers, at proper Places, upon their Walls, to command the Approaches. When the *Roman Army* arrived at the Brink of the impassible *Moat*, they found the *Lycians* drawn up on the inner Edge, who saluted them with a Shower of Javelins and Arrows, that showed them Masters in Archery. To many, this Obstacle seemed either wholly insurmountable, while there was a Body of such Men on the other Side to dispute the Passage, or at least

that it would require many Months to fill up the vast Moat, and get near the Town. But *Brutus*, having first prepared Plenty of Hurdles and Fascines to cover the Men at Work, set the Legions alternately to cut and carry Wood from the neighbouring Hills: a noble Emulation sprang up: instead of heavy dragging, and slow Toil, they set about it with Huzzas and Racing, as if they had been striving at the *Olympic Games*: they hurled impetuous down the huge Trees and Stones, and with Shouts, pushed them into the Water; so that the Work, expected to continue half the Campaign, was with rapid Toil completed in a few Days, and the *Xanthians* beat from the Moat, were closely besieged within their Walls. Then *Flavius* played his Machines to clear the Ramparts, while the *Tortoise* attacked the Gates, and fresh Battalions constantly relieved the fatigued and fainting. This fierce and incessant Charge the *Xanthians* sustained with a Spirit worthy of a better Cause; they resisted while they had Turrets to shoot from: and even when their Parapets were tore down, and the Turrets gaping in many Places, though spent with Toil, Watching and Wounds, they continued fighting from the Walls. And now, the Character that distinguished the General, (the Friend of Liberty and Mankind) showed itself in an amiable Light. He had more Care of his Enemies than they had of themselves: He foresaw that the tumbling of a Tower would bring down the adjoining Gate, or make such a Breach in the Wall as a *Cohort* might enter; in which Case

it would not be in his Power to save the City from Plunder and Violence : he therefore commanded the Attack to cease , and even removed the Night-guard at some Distance from the Walls. This the besieged interpreting as Negligence and Security , opened a Gate , and made a Sally , in the Night , with Torches in their Hands to set Fire to the wooden Works , and Machines that stood on them. The Fire was quickly quenched , and the *Xanthians* pushed toward the Gate , which the Townsmen too suddenly shut , lest the *Romans* should rush in , and left a thousand of their Fellows to perish in their Sight. Yet would not *Brutus* desist from Pity , — but ordered the Guards to keep still at the same Distance from the Walls , in Hopes of a voluntary Surrender. This Clemency had like to have cost him dear : at Noon-day they made a second Sally , in much greater Numbers ; and breaking fiercely through the Guard , set Fire to the Machines in many Places at once. The Wood was extremely dry ; — the Flame spread quick , and the *Romans* , taken at unawares , were in hazard of falling into utter Confusion ; while the *Xanthians* pressed fiercely on , and attacked Troops , whose Attention was divided between Fire and Sword. In Effect all had been lost , if with admirable Resolution the *Pretorian-Cohort* had not , through the very Flames , desperately charged the *Xanthians* , and driven them back toward the Town. And now the strange Chances that seem to rule in a Day of Battle were fully displayed. The Remembrance of their Countrymen

having been shut out of the last Sally, and cut to Pieces in their Sight, made the Guard at the Gates careful *not* to shut them too soon; — and that Care gave Access to a Body of the *Romans*, they say about *two thousand*, to enter pell-mell with the flying *Xanthians*; but no sooner were they within, than either the Cords that hung the iron Grate gave Way, or the Guards cutting them, down it fell, — crushed those under it to Death, and caught the Rest, as in a Trap, within the Town. A terrible Scene ensued! The *Xanthians*, from their House-tops and Windows poured their Shafts upon the *Romans* crowded into a narrow Street. They being able to make no Resistance, forced their Way into the great Square of the *Forum*, which was not far from the Gate; where, being galled on all Hands with Javelins and Arrows, and falling unrevenged, as having no missile Weapon to annoy their Enemies, they drew up before *Sarpedon's* adjacent Temple, to prevent at least their being quite surrounded; but, by the Darts driven at them from all Quarters, were still in extreme Distress. On the other Side, Brutus, in Agonies for the Fate of so many brave Men, falling Sacrifices as he thought, not without Reason, to the Lycian Fury within the Town, galloped from Gate to Gate, calling aloud to the Legions, *to break in and save their Fellows*. They flew to the nearest, and first essay'd to hoist the Portcullis, which baffled their utmost Efforts for Want of the Draw-ropes; nor could they break through the Iron-plated Leaves with the Tools

then in their Hands; their rolling Turrets and scaling Ladders had perished in the Flames: they ran foaming about the Foot of the Wall. Some set up traverse Timbers, and try'd to mount; others made iron Hooks fast to the Ends of Ropes, which they slung to the Battlements, and when the Hook laid hold, they warped themselves up by the Rope. But all their Efforts had been vain, if the *Enandians* in Brutus's Army, at Enmity with the *Xanthians* their Neighbours, had not begun to clamber up the Rock on the North-east of the Town. The *Roman* Soldiers, though heavy-armed, assay'd to follow. Many tumbled down the Precipice, and perished; some with vast Difficulty labored up the Steep, and easily got over the low Wall, where the City was thought impregnable. Near by, there was a little Wicket, the Entry to which had been fortified with Palissades and Ditches. This they broke up, and drew the most daring of their Companions over the Palissades; with whom they ran to cut the nearest Gate, which, not being plated within as without, gave Hopes of Success. While intent upon this, a Cry from the Market-place struck their ears, as of the *Xanthians* rushing upon the inclosed Cohorts, and put Brutus and his Men almost besides themselves. Within and without they fell to the Gate with resistless Fury, which gave Way at last with hideous Crash: and the entering Legion gave a Shout, as a Signal to their Companions, of the Town's being taken, and of their approaching Deliverance. At the same Instant,

finding some Resistance, and still in Terror for their Countrymen, they set Fire to the nearest Houses, in Order to draw the Townsmen from their Attack. This had the desired Effect — but was attended with another no less lamentable than strange. The chief Body of the *Xanthians* had left the Walls, eager to destroy the intercepted Party in the *Forum*. But, when they heard the military Shout and saw the Flame mount, they concluded that the whole *Roman* Army was broke in, and that there would be no Mercy. It was now about Sun-set; and they had been at hot Work since Noon. Men's Spirits are eager, and Passion runs high, they entertain no *middling* Thoughts: from one Extreme they fly to another. Death and Desolation are the only soothing Images to wild Despair — a strange Hatred of Life, and Contempt of Death seized the unhappy *Xanthians*. — The Contagion spread: the Example of the Men infected the Women, and reached to the very Children — all rushed upon Destruction. They ran each Man to his House — set Fire to it with his own Hands — killed Wife and Children, and, last of all, stabbed himself, and tumbled headlong after them. The short Pause between the Attack and the dismal Groans re-echoed from Self-murder, made Brutus suspected, that his Troops had dispersed, and were falling to plunder: He immediately commanded the Trumpets to sound *to their Colors*. But, the wild doleful Din still continuing, he soon learned what the *Xanthians* were about; and immediately his generous Nature melted to Pity; he

grew anxious to save them; ordered the Legions to do their utmost to extinguish the Flames, and sent his chief Officers with Offers of Quarter to the *Xanthians*. These Messengers they received with Showers of Darts; they slew their Wives, and their little Children (holding willingly out their Necks in their Sight;) threw their Bodies into the burning Piles composed of their best Furniture; and, in giving themselves their Death-Wound, jumped into the Flames. The Frenzy was universal: they despised Brutus himself riding about, and stretching out his Hands to them to save themselves and their City. Every Thing combustible within their Reach served to feed the Fire: those on the Tops of Towers, or on the Battlements of the Walls, dashed themselves down; and little Boys, with Shouts and huzzaing, leaped into the midst of the Burning. Among the Rest, a Sight was seen, that must have moved the hardest Heart. A Woman was found strung from a Beam, with her dead Child hung about her Neck, and a lighted Lamp in her Hand, with which she seemed to be kindling her House. The Recital of so piteous a Spectacle drew Tears from Brutus: he did not chuse to see it; but, unable to save the Town from the prevailing Flames, he set Guards to protect the *Temples*, and proclaimed a Reward to any Soldier that should save a *Xanthian* alive*. But the

* A learned and eloquent Jew, (bred in the Grecian Literature that flourished in *Alexandria*) is a great Instance of the power of Prejudice in his Way of relating this

Madness had seized all Ranks, and the Disease was past Remedy. Of the many Thousands inhabiting that great City, the Capital of *Lycia*, about a hundred and fifty poor People, who had nobody to put them to Death, were all the free-born *Xanthians* he was able to preserve.

It is pretty strange, and a Sort of Singularity in History, that the Inhabitants of this City should *twice* have fallen into the same Desperation, and *twice* destroyed themselves and their Town before. First when besieged by *Harpalus*, a Median Captain under the great *Cyrus*; who looked coolly on, and let them do as they listed: And next when attacked by *Alexander the Macedonian*,

dismal Story. It is *Philo* I mean, who is complimented with making *Moses* atticize like *Plato*, or *Plato* hebraize like *Moses*. In the full Spirit of his Countrymen, Enemies to Liberty, and fond of their *Cæsarean* Tyrants, *The Xanthians*, says he, when besieged by M. Brutus, resisted to the last; not so much out of hatred to the Party, as to the Leader himself, who had killed his Lord and Friend: And when able to hold it out no longer, they set fire to their City, and leaped into the Flames. Thus, they sacrificed themselves for Liberty and Honor, and to shun tyrannical Oppression (under M. Brutus) they preferred a glorious Death to a Life of Ignominy*.

The Absurdity of this Misrepresentation, is too palpable to need a Remark; the Spirit of the People†, and this Author's writing in compliment to the reigning *Cæsarean* Family, fully accounts for it.

* Φιλων. Ὅτι πᾶς ἀγαθὸς ἐλεύθερος.

† See Vol. I. p. 28, 29.

in his Expedition that put an End to the *Persian* Empire.

From the Ruins of *Xanthus* yet smoking Brutus marched directly down the River to Patara, the *Lycian* Arsenal, and great Dock for building and laying up their Navy. It was strongly fortified; and inhabited by People of the same Spirit with the *Xanthians*. The *Roman* General would have been sorry to have seen such a Tragedy acted over again; and at the same Time, could not leave so great a naval Force in the Hands of Enemies. He therefore wrote to their Magistracy, offering them full Security, and an honorable Composition. But his Offers were rejected with Scorn, and nothing but War was breathed by the Inhabitants of *Patara*. A Revolution had lately happened in that City: The poorer Sort, and Slaves, had obtained, the one an Abolition of their Debts, and many of the others their Liberty. Whether this had been brought about by an Insurrection of the Multitude, or by a plebeian Party in the Town for political Reasons, I cannot tell: But these new Burghers, afraid of the *Roman* Regularity, violently opposed the Pacification. This bred a Struggle in Brutus's Breast between military Measures and Humanity. He was afraid to attack them; and must not leave them unconquered: he therefore suspended his Operations, and resolved to try an Experiment, in his own Character. In marching through the Country, his Light-horsemen had brought into his Camp a good many Prisoners, some Gentlemen, and

some Ladies. The Men were either *Xanthians* taken before the Catastrophe of that City, or of the other *Lycian* Towns — and many of them connected with the People of *Patara*. These he first sent to talk with their Friends, and persuade them to surrender: which having had no Effect, he thought of employing the *Ladies*, whom he had protected from the least Insult, and treated with Decency and Honor. They happened to be the Wives and Daughters of the Families of best Fashion in *Patara*. Brutus sent them home without Ransom to their Husbands and Fathers; and a Message to the Magistrates, that he would give them one Day more, to consider better of the good Terms he had offered; after which he would begin Hostilities, if they did not surrender. But he was again disappointed in his Expectations. The Ladies had not failed to tell their Friends, *what kind of a Man Brutus was*; how humane, how generous and temperate; and to assure them, that instead of Violence, they would meet with nothing but Justice and Mercy at his Hands; and their Testimony would have had the wished Effect, but for the new-dubb'd Citizens, who would hear of no Submission to the *Senatorial Party* in *Rome*. Soft Measures therefore failing, Brutus ordered a *Tribunal* to be erected in a safe Place, but in full View of the Walls; the *Spear* to be put over it, and his *Lycian* Prisoners to be brought out, and *sold for Slaves* in the Sight of their Countrymen of *Patara*; who were to be taught to expect the same terrible Fate. He *did*

sell two or three of the chief Men: But, finding it produced no Change in the *Patareans*, his Heart soon relented; he could not proceed to sell the Rest, but ordered them to be all set at Liberty unransomed, to go to their Friends at *Patara*, or where they pleased. This unexpected Generosity, co-operating with the Entreaties of the Women, finally disarmed the *Patareans*. They bowed to such disinterested Virtue; and next Day, when Brutus marched up in Order of Battle to the Town, as if to give a general Assault, — instead of an armed Force to repulse him, he found the Citizens unarmed, calling from the Walls, that they were ready to obey his Orders, and would instantly open their Gates. Thus Brutus conquered *Patara*, and entered the Town as if it had been a *Roman Colony*, and not a hostile Fortrefs. He neither killed, banished, nor confiscated the Estate of any one Citizen; and even surpassed the Character given of him by the Women, and the Townsmen's Expectations. Such a Conduct seldom misses of its Reward: The Report of his Goodness and Moderation spread quick over all the Cantons of the Lycian League, and paved the Way for a general Submission.

The City Myra, now *Strumita*, one of the six leading Towns, and strongly fortified, was situated on a high Hill, two Miles from the Sea: but for the Sake of its Trade and Shipping, had a Castle with a Harbour, on a neighbouring Creek in that rocky Coast, where they kept a Garrison. The strong Situation of their Town, and this

impregnable Fort, as they supposed, made them think of no Submission to Brutus, who was marching along the Shore from *Patara*. He therefore sat down before the *Castle* that inclosed the *Port*; where his Engines having quickly made it impossible to keep the Walls, the Garrison capitulated, and surrendered Prisoners of War. The Commander was General of all the Forces of the *Myreans* — Brutus released him with his usual Generosity, and sent him to *Myra*, with the following remarkable Letter.

BRUTUS the PROCONSUL, to the MYREANS.

“ *THE* Xanthians, *having despised my Offers of*
“ *Friendship, lie buried in the Ruins of their*
“ *Country, as the Fruit of their Folly; The Patare-*
“ *ans, who trusted to my Generosity, are living in*
“ *the full Enjoyment of their Liberty and Fortunes.*
“ *It is in your Power to follow the Choice of the*
“ *People of Patara, or to undergo the Fate of the*
“ *Xanthians, Farewel.*

The Inhabitants of *Myra* happily listened to their Leader's Accounts of the *Roman General*, and made no hostile Opposition. The remaining Towns of the Union followed their Example; and Brutus, without farther Trouble, became Master of all *Lycia*. The use he made of his Victory, was to require of them a certain Number of Ships, to strengthen his Fleet, Provisions for his Army, and about thirty thousand Pounds in

Money; which was far from a hundredth Part of the Sum that *Cassius* had exacted of their rich and rebellious Neighbours of *Rhodes*.

The Lycians being thus subdued, the *Laodiceans* and *Tarfians* chastised, the *Rhodians* humbled, and *Ariobarzanes* punished for his Treachery, all the other States and Princes of the *Eastern Parts* of the Empire, voluntarily joined the Champions of Liberty; and acted in Concert with that Body of *free and noble Romans* that sat in their Councils, and graced their Camps. Having therefore nothing to fear from behind, Brutus decamped from *Lycia*, and re-entered *Asia*; where some of the *Ionian Towns* seemed to accede but slowly to the grand Alliance. These flourishing Colonies, that showed, while free, such undaunted Spirit against the invading *Persian*, had first been damped by the *Macedonian Conquest*, then weakened by *Luxury*, and were now exhausted by the Rapacity of the latter *Roman* Governors. Besides *Cæsar's* Success against *Pompey* and the Senate, was a Consideration that kept selfish Men, not fired by Liberty and Honor, in *suspense* as to their Party. Among these little States Brutus so demeaned himself, as to win the Hearts of the well-meaning, and to oblige the backward to comply. To the hesitating *Samians* he wrote thus, "Your Counsels are careless; Your Performances slow: Think what must be the Consequence."

¹ Motus doceri gaudet *Ionicos*
Matura Virgo.

Horat.
The

The West Coast of *Asia*, was the Paradise of the *Roman* Empire. The Mildness of the Climate, the Fertility of the Soil, the Politeness and *Beauty* of the People², made it *the grand Tour of Pleasure* of all the noble *Romans* who could afford to visit it. Its fair Towns, ranged thick along the Shore, were a glorious Spectacle³: — Its fine Rivers, its fertile Fields, loaded Vine-yards, and fragrant Groves; allured the Eye, and charmed every Sense. In Effect, *here* it was that the *Romans* lost their first Frugality and Temperance, and laid the Foundation of all the Miseries that were now befalling their Posterity⁴. — And *here* it was, that, amidst the highest Temptations, M. Brutus

² Εἰ δὲ τισι τὸ ἐλληνικὸν ἢ Ἰωνικῶν Γένος ἐφυλάχθη καθαρῶς, ὅσοι εἰσὶν αὐτάρεκως μεγάλοι ἄνδρες, εὐρύτεροι, ὀρθιοί, εὐπαγεῖς, λευκότεροι τὴν χροάν, ξανθοί. — ὁφθαλμοὶ ἔχοντες ὕψος, χαροπὸς, γοργὸς, ὥς πολὺ ἔχοντες ἐν αὐτοῖς εὐφροσύνην γὰρ πάντων τῶν ἐθνῶν τὸ Ἑλληνικόν.

Αδαμαντ. περὶ Εἰδῶς Ἑλλην.

The most celebrated Beauties in the Grand Signior's Seraglio, such as have outshone the fine Women pick'd out of all the other Provinces, have been Greeks, and for the most Part Natives of the *Ionian Islands*, where the ancient Blood is least tainted with Mixture. On this Plan is built one of the prettiest *Italian Pastorals*, *Filli di Sciro* by *Guidobaldi Bonarelli*.

³ *Quid tibi visa Chios, Bullati! notaque Lesbos?*
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræsi Regia, Sârdeis?
Smyrna quid & Colophon? majora, minora ne fama?

Horat. Lib. 1. Ep. 11.

⁴ See Vol. I. pag. 182. 218.

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F

was not only regular and moderate in his own Person, but at the Head of Affairs, and in the Plenitude of Power, was a Pattern of military Order, and civil Equity. A Mixture of Justice and Mercy governed all his Conduct: and showed, that a Leader intent upon doing his *Duty*, and promoting the Interests of Liberty, (that is, of *Mankind*) is the greatest Blessing Heaven vouchsafes to the Earth. He was honored and beloved by all Ranks of men: Causes of every Kind were brought before him; — and, if it be allowable to mix a little Mirth among such serious Matters, it was in *this* Progress that the comical Pleading happened between the well-matched Plaintiff and Defendant, *Persius*, and *Rupilius Rex*: which diverted the Court, and made such an Impression on a young Officer, afterwards one of the greatest Poets in *Rome*, that he could not forbear painting it in a Piece writ on purpose. At this Distance of Time, the Story loses its chief Grace, which lay in the Faces and Gestures of the Parties; and the Poet has been precisely in *M. Pellisson's* Case, who, in relating a humorous Thing that happened in Company, on Occasion of the first Settlement of the *French Academy*, judiciously adds, *This little Accident*, says he, *which may perhaps appear a dull Jest when repeated, I can never yet think on without laughing* ².

² Ce Conte qui vous semblera peut-être froid en le lisant, ne me repasse jamais dans l'Esprit encore aujourd'hui, sans me donner envie de rire.

Hist. de l'Acad. Franç.

Asia and Greece were now enjoying such a Sun-shine of Liberty and good Government, as Brutus had made to rise upon *Lombardy*, while he governed it in the Heat of the Civil War*. They were forced to supply a vast Army, it is true; but that Army was kept in such Order, and its Leaders were so beloved, that the great Communities contributed voluntarily, and the small ones in so plentiful a Country scarce felt the Want of the Provisions they consumed. But, among all the Acts of Justice done in the Course of his Command, none gave Brutus himself more Pleasure, than the avenging the Death of his former General upon the Traitor of a Sophist who had the chief Hand in it.

When the News came to *Egypt*, that after the Defeat at *Pharsalus*, Pompey the Great was arrived upon the Coast, and intended to put himself under the Protection of *Ptolomy*; that young King was lying with his Army before *Damietta*, then called *Pelusium*, besieging his Sister *Cleopatra*, who had been left Co-heiress of the Kingdom. In the miserable State to which a Race of abandoned Princes had reduced the *Egyptian* Government, an Eunuch-slave, *Pothinus*, was Prime Minister. He immediately called a Privy-council, which consisted of himself as President, of *Achillas* an *Alexandrian* Captain, and some other Whipping-boys and Nursery-companions of the young

* Τῇ ἐντὸς Ἀλπέων Γαλατίας, εὐτυχίᾳ τινὶ τῆς ἐπαρχίας, καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν αἰτυχημάτων παῦλα καὶ παραμυθία Βρούτος ἦν.

Prince: but the shrewdest Head among them was one *Theodotus*, from *Chios*, a Professor of Eloquence, pensioned to read Lectures to the royal Youth. This notable Junta was divided about receiving, or refusing *Pompey*. Some said, the admitting him into *Egypt*, where many of *Gabinus's* Troops were serving, would be making him their Master, and *Cæsar* their Enemy: others said, that as so great a Man, and so great a Benefactor could not fail to establish the *Royal Party*, and put their disordered Country on a better footing, it was highly proper to receive him. But *Theodotus*, when it came to his turn to speak, to show the Quickness of his Parts, and Keeness of his Rhetoric, gave it as his Opinion, *That both were in the wrong, and both Proposals attended with great Inconveniences: The receiving him, he said, would be drawing Cæsar and a victorious Army upon themselves; That refusing him would be making Pompey their constant Enemy, without making Cæsar their Friend: That therefore the sole proper Measure was, to receive, and make away with him: This would at once secure Cæsar's Friendship, and rid them of Fear from Pompey; for, said he with a grin, Dead Men don't bite.* This wicked Cunning suited the Taste of the privy Council. The great Roman was decoyed aboard a small Vessel, under a Show of Friendship, and basely murdered. The Prime Minister *Pothinus* was soon after put to Death by *Cæsar* for a new Piece of Treachery, *Ganymede*, another Eunuch, brought up with *Arfinos* the youngest Princess, dispatched *Achillas* his Rival;

but *Theodotus*, after his Royal Pupil was drowned in the *Nile*, escaped from *Alexandria*, and wandered through *Asia*; sometimes bragging, that Pompey the Great *had not fallen by Cæsar's Sword, but as a Trophy of his Eloquence and Capacity.* The mischievous Sophister was now apprehended, and brought to Brutus, who ordered him to be hung up on a Cross (the *Roman Punishment* for guilty Slaves), and made his End as remarkable as his Crime.

Not long after the Army's Arrival in *Asia*, Letters had come to Brutus from *Macedon*, bearing, 'that *Caius Antony* was not only continuing his 'Mal-practices, in tampering with the Legions; 'but that his Brothers had sent privately over a 'Party of Desperadoes, to force his Guard, and 'carry him off: that there would be no Peace 'in the Province while he was alive; and therefore, though it could be no Retaliation for the 'cruel Massacre at *Rome*, that *Caius Clodius* had 'struck off his Head.'

I am apt to believe, because of *M. Antony's* Resentment against *Hortensius*, that if it was not by the Pretor of *Macedon's* express Orders, it was with his Consent and Approbation, that *Clodius* ventured upon that Execution. Brutus had been pressed long before, not to spare *C. Antony*, nor any of the sworn Enemies of the Republic. Most People, said Cicero to him, understand the Act of Attainder passed by the Senate, which declares all those who had taken Arms with *M. Antony*, Enemies to the State, to include those Men who have

fallen into your Hands, either in the Field, or surrendered Prisoners at Discretion; and that as such, you ought to put them to Death without Delay. Brutus replied, 'That it belonged to the Senate and People of *Rome*, to dispose of such of their Citizens as had not fallen in Battle; that on so tender a Point, which the *Roman Senate* had not thought fit to determine, nor the *Roman People* to direct his Procedure, he would not arrogantly *prejudge*, nor take upon him to decide, what was proper to be done. That he could never repent his Conduct, in having neither cruelly stript, nor heedlessly thrown away Favors upon those Men, whose Lives he had not been forced to take in the Heat of Action. — This Conduct, continues he, I think much more noble in itself, more honorable to our Cause, and what the Public will more readily approve (*not to bear hard upon wretched Men*), than to heap immoderate Honors upon those in Power, which only serve to enflame their Ambition, and increase their Arrogance'. Zeal against the Enemies of our Country is highly commendable: but I am of Opinion, that civil Commotions ought rather to be quelled by main Force *at the Beginning*, than by using Severity against the *Vanquished*.'

To this Cicero answered with great Plainness, *that he was quite of another Mind: that wholesome Severity was far preferable to an empty Show of*

⁷ He means the *young Caesar*, whom he usually calls the *Boy Octavius*, patronized and raised by *Cicero*. See Vol. II. pag. 222.

Mildness: *that, if we must always show Mercy to the Enemies of our Country, we shall never want Opportunities to exercise it — nor ever be without a civil War.* “Believe me, *Brutus!* you will be overborne and ruined, if you be not on your Guard: for
“ you will not find the *People of Rome* always so well
“ affected as they are now — nor will you always
“ have such a *Senate*, nor the *Senate* such a *Leader*.
“ This you may look upon as uttered from the
“ Shrine of *Apollo*; nothing more certain. Adieu.”

I selected this Part of so curious a Correspondence, first to lay open the *real Sentiments* of two great Men upon a *delicate Point*: for it is in his *private Letters* we must look for a Man, if we would know him thoroughly. In *them* we unbo-
somed ourselves to a Friend, throw aside the assumed Character, and talk just as we think. It is likewise a memorable Instance both of the seeming Contrast between Wisdom and Generosity; and of the Power of an animated Representation. Few Men of Spirit but would admire *Brutus*; and think his Conduct supremely wise as well as noble, until they considered the great Statesman's Answer, which the *Event* verified: and lastly, these clashing Sentiments make it probable, that *Hortensius* and *Clodius* took off *C. Antony's* Head, without waiting for Orders from the *General*. How *Brutus* received the News is not known; but hearing at the same Time there were Disorders in *Thrace* among the little Princes, and Incursions made into *Sadael's* Country by the restless Tribe, the *Bessians*, he thought it would contribute to

harden his new-levied Troops, and keep *Macedon* firm, to make another Tour into *Europe*. His great Fleet, and all the Transports in the *East* at his Command, made the short Passage over the *Hellespont* but the Work of a Day. Let us leave him and his Officers marching through *Romania*, along the *Hebrus*, climbing the *Thracian* Mountains, admiring the august Prospects and Sylvan Scenes which some of them afterwards celebrated*, in order to take a View of what was doing in the other Parts of the Empire.

* — Non fecus in jugis
Exsomnia stupet Evœas,
Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam *Rhodopen*. Ut mihi devio
Ripas, & vacuum Nemus — mirari libet! —

Horat. Lib. III. Od. 25.

B O O K VI.

AFTER the fatal Battle of *Thapsus* in *Africa*, when *Cornelius Scipio* (*Pompey's* Father-in-law), the brave *Petreibus*, and their Numidian Allies *Juba* and *Massinissa*, had chose to die rather than submit to *Cæsar*, and *M. Cato* had disdained to hold a precarious Life of the Usurper; the Dominions of the confederate Princes had been divided by the Victor among his Creatures. *Massinissa's* Kingdom, known by the Name of *Massejulia*, he shared between *Bogud* (a Moorish Prince, whose Queen *Eunoe* he had debauched), his Brother *Bocchus*, and one *Sittius*, a Captain of a Band of Banditti, outlaw'd from *Rome*, and a sure *Cæsarean*. *Numidia* properly so called, and *Juba's* rich Capital *Zama*, he gave to the famous *Sallustius Crispus*, the Historian, to be pillaged; which that Preacher of Abstinence¹ performed so tightly, as to acquire the Character of a *Monster of Inconsistency in his Life and Writings*². *Juba's* young Son, a Boy of five Years of Age, was carried to *Rome* by *Cæsar*, as an Ornament of his Triumph; but *Massinissa's* Heir, *Arabio*, farther advanced in Years,

¹ See Vol. I. p. 216.

² Sallust appears to have been just such another Patriot, and equally consistent in his Principles and Practice, as the Author of *Dissertations upon Parties*, and of the *Patriot-King*.

escaped to the *Young Pompeys* into *Spain*. He commanded a Body of those who had follow'd his Fortunes at the desperate Battle of *Munda*, and after it stuck by *Sextus Pompey* until *Cæsar's* Death. He then returned into *Africa* with his well-trained Troops, and both recovered the usurped Share of his Kingdom from *Bocchus*, and put the other Intruder, *Sittius* the Outlaw (they say by Treachery), to Death.

The Western Tract therefore of the vast Continent of *Africa*, called anciently *Mauritania*, which comprehends the Kingdoms of *Morocco* and *Fez*, was possessed by the two Moorish Brothers *Bogud* and *Bocchus*. *Massylian Numidia*, that is *Algiers* and *Biledulgerid*, was reconquered by its own Prince *Arabio*: proper *Numidia*, now the District of *Constantina*, erected into a new Province by *Julius Cæsar*, and given first to the rapacious *Sallust*, and then to *C. Calvisius* to be plundered, had been just left by the latter¹; and what the *Romans* called *Africa*, or the old Province, being the proper *Carthaginian* Domain, was by a Decree of the Senate kept under the Government of one of the most accomplished Men in *Rome*.

Before I enter upon his Character and Management, it may be agreeable to the curious, to have

¹ *In the mock Distribution of the Provinces by Lot, before the Expiration of M. Antony's Consulship, C. Calvisius, says Cicero, Africam sortitus est: nihil felicius! modo enim ex Africa decesserat, & quasi divinans se rediturum, duos Legatos Uticæ reliquerat.*

a little light thrown upon the Antiquities of this vast Country, which, through Ignorance of its Language, was but little known to the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers*. To judge of it truly, we must remember, that the Phenicians, a great and noble Nation, famous in *Africa* under the Name of *Carthaginians*, had possessed themselves of the whole Coast from *Cyrene*, or *Barca*, to the very Streights of *Gibraltar*; being an immense Tract of three thousand *English* Miles'. Their ancient national Name was *Cananites*, that is *Merchants*; that of *Phenicians* seeming to have been imposed on them by their Neighbours — either from their Affluence'; or the ancient *Greeks*', with whom they had great Intercourse, called them so, importing *Edomites* or *red Men*. The first Appellation lasted so late as the Days of *St. Austin* in the fifth Century, who tells that if you asked a Peasant in his Diocese in *Numidia*, what Countryman he was, he answered *Chanani*; which the good Bishop

* *Populorum ejus oppidorumque nomina vel maxime sunt ineffabilia præterquam ipsorum linguis; & aliàs castella fere inhabitant.*

Plin. Præm. Lib. V.

Καρχηδόνιοι γὰρ ἐν τέτοις τοῖς καιροῖς τῶν μὲν Λιβύης ἐκυρίευσαν πάντων τῶν ἐπὶ τὴν ἑσθ' θάλατταν νεύοντων μερῶν ἀπὸ τῶν Φιλαινου βωμῶν οἱ κεῖνται κατὰ τὴν μεγάλην Σύρην, ἕως ἐφ' Ἡρακλείας σήλας. — ὑπὲρ τὰς ἑξακισχιλίας καὶ μυρίας σταδίους.

Πολυβ. Ἱερ. βιβ. Γ

* From פִּנַּח Phanax, *delicate vivit*: thence פִּנְאִין Phenakin *splendide viventes*.

' From Φοῖνος *ruber, sanguineus*: whence in Latin *Poenus*, and in Greek Φοινίσσω *rubefacio, cruento*. It would seem they had been originally *Edomites*, from אֶרֶב *rubra* (*Regio*).

thought a maimed Word, though it be *the proper* Term for a *Cananite*⁸; just as if you ask a *Welchman* what Countryman he is, he answers *Cumbro*, a *Cimbrian*; as an *Irishman* or *Scots-highlander* says he is a *Gaal*, and calls his Language *Gaalich*.

But this powerful and ingenious People seem not to have confined themselves to the *Coasts*; since either the prior Inhabitants (before the Arrival of the *Phenicians*) have spoke a Dialect of the *Aramean*, or these Incomers have spread far into the upper Country, founded *Cities*, and given Names to *Rivers* and *Royal-Families*, as their *Syriac* Appellations plainly attest. Thus not only *Carthage* and *Utica*, or, as their Founders pronounced them, *Carth'hadtha* and *Yatica*, signify no more than the *New-Town* and the *Old*, like *old* and *new Tyre* in their Mother-country, or *old* and *new Aberdeen*, in mine; but even the *In-land* Cities have indisputably *Cyriac* Names: *Cirta*, the Capital of *Numidia*, means *The Town*; there having probably been none other within many Miles of it, when it was built. It stands on the *Ampsaga*, *i. e.* the *Broad River*. *Juba's* royal Seat, *Zama*, was denominated from the *Song* of the Birds in the neighbouring Groves, and the famed inspiring *Fountain* which made every Thing musical that drank of it. *Capfa*, the Town taken by *C. Marius*, signifies the *inclosed*, as it is shut up by the *Desart* on all Sides.

⁸ Interrogati Rustici nostri, *Qui sint?* Punicè respondent *Canani*, corruptâ scilicet, sicut in talibus, solet, una literâ; quid aliud respondent quam *Cananæi*?

Expos. Epist. ad Roman.

As to their Family-names, *Hanno*, Gracious or Graceful, *Himilco*, Royal, *Bomilcar*, Royal Seat, *Hannibal*, the Lord of Grace, *Asdrubal*, the Lord of Might, &c. they are as much *Phenician* as the Appellation of ¹ Tyre or ¹ Sidon. But no less so is *Adherbal*², the mighty Lord, *Maherbal*³, the Lord of Lords, *Massinissa*⁴, exalted Prince, *Gulussa*⁵, Mother's Joy, *Bocchus*, or *Bocchor*⁶, First-born, *Jugurtha*⁷, City-Prince or Honor of his Race, *Bogud*⁸, Happy (under a lucky Planet), *Juba*⁹ the same with *Job*) Lovely, Desirable;

¹ צור *Tzor*, a Rock, the Phenicians pronounced *Sôr*; the Greeks after their Manner, changing S into T, and the broad ô into their Y, made Τυρός *Tyros*; while the Latins kept the S in *Sarra*; whence *Virgil's* Phrase — *Sarrano dormiat ostro*.

¹ סידן *Said*, a Fish. סידון *Saidon-Sidon*, a Fish-town.

² אדר *Addir*, *Magnus potens*; בעל *Baal*, *Dominus*.

³ מלך *Chald. Dynasta*, and בעל *Baal*.

⁴ For *Massinissa*. From the former, and נשא *elevavit*.

⁵ גל, or as the *Arabs* ער, and גל-עשה *Gali-Esha Gulussa*.

⁶ בכר *Becor*, *Primogenitus*, still a common Name *Abubbecr*.

⁷ נאת *Syr.* and ברתא, or ערת *Gorratho*, *familie decus*.

⁸ From ג *Gad*, happy Planet. The Word made use by *Leab*, *Jacob's* Wife, in christening her Maid's Son: and *Leab* said בגד *Bagad For Good*; in a happy Hour, ג *Gad is in the Ascendant*! *Genes.* xxx. 2. The Word is lost in the Hebrew, with much more of the Language; but remains in full Use in the Arabic Dialect, ג is rendered *Felicitas*: *Magnitudo dignitatis* & *glorie*.

⁹ איוב *Jiob*, in Arabic תב *Habba*, *amatus*, *carus* ἰσχυρὸς ἀγαπητός A Rabbinic Grammarian would bring it from אב instead of אבא *voluit*, *delectatus fuit*, or אב, *desideravit*.

whence Virgil's *Carthaginian* Poet, *crinitus* Iopas. The *Greeks* write his Name *Ιωέας*, and would have called him *Ποθεινός* *Pothinus*, or even *Οδυσσεύς* *Ulysses*. These, I say, and many more, sufficient to fill a Volume, are either *pure Phenician*, or a little *perverted*¹, (as happens in different Dialects) at the same Time that they were the current Names in the *Mauritanian* and *Numidian* Royal Families. From a Coalition, by Intermarriages between these and the *Carthaginians*, sprang the *Libo-phenicians* in *Africa*², in Contradistinction to the *Syro-phenicians* at home.

The *Phenicians* were Men of high Spirit, deep Invention, and the greatest Merchant-Adventurers and Planters of Colonies, in the World: for all the Colonies and Settlements made by the *Portuguese*, *Spaniards*, *English* and *Dutch*, taken together, though they include a greater Extent of Sea and Defart, cannot compare with the *Phenician* and *Carthaginian* Colonies for Numbers of flourishing Cities, and Multitudes of happy People. They had the incontroverted Honor of be-

¹ *La Lengua con el tiempo se muda, y va poco a poco siendo otra; de manera que sin nuevo accidente o causa, mas que el tiempo, basta para que una lengua sea casi otra de la que fue agora trecientos annos.*

Bern. Aldrete Var. Antiqued. Lib. I. c. 20.

² *Liby-Phœnices, mistum Punicum Afris genus.*

Tit. Liv. Hist. xxi.

This explains what *Horace* means by *uterque Pœnus*, both the *Carthaginians*.

benefiting Mankind with *five* of the chief Inventions that raise and polish human Life, *Letters, Astronomy, Navigation, Military Discipline, and Architecture of Towns*, or civil Polity. Supported by *these*, no Wonder they were Masters wherever they failed; and where did they not fail, in the three Parts of the then known World? That their Descendants, the Carthaginians, were foiled at last in the glorious Struggle for Empire, was owing to the *secure Confidence* of their General; who, after beating the *Romans* over and over in the field, approached to terrified *Rome* when it would have been an *easy Prey*; but, instead of laying immediate Siege to the Capital, contented himself with throwing a Spear over the Walls into the Town, and marching by, as if he could take it whenever he pleased. This was missing the fatal *irrevocable* Conjunction, which would have decided *who should be Masters of the World*; and whether *We* should not now, all over *Europe*, have been studying *Punic*, as the *learned Language*, instead of the *Latin-Tongue*. But, their final Inferiority was owing to their having been so far beforehand with their Rivals, in Wealth and its Attendants *Ease and Luxury*; — to their sitting at home themselves, and filling their Armies with *Mercenaries*: whereas there was no *Roman* able to carry Arms, who became not a *trained hardy Soldier*; and therefore, instead of being weakened, they grew more expert by every Battle, and, if they fell not in the field, gathered

strength even by *Defeat*³. After their final Overthrow, and the utter rasing of Carthage by the younger *Scipio*, the martial Power of *Africa* lay in the *Numidian* and *Moorish* Militia left by the Conquerors in the Hands of the Princes who had taken Part with them against the *Carthaginians*. Even that had been greatly impaired first by the *Jugurthine*, and much more by the *Cæsarean Ravages*; and *Africa*, the richest Province of the *Roman Dominion*, was absolutely exhausted, when the Government of it was put into those Hands that would quickly have redressed it and the whole Common-wealth.

Quintus Cornificius, of noble Blood*, and noble

³ This affords the genuine Explication of that beautiful Encomium upon Rome, put into Hannibal's Mouth by *Horace*, which, without attending to this *Singularity*, appears an *empty Rant*.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
 Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
 Per damna — per cædes — ab ipso
 Ducit opes animumque ferro —
 Merces profundo — pulchrior evenit:
 Luctère — multa proruet integrum
 Cum laude Victorem; geretque
 Proelia conjugibus loquenda.

Horat. Carm. Lib. IV. Ode 4.

* I do not mean *Patrician*; but of an ancient rich *Plebeian*, such as *Octavius* (afterwards *Augustus*) said he was of himself, and such as had Access to Pretorships, Consulships, and the highest Honors of their Country ever since the noted *Varro*, who had the Senate's Thanks for surviving the Battle of *Cannæ*; *quod de Rep. non desperâset*.

Manners,

Manners, joined the Talents rarely found together, that fit for shining either in the Cabinet, or the Field. He made early a Figure in the *Forum* and appeared not only an elegant Speaker, but extremely learned both in Law and History. He was one of the Five great Scholars who illustrated the last Period of the once glorious Republic; *T. Pomponius Atticus*, *P. Nigidius Figulus*, *M. Tullius Cicero*, *M. Terentius Varro*, and this rising Nobleman *Q. Cornificius*. In Eloquence (on which he wrote several Pieces'), he seems to have preferred the chaste Attic Style, followed by *Brutus* and *Messala*, to the full rapid Flow, described by *Cicero* as the Perfection of Oratory'; and consequently to have spoke with more Correctness than Fire. But his curious Treatise of the Origin of Words, or Etymology of the Names of Things in Heaven and in Earth, discovered his superior Knowledge both in Roman Antiquity, and the most abstruse Grecian Literature'. To this Work the learned *Macrobius* seems to have been indebted for the Idea of the Unity of all the ancient Divinities, whom he makes to centre in the Sun. I

' Quintil. Inst. Lib. iii. cap. 1.

' Scripsi *De optimo genere dicendi*; in quo sæpe suspicatus sum Te a judicio nostro paullulum dissentire.

Cicer. ad Cornif. Ep. XVII.

' See his Explication of Homer's dark Fable, where *Jupiter* and all the Gods are said to be gone to the Feast for twelve Days in *Ethiopia*, and then to return. Saturnal. Lib. I. Cap. 23. (written while *Cæsar* was in *Spain* the last time, U. C. 709.

should imagine, that *M. Varro's* celebrated Treatise of the Latin Tongue, which has happily reached us, had not been published when *Cornificius* wrote^s, or that he thought it capable of great Improvements, as indeed it is. Two eminent Men, Leaders of great Armies, and Commanders of Kingdoms, writing together upon the *same* Subject, render it worthy of a little Attention.

M. Ter. Varro was by Nature extremely acute, and by indefatigable Study, a great Master in *Greek* and *Roman* Antiquity. But, understanding only these two Languages, with a Smattering of the ancient *Tuscan*, his ingenious Work addressed to *Cicero*, of the *Appellations of Things* in *Latin*, is faulty in two Respects. First, in hunting for

* It appears from the Letter to *Atticus* (Lib. XIII. Ep. 22.) that *M. Varro* had intended for two Years to address some one of his Productions to *Cicero*. *Varro mihi denunciaverat magnam sane & gravem προσβώνησιν: Bien-nium præterit, cum ille καλλιπιδης assiduo cursu cubitum nullum processerit.* But, both from it and the 28th Letter of the same Book, it appears, that he had not then (that is the Winter before *Cæsar's* Death) addressed any Treatise to *Cicero*. *Varro, homo πολυγλωσσώτατος nunquam me laceravit.*) The same Date of *Varro's* Work is confirmed, though not so precisely ascertained by his telling, that he had addressed his first three Books concerning the Science of Etymology to *Septimus*, who had been Pay-Master of the Army under him, I suppose when he commanded in *Spain*, the second Year of the Civil War. After *Cæsar's* Death, *Varro* had little Time to write, and *Cornificius* less to read such Productions, being plunged in Business of the highest Nature: So that *Cornificius's* Work has been prior to *Varro's*.

the Rise of *Latin* Words, from Metaphors, Allusions, and far-fetch'd Figures in the *same* Language, when they are plainly and simply derived from the *Eolic* and *Doric* Dialect of their Forefathers, in *Greek*. But its chief Failure proceeds from Ignorance of the *Eastern* and *Western* Tongues; I mean the *Aramean* and the *Celtic*: the one of which had given Names to the greater Part of the *Gods* and their Rites; and the other, to *War* and Things occurring in *rustic Life*. Yet even here, his Sagacity in the Use he has made of the little Scraps then remaining of the ancient *Tuscan* and *Sabine* Tongues is surprising: of which I will give two pretty remarkable Proofs.

He affirms, that *Thebes* in *Beotia* was the first Town that was built in the World; having been founded by *Cadmus* before the grand Deluge under *Ogyges*; and stood, as he reckoned, *one-and-twenty hundred Years*. To confirm his Opinion, he says, 'That, in the ancient Dialect spoken by the *Eolic-Beotians*, *Tebes* (without *h*) signifies *Hills*; and that the *Pelasgi* settling in *Italy*, their Posterity, the *Sabines*, continued to call them so; a Trace of which was to be yet found in their Country, not far from *Reate*, where the *Mile-hill*, on the *Salarian Way*, was still called *Tebes*.'

This Etymology is exploded by the *first-rate* Scholar of his Age, *Joseph Scaliger*. He calls *Varro's* Conjecture *perfect trifling* (*meræ nugæ*) which is no wonder, says he, in that Author, whose Works are stuffed with many such ill-

‘founded Fictions. He observes, that *Thebes*
 ‘was undoubtedly a *Syrian Colony*; all the Names
 ‘of the noted Persons being purely *Aramean*:
 ‘*Cadmus*, the Ancient (or the Eastern) *Labdac*,
 ‘the Learned, *Citheron*, Odoriferous, *Ismenus*,
 ‘the Oily, or Anointed; and therefore concludes,
 ‘that as *Theba* in Syriac signifies a *Boat*, the
 ‘Town was denominated from the Ship in which
 ‘*Cadmus* passed over from *Asia*, and that *Varro*
 ‘is a Dreamer.’

But the widest Learning may at Times mistake, and ought to be therefore modestly used. That the most ingenious *Varro* has often indulged *Conjecture* too far, and followed an Illusion through Ignorance of *Eastern Language*, is past Dispute: yet here he may still be right; for though, in modern Syriac, *Theba* means a small Boat, in the old *Eastern Dialect* תְּבָא *Theba* signifies a *Seat* or *Settlement*; and the *Arabs*, near to *Syria*, of the Tribe of *Hamyar*, keep the Term in the same Tense. In their Language, וַתְּבָא *Wathba* is a Place of Meeting, a Settlement, as תְּבַת *Tobath* signifies an Assembly of Men, a Crowd; and (with the Servile מֵ to be thrown away at pleasure) מִיתְּבָא *Mithba* a Level, a Hollow; or (according to Eastern Use) its contrary, that is, a *Hill*, or *Rising Ground*. *Thebes* was an Inland Town, never famed for *Shipping*; as were many more of the same Name in different Countries, *Egypt*, *Theffaly*, *Phocis*, *Cilicia*; which make it much more probable the Word should signify a *Settlement*, or a *Hill*, than a *Ship*. One less acquainted with the Oriental Usage should

wonder at the same Term's expressing *Contraries*, as a *Hollow* and a *Hill*: the following Accident will satisfy him, that the *very Word*, from which *Thebes* is formed, did so. One Day, when the King of *Hamyar* was taking the Air on the Top of a Terrace in his Capital *Dafar*, a Messenger was introduced to him from a bordering Prince. After hearing his Message, the King said to him תב Theb. Upon which he immediately leaped over the Terrace, and was taken up miserably bruised. The astonished Prince asked the Meaning of that rash Action; and was informed, that the Word Theb, which in his Dialect signified to *sit down*, in that of the Southern People meant to *mount* or *leap*. *That Language*, said the King *is unknown to me*: and added (what has passed into a Proverb), *Mân dachal Dhasâr hom'mro. Whoever comes to Dafar, let him Hamyarize, i. e. speak the Language of the Kingdom of Hamyar*’.

The other Instance of M. Varro's Sagacity is the Account he gives of the Name of the *Tiber*. ‘The *Source* of this River, says he, is not in ancient *Latium*; and if its Name came likewise from *thence* into our Language, it cannot be *Latin*. — The Account given of it is dubious. ‘The *Tuscan* Tongue claims it, and so does the *Latin*. Some pretend it was so called from a King of the *Veientes*, Dehebris: Others have writ, that the ancient Name of the *Tiber* was *Albula*, which was afterwards changed upon account of *Tiberinus* King of the *Latins*, who died

’ Ed. Pocock's Specim. Hist. Arab.

'there, and was buried on its Banks.' The latter of these Opinions is preposterous; as the Name of that Prince must have come from the River, not the Name of the River from the Prince: and therefore *Varro's* acute Observation must be true; and will be found so in Effect whether the *Tuscans* spoke the *Lydian*, that is the *Phenician* Dialect; or whether the Name was given by the *Gauls* or *Celts* originally inhabiting the Country. In the former *באר Beer*, or, as the *Arabs* pronounce it, *ביר Biir* signifies a *Fountain* or *Well* *את ביר Eth Biir the Fountain*¹; which by the truest Transposition, runs into *Tehbir*, or, as the candid *Mr. Tournæuf* says, he found it in an old Manuscript *Thebir*. Thence the *Tiber*, and with the Latin Termination, *Tiberinus*. But if the Spring out of which the *Tiber* flows was named by the *Gauls* or *Celts*, you need only ask a *Breton*, a *Biscainer*, a *Scots* or *Irish* Highlander (their undoubted Descendants) what they call a *Fountain*, and you will instantly be answered *Tou-bir*, which they pronounce with an Aspiration *Touhbir*, that may have given rise to the *Tehebri*. So that here too *Varro's* Judgment is sagacious and found. I could recount many a River both in Europe and Asia, whose Name deemed to be proper, signifies originally no more than, *The*

¹ Thence the Name of the most ancient *Phenician* Town *Berytus*, *בארית*; so that *Puteoli*, now *Pozziccolo*, near *Naples*, *Κρειαδης*, afterwards *Philippi* in *Thessaly*, *Auchs* the famed Spaw in *Germany*, and *Bath Wells*, in *Britain*, have all the same Meaning.

Water, or The River. Such is the נַחַל Naal or Nile in Egypt, the Naar-Malcha or King's Stream in Babylon, the Niger in Africa, the Rha in Russia, the ancient Tanais or deep Water, and the modern Don in Tartary; such the Guadalquivir (or great Water) in Spain; such the Eſks, the Avons, the Devons, the Dubris, the Doures, the Oures, the Eures, the Aires, the Eyres, the Uries, the Wares, the Ouses, the Oyses, &c. in Britain, Ireland, and France; and such, lastly, the Sabine Nar itself, which flows into this River, whose Name M. Varro suspects not to be Roman. This Way of tracing Truth to its Source was in great Esteem among the curious Ancients. Plato had authorized it in his *Cratylus*: Cicero had employed it in his Laws; and even Julius Cæsar, amid the Broils of Ambition, had found Leisure to write to that great Orator two Books concerning *Analogy*: in the same Manner Cornificius and Varro endeavoured to investigate the Origin of the Names of the Gods, of religious Rites, of the Terms of Polity, and all the subservient Arts, in Order to lead them to their respective Natures, or at least to the Idea of their Inventors, when first imposed. A slippery and difficult Attempt! in which the Author of a Series of Letters lately published, concerning *Mythology*, has had partly the Honor to tread in the Steps of these two ingenious Men; with this Difference, that instead of confining himself to *Etymologies*, he has only adduced them as collateral Proofs; resting his Accounts of early *Mythology*, and of the various Shapes which it has assumed in

the Religions of different Countries, upon history and Human Nature ².

But an Attachment to Learning, however strong, had not diverted the young *Cornificius* from the Exercise of Arms: for like *M. Varro* too, he shone in both Professions, though they learned under very different Masters. *Varro* had commanded under *Pompey*; *Cornificius* made his first Campaigns under *Cæsar*. That restless Man, finding he could never blind the Nobility and Senate, nor climb by *their* Means to the illegal Power that was the Aim of his Life, took the Pretence of a distant Consanguinity to *C. Marius*, to make himself gracious with the Populace and their Patrons. He openly declared himself a *Marian*; and to spite the Patricians, with great Pomp replaced the Statues and Trophies of that bold bloody Plebeian, which *Sylla* had overturned. It was this that brought into his Camp the Sons of the eminent *plebeian* Families, that had suffered under the latter's Dictatorship. The abandoned and indigent, the desperate and lawless, noble or ignoble, went thither of Course; but to this *Color of Party* *Cæsar* owed his best and bravest Officers. It was this brought the gallant and active *T. Labienus* (his prime Lieutenant), and *C. Trebonius* (whose Pen kept Pace with his Sword) to fight under his Banners. This gave

² Poetæ, cum de Diis fabulantur, ab Adytis plerumque *Philosophiæ* semina mutant.

him the high-spirited *Hirtius* and *Pansa*; this put *C. Cilnius Mecenás* so early about the Person of his Grand Nephew, and this carried the young *Cornificius* to serve under him at first; as the Lot of the Division of the Provinces made him afterwards succeed *M. Antony* as his *Questor*. In this important Station he demeaned himself so as to be intrusted with the Government of *Illyricum* (the Province that lay just between *Italy* and *Greece*) during the Height of the civil War. Here he gave Proof of high military Capacity; not only maintaining his Ground under great Straits and Disadvantages; but gaining a Superiority by Conduct and Vigilance, that procured him the Salutation from the Legions, of Imperator or Commander in chief. *Illyria* has no general Name that corresponds to it in modern Geography. It comprehended all the hardy Tribes from the South Bank of the *Danube* down to *Dalmatia*; *Hungarians*, *Servians*, *Rascians*, *Bosnians*, *Bulgarians*; in a Word, most of the Nations that speak the *Slavonic* Tongue. They afforded Materials for many a Triumph in ancient *Rome*; and are famous in modern Story for baffling the haughty *Amurath*, under *Huniades*, and the brave *Albanian* *George Castriot*, (better known by his Turkish Name *Scanderbeg* ³), and for their Achievements under *John Zizca*, the Scourge of Monkery, and Terror of the *German* Empire. After *Cornificius's* Command in *Illyria* was expired,

³ Alexander-Prince or Chieftain.

Julius Caesar, who was willing to recommend the Beginnings of his Power by employing some worthy Men among his Captains, made him Governor of *Syria*; after which he was sent in the same Capacity to *Africa*. In these splendid Posts he maintained his Character with so much Dignity, that though but a youngish Man *, he had the honor of being elected into the College of Augurs, the most venerable Body in the Empire. Yet he did not assume such State as to hinder him from indulging a pleasing Vein of Poetry, or from living in the utmost Familiarity † with *Valerius Catullus*, a Man of a lively Wit, whose short Sketches upon two or three serious Subjects ‡, seem to authorize the Opinion, † that had he † passed the giddy Age of Pleasure, (to which † he was excessively addicted) he might have † fairly rivalled it with *Lucretius* and *Virgil*. Such then was *Q. Cornificius* both in the more important and pleasurable Parts of Life; — while untainted Probity and a sincere Love of his Country gave a Lustre to all his other Accomplishments.

Similitude of Manners combined with Family.

* Tuam vicem sæpe doleo, quod nullam partem, per ætatem, Sanæ & Salvæ Reip. gustare potuisti. Ep. xxiii. He means the Roman State, before the first Triumvirate.

† See the Epigram. Malè est, Cornifici, tuo Catullo.

‡ Atys, Coma Berenices, Elegy on his Brother to Manlius; but especially the Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis.

friendship ⁷ to create a strict Union between this real *Roman* and *Tullius Cicero*; and we have a lively Picture of their perfect Harmony in a Suit of elegant Letters written by that Statesman to *Cornificius*, who, after the Removal of *Cæsar*, zealously embarked in the Cause of Liberty, and thoroughly approved himself worthy of the high Hopes which so able a Judge of Men had conceived of him ⁸. He was busy raising Men, and regulating a disordered Province at the ancient *Utica*, which was then a splendid and very beautiful City, when *Titus Sextius*, a Creature of the late *Cæsar*, and now attached to his Heirs the *Triumvirs*, arrived in the new Province of *Numidia*. From thence, with *Cæsarean* Confidence, he sent a Herald to *Cornificius*, requiring him to quit his Command, and evacuate the Province; as *Africa* had fallen to the young *Cæsar*'s Share in the late Division made by the *Triumvirs*. *Cornificius* answered, that he knew no power those Men had to divide the Roman Empire; That he held the Command of *Africa* by a Decree of the Senate, which he would quit to no Man without their express Order. Upon this Answer both

⁷ Quod societatem Reip. conservandæ tibi mecum a Patre acceptam renovas, gratum est: quæ Societas inter nos semper, mi Cornifici! manebit.

Cicer. Ep. xxv.

⁸ Una Navis est bonorum omnium: quamobrem mi Quincte! ascende nobiscum, & quidem ad Puppim.

Idem, Ep. xxviii.

Parties prepared for War. *Sextius* had but a light *Moorish Militia*, principally levied in the Dominions of *Bogud* and *Bocchus*: With these he scoured the high Country, and took a few little Towns on the Skirts of the Province; but for some Time durst not look the *Legions* in the Face. At last the old *Cæsarean Auxiliaries* daily swelling his Numbers, and *Cornificius*, the Governor, being employed in modelling his new-raised Army; in providing Treasure from an exhausted Province; in sending Recruits to *S. Pompey* in *Sicily*, and laying the Foundations of a Power that should be able to rescue his Country from its new Oppressors¹, *Sextius* ascribed his Inaction to Pusillanimity, and with his light-armed Troops made a sudden Incurſion into the *Province*, sitting so unexpectedly down before *Hercla*, that he mastered the Town before Relief could come from *Utica*.

¹ *Africam provinciam perire, funditusque everti a suis inimicis: quod nisi celeriter focis foret subventum, præter ipsam Africam terram, nihil, ne tectum quidem, reliquum futurum.*

A. Hirt. de B. A.

² About this time, I suppose, the Gold Coin has been struck, which is now one of the chief Curiosities in the *French King's Cabinet*. A Hoard of ancient Money was dug up in the *Modenese* in 1715; among which was this Medal, having a *horned Faunus* on one Side without an Inscription: and on the Reverse a female Figure crowns a Man holding a *Lituis* or Augural Staff, round which we read *Q. Cornifici. Augur. Imp.* The Cornifician Family ascribed their Origin to the horned God *Faunus*.

After the Demolition of *Carthage* by the younger *Scipio*, *Utica* (eternized by joining its Name to M. Cato's ²), became the Head of the Province, and the usual Residence of the Roman Governor. It stood, as was observed, on the West Cape of the Bay now of *Tunis*, formerly of *Carthage*, about eleven Leagues from the Eastern Cape, called the Promontory of *Mercury*. Between these Capes lies the Island *Zowamoore* (the *Egimurus* of the Ancients) and locks up the noble Bason so artfully painted in its wild State by *Virgil*, as the Place where *Eneas* sheltered his Fleet after the Storm. Our ingenious Mr. *Addison* conjectures, that the Poet took this Description from a View of the Bay of *Naples*, where he wrote a Part of the *Eneid*; as the old Commentators pretend it answers to that of *Cartagena* in *Spain*. But besides that many a Bay is formed by the Shelter of an Island; that of *Carthage* was too commonly known at *Rome*, and *Virgil* might be too well informed of the minuteſt Particulars by his great Friend *Quintilius Varus*, who was acquainted with it to his Coſt, not to take his Picture from the Reality ³.

² Cato Uticensis.

³ *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus: inſula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reduſos;
Hinc atque hinc vaſta rupes geminique minantur
In cælum ſcopuli.*

Æneid. Lib. I. v. 159.

Sextius elated with this Success against *Hercla*, and with some Prodigies, says *Dion Cassius*, about a *Bull's Head*, marched through the Country with full Security and Contempt of his Adversary. *Cornificius*, attended by his Questor *Ventidius* (not *Antony's* Friend), marched against him with the better Part of his Cavalry and light-armed Foot; and, watching his unguarded Motions, fell upon him at unawares, and entirely routed him *. The greater Part of his Army was cut off; and to complete the Victory, *Ventidius* was ordered to pursue and besiege him in one of the *Mauritanian* Towns. Mean while, *Decimus Lelius*, the Lieutenant-General, had penetrated into *Numidia* with a large Body of Foot, and was besieging the old Capital *Constantina*, the famed *Massinissa's* Royal Seat, but so enlarged by *Micipsa* (who invited *Greeks* and *Romans* to come and settle in it), that it was once able to send twenty thousand Foot, and ten thousand Horse into the Field. It had been surpris'd and taken

* Q. Cornificius in Africa T. Sextium Cassianarum partium ducem prælio vicit. T. Livii. Epit. Lib. cxxiii. It should be *Antonianarum*; except he mean to say, that *T. Sextius* had been one of the Generals who commanded in Spain under the cruel and oppressive *Cassius Longinus*: The same that perished, with all his ill-got Wealth, in the Mouth of the *Ebro*, the ancient *Iberus*; which is not at all probable. But *Sextius* being a Friend to *Antony*, in good Terms with *Fulvia*, and ordered soon after this by the young *Cæsar* to deliver the Province to his Freedman *Fuficius Pango*, makes the Correction plausible.

three Years before by *Bogud* and *Sittius*, the Captain of Banditti, when Juba had drawn out the Garrison to reinforce the Army which he was leading to the Assistance of Scipio and the Republic; and the Siege was now thought no very difficult Enterprize. For Juba, the *Numidian* King, whose Lieutenant *Sabura* defeated *Curio*, and cut his Army to Pieces, had chose Zama, a more inland City and Castle, for his Residence; whose ungrateful Citizens, after his and *Scipio's* Defeat at *Thapsus*, having perfidiously refused him Entrance, or even to let out his Queen and their Family; drove him and *Petreius* to the desperate Resolution of fighting together; or rather of running on each other's Swords, to make a military Exit.

Cornificius, therefore, seemed to be in a fair Way of becoming quickly Master of all *Africa*; I mean the Northern Tract of it; for the inland Parts and Southern Shore were Countries then unknown*. But the treacherous *Arabio*, with the known Perfidy of his Nation*, forgetting his

* *Libyæ Rex Hyarbas*:

*Hic Ammone satus, raptâ Garamantide nymphâ,
Templa Jovi centum latis immania Regnis,
Centum aras posuit —*

Virg. Æn. iv. v. 98.

* *Punic Faith* passed into a Proverb. Hannibal in *Horace* is *perfidus*; and the *Punic War* is called by *Martial*, *Perjuria barbari furoris*; Hannibal's Wiles, *perfidusque Astus Hannibalis*; and the slippery Carthaginians, *levesque Pœnos*.

Lib. iv. Epig. 14.

Father *Massinissa's* Maxims and his own Obligations, gave Matters an unexpected Turn. Though he had recovered his whole Kingdom divided by J. Cæsar between the Brothers *Bogud* and *Bocchus* and the Outlaw *Sittius*, by the Assistance of the young *Pompeys*; yet their Misfortunes in *Spain*, and the News of the *Triumvirs*, *Cæsar's* Captains, being again all-powerful in *Italy*, made the false *Numidian* think of changing Sides, and of abandoning a Party frowned on by Fortune, and destined, as he imagined, to be always depressed. For this, no Conjunction so proper, to show the Sincerity of his Conversion, as when the young *Cæsar's* Lieutenant *Sextius* was hard beset, and their Affairs in Distress in the Province. Wherefore, collecting his whole Force, as if in Obedience to the Governor's Call, he suddenly marched Westward, and not only relieved *Sextius* from his Blockade, but enabled him to face *Ventidius* on equal Terms. They fought for some Time with great Fierceness; but while the *Questor* was pressing upon the Enemy with more Bravery than Caution, a *Moorish Trooper* ran him through with his Lance. He tumbled from his Horse; his Army lost Heart, fell into Disorder, and were generally killed or taken Prisoners. The News of this Disaster made *Lelius* raise the Siege of *Constantina*, and march down to *Cornificius* to *Utica* ⁷.

⁷ I have retained the old Name, as the Ruins of this City lie buried under the Soil accumulated by the
By

By the Desertion of the *faithless Numidian*; and the consequent Defeat of the *Questor*, the *Cæsarean Party* under *Sextius* became the Object of the Governor's chief Attention. He drew his whole Army together, and marched in Person towards *Numidia*: but had not gone far, until his Scouts brought him Word, that he would be saved the Trouble of a tedious March; for that *Sextius* and his new Ally, with their whole Force, were within a few Miles of him. *Cornificius*, surpris'd at his Celerity and Confidence, detached *Decimus Lelius* with the Prime of his Cavalry, to take a View of the Enemy. He was encamped on the Brow of a steep Hill hanging to the West, from whence he had a View of the Plain, where it was intercepted by a high Ground that rose in the middle of it. It would be extreme Presumption to arraign the Conduct of a Roman General, who had merited the highest military Honor, and the Approbation of such a Judge as *Julius Cæsar*; especially upon the imperfect Relations that have

Me-Jerda (the winding Water or Meander) formerly the *Bagrada*, famous for the enormous Snake killed on his Banks by *Atilius Regulus*; and that the Village standing near it, called *Boo Shatter* (the Father of Coverlets, I suppose from a Manufactory) is become like *Ravenna*, *Mycene*, and other, formerly-Sea towns, now near seven Miles from the Shore. This exact Information we owe to the very learned and accurate *Dr. Thomas Shaw*, who in his Travels through *Barbary*, has corrected many Errors committed by the *French Geographers*, particularly *Sanfon*, *Marmol*, and the *Abbé du Fresnoy*, in misnaming and misplacing ancient and modern Towns.

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reached us of this memorable Action: But as *Things are represented*, it was not the Part of a cautious Leader, to expose his Cavalry, *unsupported*, to the Insults of the *fiercest* and *lightest* Horsemen then in the World, intermixed with *Companies of Foot* trained to attack and retire with equal Swiftness^{*}.

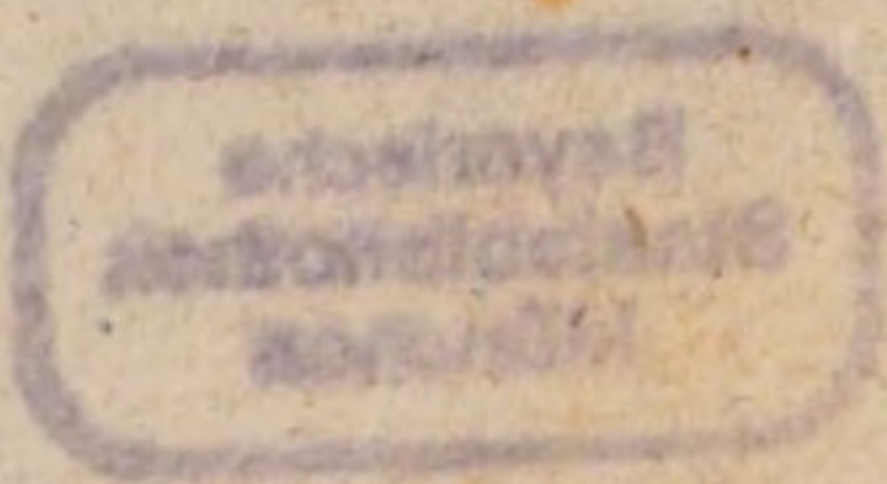
The *Numidian* and *Moorish* Troopers were the most unlikely and deceitful in their *Appearance*, that ever rode in an Army. Both the Men and Horses were little and lean. The Rider in a loose Coat, without other Armour or Weapon than a Lance in his hand: — his Horse unbridled, carrying his Head low, his Neck stiff, with an awkward Gait, between Trot and Gallop, made both a most contemptible Figure^{*}: Yet it is certain, that a noble Body of *these* Men and *these* Horses were the very Flower of that tremendous Army that bore down all before it under *Hannibal*; and that, after their first Squadron was surpris'd and cut off in *Salpe* (the old *Salapia*), he was never able to achieve

^{*} Levis armatura (Numidarum) mirabili velocitate præditi, qui inter equites pugnabant, & una pariterque cum equitibus accurrere & refugere consueverant.

A. Hirtii Comment. de B. A.

^{*} Nihil primo aspectu contemptius: equi hominesque parvi & graciles: discinctus & inermis eques, præterquam quod jacula secum portat: equi sine frænis; deformis ipse cursus, rigida cervice & extento capite currentium.

T. Livii, Lib. xxxv.



any Thing considerable by his Cavalry ¹. Nor is it less remarkable, that to this Day the Strength of the Moors lies in their *light Horse*. At the Battle of *Alcaçar*, *Muley Melec*, surrounded the brave and unfortunate Don Sebastian, King of *Portugal*, with a Body of forty thousand well-trained Horsemen, and made him know that no *personal Valor* was proof against their alternate Attacks and Retreats ². But be the Cause what it will that led the Roman Governor to this unhappy Step, (of which we cannot judge at this Distance) the *Consequence* was truly dismal: For upon *Lelius's* Approach with the Roman Cavalry, *Sextius* ordered *Arabio* to march with his *Numidian Horse*, and attack him in Front, while he himself pick'd out the lightest of his Foot, and fell upon his Flank. *Lelius* and his Horsemen fought with great Bravery against the *Numidians*, who frequently ran off, and returned to the Charge, according to the Custom of the Nation: but when forced to wheel at the same Instant to repulse *Sextius*, they began to reel, and were in hazard

¹ Numidæ—longe fortissimi equitum toto Punico exercitu erant:—plus damni hæc equitum ala amissa Annibali quam *Salapia* fuit: nec deinde unquam *Pœnus* (quo longe plurimum valuerat) equitatu superior fuit.

Idem. Lib. xxvi.

² Passarono il numero (dell' *Esercito Moresco*) di quaranta mila Cavalli. — Finito di serrar l'*Esercito* Portoghese, lo andò stringendo, e conseguentemente ingrossando gli *Squadroni*: tanto fanno questi Barbari.

Gier. Conestag. Lib. ii.

of falling into Confusion. *Lelius* soon perceived how Things were likely to go, and that he must not think of a *Retreat*, which was in a Manner cut off by *Sextius*; and therefore, while his Horsemen were yet entire, he began to move towards the Eminence that lay between him and the General's Camp. The *Numidians* finding him give Way, pressed on the more fiercely, and when, with great difficulty, he had possessed himself of the Hill, they surrounded it with their Squadrons, constantly beating up one Quarter after another, and wounding his Men with their darted Javelins. In this Distress, the very same Thing happened to the *Roman Army* under *Q. Cornificius*, that befel the *Lacedemonian* under *Teleutias*, at the Battle of *Olynthus*, so beautifully painted by *Xenophon*. There, to retrieve one false Step, and save a small Party, a greater Body was still risked; until Indignation and Shame brought on a general Battle, under the greatest Disadvantages³. *Cornificius*, from his high Camp, saw his Lieutenant in hazard of being cut to Pieces; and unable to bear the Sight, hastily let out the Legions to disengage him. *Sextius* stood aloof; let him pass by unmolested, until he had got behind him, and then sharply charged his Rear. *Cornificius* was now under the cruel Necessity of marching

³ Ἐκ μέντοι γε τῶν τοιούτων παθῶν ἐγὼ Θεμὶ ἀνθρώπος μάλιστα παιδεύεσθαι, ὥς μὲν εἴδ' οἰκέτας χρὴ ἐργῇ χολάζειν. — ἀτὰρ ἀντιπαλοῖς τὸ μετ' ἐργῆς, εἰλλὰ μὴ γνώμῃ προσφέρεισθαι, Ὀλον Ἀμάρτημα. A grand Lesson both in War and Peace!

on, and of turning at every Step to beat off the Enemy; which is not to be done but at great Expence of Time and Blood*. The Battle continued long during a tedious and harassed March; when *Arabio* spying his Opportunity, picked out a Body of *Mountaineers*, accustomed to clamber among the *Zalacian Rocks*,—bid them take a small Circuit, and attack the Back of *Cornificius's* Camp. His new *Questor Roscius*, who commanded the Troops left to guard it, had his Eyes, I suppose, fixed upon the bloody Scene transacting in the Plain below, and never thought of an Enemy's Approach, until he saw the *Moors* Masters of his Camp, and cutting down every Thing that stood between them and the *Pretorium* or General's Tent. He then betook himself to the last and lamentable Remedy, of holding out his Neck to one of his Guards, who struck off his Head.

Cornificius, in the mean Time, without a Thought of his Camp, was minding nothing but to push on toward *Lelius*, and secure both their Men by a Conjunction. The Legions, heavy armed after the Roman Manner, were terribly harassed; if they kept their Ranks, they were galled with Darts from a Distance; if they made

* A. Hirtius says that *Cæsar's Veteran Army*, attacked on a March by the same Numidians, could scarcely advance one hundred Paces in four Hours: non totos C. passus horis IV est progressus.

De Bello Africano.

† Now the Ridge of Hills called by the Arabs *Wan-nash-reefe*.

a Sally, the *Numidians* gave Way, and immediately facing about, attacked them in the Rear, or on the Openings as they retreated. The *Numidians* were hardy experienced Troops, bred in severe Warfare, first under *Massanissa* in *Africa*, and then under the young *Pompeys* in *Spain*: they were flushed with their late Victory over a Body of *Romans* under *Ventidius*: they had to do with new-levied Legions, and had them at a Disadvantage. The Governor eager to gain the Hill, called together his *Pretorian-Cohorts*, or Life-guards; and commanding the Legions to follow, with that Body of noble Volunteers, he fiercely advanced, to break through the Line of *Numidian Horse* that surrounded it. They saw him coming a great Pace, and picked out a chosen Squadron to receive him. The Battle joined with furious Shock, and was maintained with equal Obstinacy, until this great and good Man, doing his Duty to his Country, received a mortal Wound, and glorious fell in the Cause of *Rome*. May his Memory be dear to all the Lovers of Liberty, Learning, and Humanity! To consecrate it, we need only remember, that after *M. Brutus*, there is not any *Roman* has left a fairer Character for Probity, Eloquence, Courage, and Temperance,

‘Animadverti enim, Vos Magnos Oratores hoc nonnunquam facere.

Cicer. Ep. xviii.

‘Visque sunt Cornificius & Galba sobrii ac sancti viri.

Alcon. Pedian.

than the last Governor sent to *Africa* by the Senate; and that among all the great Men produced under the Republic, the brave and mild Emperor Trajan could find no Pattern of Virtue more to his Taste than *Quintus Cornificius*: and, by recoinning his Medals with all its Titles, took proportionable Care to transmit his Character to Posterity.

This unhappy Turn which Things took in *Africa*, was in some Measure compensated by their favorable Footing in the Neighbourhood. In a clear Day, you can see from *Cape Bon* (the *Ras-addir*) or great Cape of the *Moors*, lying to the East of *Carthage*, the Tops of the Mountains of Sicily; that fertile Island which proved the Apple of Discord thrown between the *Carthaginians* and *Romans*, as lying so conveniently for both. It was now wholly possessed by the young *Sextus Pompey*. He was coming from *Marseilles*, as was said, well satisfied with the Equivalent allowed by the Senate for his paternal Estate, and with the Commission of *Lord High Admiral*; when he heard that his remaining Fortune was seized by the *Triumvirs*, himself condemned to Death, and a Price set upon his Head as one of *Cæsar's Murderers* (that was become the Style at Rome) though he was at that Time in the farther *Spain*. Wherefore finding no Measures were to be kept with the Usurpers, having increased his Fleet and manned it, from the *Morea* and the Islands, he sailed to *Sicily*, and first seized upon *Milazzo* and *Santa Maria*, two Sea-port Towns to the West

of Cape *Faro*, and blocked up the Pretor of his own Name, *Pompeius Bithynicus*, who refused to join him, in *Messina*. All Avenues being stopt, Convoys intercepted, and the Paymaster with his Treasure fallen into *Pompey's* Hand, Scarcity was beginning to be felt in *Messina*, when two noble Men, escaped through their own Bravery from the bloody Proscription, *C. Hirtius* and *Fannius Cepio*, came to take Refuge in *Sicily*. They persuaded the Pretor to listen to Terms, and to admit *Pompey* to an equal Share of Authority in the Government of the Island. Concord reigned for some Time, between the Chiefs: but whether *Bithynicus* were a *Cæsarean* at Bottom, and had laid a Plot to seize *Sextus* and deliver him to the Triumvirs; it is certain, that as *such* he was put to Death by *Pompey's* Order; who soon receiving *Syracuse* by Surrender, became Lord of *Sicily*, and by Means of his Fleet, Master of all the *Italian Shore*. It was then he performed the glorious Service to his Country, that merited many a *Civic Crown*. His Province was the Sanctuary, and his Fleet the Protection of the harassed and hunted Citizens of *Rome*. Small Squadrons were stationed all along the Coast, whose armed Boats, were perpetually sailing from Creek to Creek to receive the flying Remains of the slaughtered Nobility and Friends to the Common-wealth: Clothes, and all Manner of Refreshments were ready waiting those who in the Habit of Slaves had hardly escaped the Triumviral Cut-throats, and had lurked in Tombs, Morasses or Mountains all Day, to avoid

their Researches; and travelled towards the Coast all Night: so that the utter Desolation of the *Roman State* and the *final Extinction* of many a *Patrician Family* was chiefly prevented by *Sextus Pompey*. But what exalted him in the Eyes of all good Men was the memorable Proclamation, which he issued, and caused to be published as far as his Influence could reach through all the Coast - towns of *Italy*, “ That whereas three
“ wicked and lawless Men had usurped the
“ Government of the *Roman Empire*, and with
“ inhuman Barbarity had both assassinated the
“ *Magistrates, Senators, and all Friends of Liberty*
“ they could lay Hands on, and likewise set a
“ Price upon the Heads of those who were lurking or had escaped: that therefore no Man
“ might be tempted, by the base Price, to betray his Friend, or Servant to betray his Master:
“ *Sextus Pompey the Son of Cneius*, Lord High
“ Admiral, faithfully engaged to pay to the Person or Persons, who should save the Life of a
“ *Roman Citizen* condemned to Death by the
“ *Triumvirs*, and conduct him in safety to Sicily,
“ double the Sum proffered by the Tyrants, besides
“ Liberty if a Slave, and Increase of Dignity if a
“ free Man.” This Proclamation and Promise, which ought for ever to embalm his Memory, Pompey sacredly fulfilled; and to direct the unhappy Wanderers, and their Guides, he had Signals erected near the stationed Ships, at the Landing - places along the Shore, where they could easily get on Board. His Vicinity to *Rome*, and

the Facility of escaping the blood-thirsty Ruffians by Sea, made the greater Number of Senators, and of good Men of all Ranks take Refuge in Sicily; though the Persons of highest Spirit and Character chose to repair to the Camps of Cassius and Brutus. But the young Pompey's Power increased in Proportion to his Generosity. His very Name procured him many Volunteer-Seamen, who had twice served under his Father: and his own Character and former Commands brought him Soldiers from Spain and Africa, from whence the lamented Cornificius had likewise sent him over a considerable Body of Recruits. But his grand Resource was the Detestation in which the Italian Towns held the Triumvirs and their Government. It was no longer a Secret, that they intended to expel the Inhabitants of five-and-twenty Cities, and divide their Houses and Lands among their Soldiers: The Purses therefore and Persons of these Citizens were at the Disposal of S. Pompey their Protector; who by their Means soon came to have a formidable Fleet, no contemptible Army, and a Resemblance of a Roman Senate to direct their Operations.

And now the Connexion of Affairs imposes the disagreeable Necessity of returning to view an Object which no Man of Humanity would chuse to dwell on. *Unhappy Rome!* once the *Head of the World*, become a Scene of Barbarity and Violence! Among the many Miseries attending War, a great Town taken by Storm, and perhaps rased by a foreign Army, is justly deemed the last and

worst of human Ills. Here the *Queen of Nations* was torn by no foreign Invader. Rome fell a Sacrifice to her own Sons, and was ravaged by her unnatural Offspring. All the *great Men* in the State, all the *good*, all the *holy*, were openly murdered by the wickedest and worst. The Massacre continued to rage until the chief of the Nobility, the *Knights*, and the rich *Anti - cesarean* Commons within Reach of the *Triumvirs* were cut off; and when the Ministers of Slaughter were tolerably glutted with Carnage and its cruel Price, though Murder did not cease, yet the Heat of it abated; and the Soldiery turned to Drinking and Debauch. The Seat of Empire was then a mixed and miserable Spectacle: Riot and Rapine on one Hand; Dejection, Despair, and unavailing Moan on the other. The *Cesarean* Chieftains were wallowing in Luxury and Blood; their general Officers were seizing Houses, Villas and Estates; and their Soldiers, partly by their express Command, partly under Pretence of it, were committing all Sorts of Outrage and Villany: while the Roman People, once the highest-spirited of Nations, appeared sunk, abject and helpless, — Its imperial Seat, its Sacred Temples, its awful Courts, and a Citizen's Sanctuary, his *House* and *Home*, profaned and rifled with Impunity.

To give a Sketch of the public Procedure of the *Triumvirs*, and of the Forms they devised to give some Sort of Color to their horrid Deeds; as soon as the young *Cæsar* was vested with the su-

preme Power, of resettling the Common-wealth * (which he used, as we are told) he resigned his extorted Consulship; and his Colleague *Q. Pedius* having died of Fatigue and Fright the second Day of the Massacre, *C. Carrinas* the late *Cæsar's* Lieutenant in *Spain*, succeeded him for the Rest of the Year; and *Antony's* great Friend, *Ventidius* from keeping hackney-Mules, now mounted, in *Cæsar's* Place, to the highest Magistracy. It was an illegal Step, as he was then *Pretor*; but the *Triumvirs*, superseding the Law, of their own plenary Authority, abrogated all the Offices and Jurisdictions then subsisting; and, according as they could agree among themselves to share Places and Power, filled them with their own Creatures for five Years to come, which was the pretended Term of their *Triumvirate*. Two Circumstances, though of little moment in themselves, showed the *Intenseness* of Tyranny. Not contented with no Man's daring to oppose their Usurpation; they would needs be entreated to undertake the Government, and, as it was phrased, *cure the Wounds of the Common-weal*. Nor was it enough that their *Rapine* and *Murders* went unpunished, or even unreprieved; they must be publicly praised, and receive solemn Thanks for their Abstinence and Moderation. They had the Face to walk to the *Forum*, and amid the disfigured Heads and mangled Trunks of their Fellow-citizens, to tell the *Roman People*, That in their

* III. Vir. Reip. Constituendæ.

public Conduct, they had observed the *golden Mean*, between *Cæsar's* Remissness and *Sylla's* Cruelty; and therefore hoped they would neither be despised and plotted against like the one, for his too great Mildness, nor hated for spilling too much Blood, like the other. Accordingly, though gross, and almost incredible, the most honorable Reward of Virtue which the Public had to bestow, the civic Crown, only given to the *Preserver* of a *Roman* Citizen, was now decreed to those who were destroying the first and best of Men. Nay, to perpetuate the Memory of their meritorious Conduct, they ordered a silver Medal to be struck, which I have seen, having the *young Consul's* Head on one Side, and round it *C. Cæsar. III. Vir. R. P. C. C. Cæsar, Triumvir for resettling the Common-wealth*: an *Altar* on the Reverse, with a *Victory*, holding out a Crown to *three Figures*, representing the *Triumvirs* sacrificing, and the most impudent of Inscriptions, *Salus Generis Humani, The Saviours of the human Race!*

The other Insult upon Humanity was a Prohibition, under Pain of Proscription, to lament *Father, Brother, Son* or *Husband* put to Death by the *Triumvirs*: and this Prohibition was actually executed; many worthy Persons who, upon the Sight of their murdered Friends, could not command the Emotions of their Heart, having had their Throats cut upon their Corpse, and both thrown together to the Dogs. The End of the old Year too, a Season dedicated to Mirth and

Jollity^{*}, still enhanced the Triumvirs Cruelty; for they published an Edict, solemnly enjoining every *Roman*, in the present happy State of the Republic, To Be Merry; and threatened Death in Case of disobedience; which produced the deepest Hypocrisy that ever took Place in a Nation.

Mean Time, with all their public and private Rapine, with all the Spoils of the murdered Nobility, they were cruelly disappointed in finding the Amount of their Plunder come so far short of their Necessities. The three veteran Armies, that enabled them to destroy the Laws of their Country, and to cut off their Friends, were an *insatiate Abyss*, that would have swallowed up half the Empire. The Swords-men well knew both their own Importance, and their Masters absolute Dependency upon them, and behaved with suitable Insolence. They kept neither Measure nor Sense in their Demands. Some of them came and asked such a Nobleman's Palace in Town, — another his Country-seat, — a third demanded the entire Estate, — and a fourth, not only the Succession to his Wealth, but likewise to be his *Heir at Law*, and adopted into his *Name and Family*. But, in the Rage of the Massacre, the most hardened Ruffians spared themselves the Trouble of *asking*. Under pretence of Orders from the Triumvirs, they committed all Manner of Violence. They killed Persons not proscribed, pillaged their Houses, and rifled their *Villas*.

^{*} *Age, Libertate decembri — utere; narra.*

Horat. Lib. II. Sat. VII.

The Man against whom they had the least Pique was sure to perish; and they ran all about the Country, where they knew either of a rich House to rob, a fine Woman to ravish, or the Means of satiating any brutal Passion. In Rome, under the very Eye of their Generals, they carried their Barbarities to such a Height, that though deeply dipt in Blood, and fearful of giving the least Offence to their Armies, they were at last constrained to direct the Consuls *to curb such heinous Doings*. The Consuls durst no more meddle with the *Soldiery* than their Superiors: but having discovered, that in the public Calamity, some *City-Slaves* had thought fit to put themselves in military Habit, and go about plundering like their Betters, they eagerly laid hold of that Handle, and had them seized and hung up in their warlike Accoutrements, for a Terror to those whom they only copied. It must have been an enormous Pitch of Villany that gave Umbrage to the Triumvirs: for it was not only their *Enemies* (as they called the friends of Liberty) whom they hunted to Death, but they seemed to play with Murder, and kill through Wantonness. An ancient Man, one *Fidustius*, was proscribed by *Antony*, for no other Reason, but that he had been put into *Sylla's* List six-and-thirty Years before. Atilius, in the Bloom of Youth, was, according to Custom, going in Ceremony to the *Capitol*, to take the *manly Gown*, attended as became his high Quality, (being a Nephew of *Cato's* first Wife), when, upon the News of his being among the *proscribed*, he was

all of a sudden deserted by his Retinue. The forlorn Youth repaired to his Mother as his Refuge: But she not having Courage to receive him, nor to apply to any other Friend after being repulsed by her that bore him, getting out of Town, he fled to the Mountains. — Hunger soon forced him down into the Plain, where he was kidnapped by a Man-stealer, and put to work in Irons. The poor Youth, delicately brought up, and unable to bear such Cruelty, crawled out of his Work-house, with his Chains at his Leg, to the Highway, where meeting with a *Centurion* on his bloody Patrol, he told his Name, and was soon delivered of Life and Sorrow. Another Son of a noble Family was going to School accompanied by his Tutor, who, upon the Ruffians attempting to murder his Pupil, embraced him close in his Arms, and refusing to let go his hold, they were both killed at one Stab.

In the Midst of this public Misery, two of the Triumvirs were taking their full Swing in Lewdness; for *Lepidus* had scarce Spirit enough even to play the Rake; being more set upon amassing Money, than indulging in Sensuality. Antony was always debauched, and now knew no Bounds. Women of Honor and fair Fame, whose Husbands were proscribed, had no Way of saving their Lives, but *by prostituting themselves* to the Triumvir*. As for the youngest of the three, had he

* Κοπάνιον δὲ τὸ γυναικὸν ἤτησε παρὰ Ἀντωνίου, σώφρων μὲν οὖσα τίως, αἰσχυρήματι δὲ τὸ αἰτύχημα ἰωμένη.

Αππ. βιβ. δ.
kept

kept to the usual Strain of Gallantry, his Youth and the depraved Manners of these Times would have procured him an easy Pardon: But he gave his Disorders a deeper Die, by abusing his ill gotten Power, and forcing Ladies of the first Families, and married to the best Men in Rome, to attend his Pleasures². This Infamy was heightened by his pushing the Proscription with more *Eagerness* than either of his Colleagues. Interest, Entreaties, or Money, sometimes prevailed with them (and the last especially with *Antony's* Spouse, *Fulvia*) to revoke their Sentence against many of the condemned: But the young *Cæsar* could scarce be prevailed with to pardon one proscribed Person. When some Spark of Humanity reviving in the breast of *Lepidus*, made him condescend, one Day that the miserable Remains of the Senate were assembled, to make a Kind of Apology for past Cruelties — saying, ‘the Necessity of their Affairs, and Obstinacy of their Enemies, had forced them upon harsher Measures than they inclined: but now, that they had provided for their own Security and the Common-wealth’s, the Fathers might be assured that a milder Conduct would be pursued for the future;’ the young *Cæsar* got up, and openly declared, *that he would set no other Bounds to his future Conduct, than such as left him at full liberty still to condemn whom he thought fit.*

² *Adulteria (Cæsarem) exercuisse haud amici quidem negant.*

Sueton. in Augusto.

So wild and wicked a Career was not to be checked by any little Incident like the *Death of a Mother*. Atia, a Lady of fair Character, and married to one great Man after another, (first to *Octavius*, then to *Philip*) had bestowed great Pains upon her Son's Education; and the Quickness of his Parts seemed to promise Fruits worthy of her Care. But Precepts and Schooling, are weak Restraints upon a head-strong Youth, void of Mercy and Truth. At his Return from *Apollonia*, immediately after her Uncle's Death, she had many Doubts of the *Expediency* of her Son's accepting *Julius Cæsar's* Adoption and Inheritance; though we are sure that his ensuing Conduct, in Opposition to *M. Antony*, was highly agreeable to her Husband *L. Philip*, and may therefore presume it must have likewise been so to *Atia* herself: in which Case, her Son's first extorting the Consulship, and then dipping so deep in the *bloody Proscription*, must have cut her to the Heart; and though not quite so sudden, seems to have had the same Effect upon her, as it had on *Q. Pedius* her Cousin, whom she did not long survive.

From the Time of the young *Cæsar's* Return from the sanguinary Convention of *Bologna*, the Cause he avowed was no longer the *public Good*, nor the *Privileges* of any Part of the Body-politic: the professed Aim of his Arms and Conduct, was now to *avenge the Death of Julius Cæsar*. This was the *Color*, while his own Grandeur was the real Spring. It was *plausible*, as seeming to flow from natural Affection to a Parent, and

extremely popular in the worst Sense of the Word; *Cæsar's* Name being still a Charm to the Soldiery (now the Instruments of public Ruin), and his Memory dear to his former Favorites, that is, to all the *dissolute*, all the *desperate*, all the *Criminals*, in the Commonwealth³. Wherefore *Cæsar's* Ultor, *the Avenger of Cæsar*, and *Cæsar Divi F. Cæsar the Son of the deified (Julius)* were the usual Titles assumed by the young Triumvir. They afforded him a specious Pretence for his several Expeditions against *Sextus Pompey*, and against *Brutus* and *Cassius*; and being the Style approved at Court, likewise furnished the complaisant Poets with Materials for some elegant Compliments, which we will reconsider in their own Place.

With the new Year⁴, *M. Emilius Lepidus* and *L. Munatius Plancus* entered upon their Consulate;

³ *In hac discordia, video omnes, qui cum timore, aut mala spe vivant, ad Cæsarem accessuros.* In this Contest, I foresee, that all those who dread Punishment, or of desperate Fortunes, will join themselves to Cæsar — Says a true Cæsarean, *M. Coelius*, in his xiv. Letter to Cicero. *Si animo complecti volueris illius imaginem temporis, videbis illinc (a Cæsare) Plebem, & omnem erectum ad res novas Vulgum: hinc (a Pompeio) Optimates, & Equestrem ordinem, & quicquid erat in Civitate Sancti & Lecti.* If you want to form to yourself a complete Idea of those Times, imagine you see upon *Cæsar's* Side the Commonalty, and the whole Populace agog after Novelties: on *Pompey's*, the Nobility, the Gentry, all the sound, all the uncorrupt, all the choice Men in the State; says a disinterested Judge, *Seneca*, at near a hundred years Distance. Epist. 104.

⁴ An. U. C. Dccxi.

Lepidus for the second Time, and *Plancus* in Virtue of his former Designation, now confirmed by the Triumvirs. They had both great Merit with *Antony*, (by far the most powerful of the three), and proportionable Guilt with their Country. They had in Effect saved her Destroyer, though in a covered shuffling Manner, and contrary to their repeated Professions of Patriotism. For this Treachery they were both duly chastised in the Issue; the one being soon totally stript of his ill-acquired Power, and the other forced to jump from Party to Party, and at last devoted to Contempt and Slavery. It had been Pity for *Plancus*. He was a Man of Wit and Genius, which his Love of Pleasure had not hindered him from cultivating. No Man spoke or wrote with more Neatness, or was better fitted for living in a Court: Talents that only wanted more Integrity and better Times to have procured him a distinguished Reputation. But in the mean While, *Lepidus* and he received two Favors as the Reward of their deserting the Senate, — the Consulship and a Triumph; and had likewise Interest enough with the Tyrants, to procure, each the Forfeiture of his Brother; *Lepidus* of *Emilius Paulus*, a truly good Man, and *Plancus* of such another, *L. Plotius*, his Lieutenant in *Gaul*, who had left him upon his Conjunction with *M. Antony*. This unnatural Conduct towards their Brothers gave Rise to the celebrated *Pun*, sung by the Soldiers that followed their triumphal Chariot;

De Germanis, non de Gallis, duo triumphant
CONSULES;

importing, ' that this Pair of Consuls did not
' triumph over the *Gauls*—but over the *Germans*,
' —meaning their *Brothers-german*'. Then another
List was published, of Persons condemned, not
to Death, but to pay most exorbitant Sums to
the Triumvirs; some the *half*, some the *whole* of
what they were worth. They were forced upon
this Measure by the Deficiency of all they had
fold and plundered to answer the Demands of the
Soldiery, which arose principally from these Cau-
ses. First the base *Price of the Heads* of the prof-
cribed Nobility and Friends to the Republic,
amounted to a very great Sum. Then they did
not sell their Houses, Lands or Moveables at one
fiftieth Part of the real Value: for as it was to
glut the Veterans (the Props of their Power)
that these Violences were committed, when the
fatal Spear was erected for the Sale of the For-
feitures, they at the same Time prohibited any
Person, under Pain of Death, to come to the
Forum, who did not intend to be a Bidder.
Those who went, in Order to serve their distressed
Relations, the Soldiers maltreated, or by Cabals
forced them when once begun, to bid above the
Value; so that after the first Day or two nobody
came to the Auction but themselves. By this
means the Triumvirs and their Minions had
Opportunities to carry off whatever Houses and
Estates they coveted for a mere Trifle: many a

fine Villa they gave to their trusty Assassins, *for nothing*; while the Dignities, Priesthoods, and public Offices of the murdered Patricians were distributed as Bribes among their General Officers. But though these Methods soothed the Veterans for the present, they nevertheless left their Masters without Money; who beside the Guilt of so much innocent Blood, received not the hundredth Penny of the Mischief and Damage occasioned by the horrid Proscription.

The new Ordinance therefore, after a short Preamble, importing that the public Service, and the Burden of the impending War still required a Sum not less than *twenty thousand Myriads*, that is, than *Six Millions*, and almost *a half Sterl.* — first *revived* all public Taxes upon *Lands, Houses, Servants*, or whatever had at any Time been taxed, and that Tax paid by a *Roman Citizen*. In the next Place, it commanded the Persons whose Names were underwritten, to give a faithful Account of the *Value* of their Estates, and to pay in the *tenth* Part of it to the Triumvirs. No Sum was ascertained; but the Receivers, under Pretence of false Estimates, assumed a discretionary Power, to demand whatever they pleased. This was the Source of infinite Confusion, and the Handle of cruel Exaction in the levying it. The List contained the Names of all the *Men of Substance* they could hear of, without Distinction of Age, Rank, or Party, *Soldiers* only excepted. Not only *Patricians* and those of *Equestrian* Dignity, but the meanest of the People;

Tradesmen, Freed-men, Artificers, if they had acquired any small Fortune, were subject to this Tax; but what made it particularly invidious was the Names of *fourteen hundred* Ladies annexed to the oppressive Roll, who were to make Faith of the Amount of their Fortunes, and to be taxed *at the Triumvirs Pleasure*. High Penalties were imposed on those who gave in *deficient Estimates*, or secreted any Part of their Effects; and a Premium was promised to the Informer, let him be a Citizen or Slave. At the same Time this strange *Alternative* was proposed; *That whoever would willingly strip himself of his entire Estate, should have a Right to redemand the third Part of it*; which was in Effect to lose the whole, and then go to Law with the *Triumvirs* for the *third*. Nor did they fare much better, who, in Obedience to the general Edict, rated themselves at such a Sum, as the *tenth* of their Capitals; for under various Pretences, the triumviral Harpies, Ravens like their Masters, seized upon their whole Possessions; and even those who escaped *their* rapacious Hands, but were subjected to *other* Taxes, not being able to raise the requisite Sums by Reason of the vast Scarcity of Money (when every Body tried to conceal the little they had left), had their Goods likewise distrained for Insolvency.

As for the Ladies, they held several Meetings, and resolved to apply for Relief to the Wives and other female Relations of their Oppressors; and they found *Julia Antony's* Mother, and

Octavia, *Cæsar's* Sister, very well disposed to protect them: But going in a Body, to wait upon *Fulvia*, (who played the *Triumvir* at least as much as her Husband), she ordered the Guards to drive them by Force from her Gate. This so raised their Indignation and Spirits, that in a Rage they took their Way to the Forum, where the *Triumvirs* were sitting in Judgment. — But as they approached the Court, a Question arose, which of them would venture to speak in public, and plead a Cause where the Judges themselves were Parties. It was a Task they well knew no Counsel, and much less any Person in Office would dare to undertake; and happy was it for them that they found one among themselves capable of discharging it.

Nature had never formed a Man with greater Talents for *Persuasion* than *Quintus Hortensius*. With a peculiar Dignity of Aspect and Sweetness of Voice, he had the most tenacious Memory and the greatest Fluency of Language that ever distinguished a Speaker. Yet these were but his inferior Qualities: For his Perception was quick and clear, his Judgment sagacious and sound, with so shrewd an Invention, that *no Side of the Question* came amiss to him. Distinctions, Dilemmas, and unforeseen Objections were ever at Hand, when a Judge was to be hoodwinked, or an Adversary confounded. But when the Passions were to be played off, when Pity was to be moved, or Indignation raised, he could assume *any* Shape;

and his Periods either softly melted into Sorrow, or swelled like a growing Torrent. These Powers were wonderfully heightened by his Action. It was so graceful, yet so animated and striking, that *Esop* and *Roscius*⁵, the most celebrated Players in Rome, used to attend his Pleading, to steal a Gesture from him for the Stage. With these Endowments, *Q. Hortensius* reigned almost absolute in the sovereign Courts, — had the Lives and Fortunes of the *Greatest* in his Power — acquired immense Wealth and Influence, and continued unrivalled in his Way, until *Tullius Cicero* began to shine in the *Forum*: Nor would he, possibly, have then lost his Superiority, had not Indolence and an extravagant Passion for *Trees* and *Fish-ponds* so grown upon him in the Decline of Life, that neglecting his Clients and Study, after a strong but vain Effort to overbear *Cicero* in a great Cause, he fairly yielded the *first* Place, not so much to the *Parts*, as to the Temperance and Industry of his younger Rival.

This able Pleader had three Children, two Sons and a Daughter. The eldest Son turned out a worthless Rake, and begot another (*Hortensius Corbio*) still more worthless than himself: the second, whom we have often mentioned as Governor of *Macedon*, took to the Army; but *Hortensia* the Daughter inherited, or shall we say, *intercepted*⁶

⁵ Hor. Epist. ad August. lin. 82. Val. Max. Lib. viii. §. 10.

⁶ Revixit tum muliebri stirpe Hortensius, verbisque filiae adspiravit: cujus virilis sexus *Posteris*, si vim sequi voluif-

the Graces of the Orator's Person, and the Strength of his Genius. At her Appearance, attended by a thousand Ladies of fashion, the Crowd about the Triumvirs opened, the Lictors gave Way, when *Hortensia*, addressing herself to these new Governors, said undaunted, "As *Decency* required, *My Lords*, in a Matter that concerned Women of our Rank, we had first Recourse to our own Sex, and made our humble Application to your Ladies in their own Houses: But having been treated with *Indecency* by *Fulvia*, we are by her driven hither, and forced to appear in this public Manner. — Indignities and Oppression give a Privilege to complain. — You, *My Lords*, have already deprived the greater Part of us, of our *Parents* and *Children*. — of our *Brothers* and *Husbands*, by whom you say you were *previously* injured; — if, after this, you likewise strip us of our *Fortunes*, consider to what a wretched State you will reduce so many Women of noble Birth — how unworthy of their Education! how unbecoming their Sex! If you pretend that you have been injured by *us*, as well as by the *Men*, why don't you avenge your Wrongs, and *proscribe* and put *Us* to Death likewise? But if *We* neither voted any one of you *an Enemy to the State*, nor pulled down

sent, Hortensianæ eloquentiæ tanta hereditas una fœminæ actione abscissa non esset. Valer. Max. Lib. viii. cap. 3. § 3. — This Reflection seems to point at the noble but depressed Hortalus, whom Augustus encouraged to marry, and whom Tiberius let starve with his Family.

See Tacitus Histor. Lib. ii.

your Houses, nor seduced your Troops, nor led others against you, nor opposed your obtaining Honors and Power; why do *We* participate in the Punishment, who had no Part in the Crime? Are *We* Women struggling with you for any Dignity or Office, or for the sole Management of the State (for which such a *Tragedy* has been acted) that *We* should be harassed and reduced to Beggary? As for the Reason assigned, that it is to defray the Expense of the *War*, — when, pray, was the *Roman* State without *War*, and when did ever the *Roman* Matrons contribute to support it? — or in what Country or Nation is it that the *Women* are loaded with such Burdens? Once indeed our Grand-mothers, acting above their Sphere, contributed voluntarily to the Necessity of the State: — But it was when *Hannibal* was at the *Gates of Rome*, and in the highest public Distress. Nor did they give up their Dowers or Jointure-lands, the Fund of their Subsistence, without which Life is intolerable to a Woman of Honor: but they only gave such a Part of their *Jewels* and *domestic Trinkets* as they themselves thought fit. Let there come such another Necessity, — let the *Parthians* or *Gauls* come pouring into *Italy*; and we will show ourselves nothing inferior to our *Grand-mothers*: But what is the Danger that now threatens the *Roman* State, or what Enemy is there to swallow up the Empire? In *civil Broils* the *Women* were never burdened, nor required to list themselves in either Party. *We* were neither taxed by *Pompey* nor *Cæsar*, nor distressed by *Ma-*

rius or *Cinna*; nor did *Sylla* in the Height of his Power aggrieve Us, though he domineered with a high Hand over that Common-wealth, which You, My Lords, pretend to *establiſh* and *reform*."

The *Triumvirs* could not hear ſo much Truth, without being ſtung to the Heart: In great Paſſion, they commanded the *Liſtors* to puſh the Women from the Tribunal: thinking it hard in the general Submission of the Men, if the *Females* ſhould dare to harangue in the *Forum*, and publicly arraign their Conduct; or if, in the univerſal Aſſeſſment of the Empire, they alone ſhould contribute nothing to the Support of their Government. But, upon a *Liſtor's* offering to lay Hands on *Hortenſia*, ſuch a Cry of Indignation broke from the Aſſembly of the People, as ſtopt farther Rudeneſs, made the *Triumvirs* recollect themſelves, and at laſt promiſe to *reconſider the Ladies Request againſt next Day*. When it came, they would not entirely abandon their Deſign; but by a new Draught of their Edict, exempted a full *thouſand* of them from the Tax; commanding only *four hundred* Women to be rated, who have, no Doubt, been the Wives and Daughters of the *beſt and braveſt Roman Citizens*. But to compensate this large Deduction from the *Ladies Tax*, they farther commanded all Perſons living in *hired Houſes*, to pay *one full Year's Rent* to *them*; and thoſe living in their *own Houſes*, to pay *half a Year's Rent*; with this weighty Addition, ' That every
' Man, *Roman* or *Foreigner*, *Prieſt* or *Layman*,
' bond or free, of what Nation or Country ſoever,

‘ that was worth *ten Myriads* (*thirty-two thousand*
‘ *Pounds*) or above, should forthwith exhibit a
‘ true State of his Effects, should pay one Year’s
‘ complete Rent into the Treasury, and *lend* to the
‘ *Triumvirs* one *fifthieth* Part of his whole Substance :
‘ and this Order to take Place over all *Italy*,
‘ under the same *Penalties* to Transgressors, and
‘ Rewards to Informers, as in former Edicts.’

These were some of the Fruits which the *Roman* People reaped of their own Vices, of their being caught by Shows, Donatives, and a Party-cry: but particularly of their public Prostitution, and of their consequent Profusion of dangerous Power to *Julius Caesar*: For, besides the Massacre and military Insult, what by open Robbery, what by violent Sales and gross Extortion, the *Triumvirate* in a few Weeks proved *the total Subversion of Property in and about Rome*. Even Circumstances of a slighter Nature, in Comparison of these substantial Evils, served to irritate Men’s Minds against their Authors. It raised the Indignation of the *better Sort*, to see the Palace of Pompey the Great possessed by *Mark Antony*, and that noble and orderly Habitation, once the Resort of the greatest Men on Earth, now converted into a Brothel; and *great* and *small* were provoked out of Measure, to see the Sums extorted with so much Cruelty and Blood, lavished upon Tumblers, Buffoons, singing Wenches, and such like low Creatures. To these, but especially to Gamesters and hard *Drinkers*, *Antony’s* House stood always open, and rang at all Hours with the Noise they raised;

while the Entry was refused by his Porter to Magistrates, Senators, and the best People he and his murdering Colleagues had left alive. Yet had he not so absolutely divested himself of Humanity, but that he remembered some Favors done to himself and his Family.

T. Pomponius Atticus, *Cicero's* great Friend, and immortalized, not by his own numerous Works, (which have all perished) but by the Letters that passed in that Friendship, cannot be properly said to have *trimmed*, as he meddled not with public Affairs; but was at great Pains in *private Life* to keep well with the chief Men of *both* Parties. Though he selfishly refused to lead the Way in subscribing towards a Fund for the Support of Liberty, yet when the Champion of that Cause, M. Brutus, was about to leave oppressed *Italy*, *Atticus* sent him a Present of eight hundred Pounds; and remitted to him afterwards, when raising Troops in *Epirus*, *triple* that Sum. This same Man lived in great Intimacy with *P. Volumnius*, *Antony's* Favorite, and Gentleman-Usher to his Mistress⁷, whose Manners had procured him a *Greek* Surname too, *Eutrapelus*⁸. After the Defeat at *Modena*, when *Antony* and all his Followers were attainted, he was in no small

⁷ See Vol. II. p. 46.

⁸ No one Word, that I know, renders this Epithet in English or French: A Spaniard would call him *el gracioso*: the nearest Character in our Language is a Man of Humor; but the Greek term implies Politeness and Compliance.

Danger, being then at *Rome* attending *Fulvia*, (or *Cytheris*), and conducting their Affairs in the City. No Parent could do more for a Child than *Atticus* did for this Gentleman on that Occasion. He hid him in his own House, furnished him with all Necessaries, and procured his Escape in Safety to his Master at *Modena*. His Generosity, or interested Prudence, carried him so far, that he openly supported *Fulvia* herself, whose Avarice and violent Cruelty had like to have drawn Vengeance upon her and her Children. In Confidence of their ill-got Wealth in her Husband's Consulship, she had bargained for an Estate, the Price of which she was not able to pay on the Turn of Fortune, and was grievously vexed by Law-suits, having neither Credit nor Friends. Here *Atticus* interposed, and not only gave Bail for her other Debts, but advanced the Money for this Purchase, without Bond or Stipulation. But his Intimacy with *Cicero* and *Brutus* was so notorious, and his Fortune so tempting, (having, besides an opulent paternal Estate, which he well knew how to improve, had lately an Accession of (centies H-S) above eighty thousand Pounds, by *Cecilius* his Uncle) that he made little Doubt of being proscribed and put to Death, according to his Friend's Prediction. He therefore appeared no more in

Itaque mi Attice! fortiter hoc velim accipias, ut ego, scribo: Genus illud Interitus quo casurus es fœdum duces, & quasi denuntiatur nobis ab Antonio.

Cicer. Lib. xv. Ep. 20.

public after the Arrival of the Triumvirs, but lay hid in his Turn in the House of *Volumnius Eutrapelus*, with an old inseparable School-fellow, *Q. Gellius Canus*, both expecting the same Fate. They were happily disappointed: *Volumnius*, and many others, put the Triumvir in Mind of the good Offices done by *Atticus* to *Fulvia* in her Distress. He asked where he was; and being informed, that he lay concealed with his Master of Artillery, he not only forgave *Volumnius*, but condescended to write to *Atticus* with his own Hand, ‘To fear nothing, but come to him directly; — that he had dashed both *his*, and his Friend *Gellius*’s Name out of the dead List, and had sent a Guard to escort him, as it was dark.’ The worst of Men throw in some Act of Generosity or Mercy in the Midst of their Villanies, which serves as a Sort of Atonement to their own Conscience, and is the Foundation of the Maxim, That there is no Character quite complete either in good or Evil. Antony, at the noble Resistance made by his Mother *Julia*, against the Ruffians who came to murder her Brother, the good *Lucius Cæsar* (his proscribed Uncle), at last gave Way, and suffered him to sail off in Safety: and at the pressing Instances of good Friends of his own Faction, he graciously condescended to let the celebrated *M. Varro* live, whose fine Villa he had seized the Year before. This great and learned Man having been condemned to Death as a Friend to Law and Liberty, and consequently an Enemy to the Triumvirs, raised a Contest among his *Cæsarean* Acquaintances which

which of them should have the honor of hiding him until the Fury of the Massacre abated. *Fufius Calenus* carried it, and concealed him at his Country-seat, without any one either of his, or *Varro's* Domestics being tempted by the infamous Reward to betray him. There was another *Varro*, of the *Terentian* Family too, a Tribune at that Time, who was under mortal Apprehensions lest the Likeness of his Name should draw the same Disaster upon him as had befallen the unhappy Poet *Helvius Cinna*, whom the *Cæsarean* Mob had tore in Pieces at *Cæsar's* Funerals, instead of *Cornelius Cinna* the Pretor, who had publicly renounced that Dignity, as having come from the Usurper. To avoid the same Destiny, the Tribune took Care to affix his Name and Designation at full Length under the black List of the Proscribed, differing only from the great *Varro's* in the first Name, (which they called the *Prænomēn*), *Caius*, or *Publius*, perhaps, instead of *Marcus*; and drew much Derision upon himself, both by his Fright, and by imagining there was any Chance of mistaking so obscure a Man for the brave Soldier, the experienced General, the deep Philosopher, and universal Scholar, all united in the Person of *Terentius Varro*. The high Rank likewise, and higher Spirit of the young *Valerius Messala*¹, and his close Connexion with the most illustrious *Patrician* Families, made the *Triumvirs* wish to detach him from *Cassius* and

¹ See his Character, above, drawn by *Cicero* in his Letter to Brutus.

Brutus ; and therefore the polite *Plancus*, now Consul, was directed to procure an Absolution for him and *M. Varro*, to be passed into an Act, as it were by the Voice of the Roman People. The Form of it was, “ *Seeing it appears by the Evidence of concurring Witnesses that neither M. Valerius Messala Corvinus, nor M. Ter. Varro, were so much as in Rome, when Cæsar the Dictator was murdered: let their Names be erased from the Roll of the proscribed.*” *Messala* disdained a Pardon for doing the highest Duty to his Country; and *Varro*, now advanced in Years, withdrew to a rural Retirement, and wrote the admirable Treatise of *Husbandry* addressed to *Fundania* his last Wife. He was then past eighty; and protracted his Life and Studies till past a hundred.

But though the three Tyrants, at their Arrival in *Rome*, carried on every Thing with great Violence, and seemed to act as if taking Vengeance for two of them having been voted Enemies by the Senate, and the third for the Death of his Uncle; yet Time and Satiety blunt the Edge of the keenest Passions, and make Men wish Things to go back nearly into their old Channel. They therefore wanted to sanctify some Steps of their Conduct, by coloring them over at least with the legal Forms: And for that End, applied to *Aulus Cascellius* (the most eminent Civilian in *Rome*, after the Death of *Servius*), to make out Draughts in proper style, of several Grants they were to bestow upon their Creatures. *Cascellius* was in Years, and of much such a Turn and Spirit as the

old lively *Mainard*, an eminent Serjeant at Law, who on the Prince of *Orange* complimenting him as the oldest Lawyer in *Britain*, replied with a Bow, *that he had like to have outlived the Law itself, if his Highness had not come over to its Rescue.* He waved the first Address, made to him, by Gentlemen of his Acquaintance: But when some tools of the *Triumvirs* came, and in a threatening Strain pressed him to a Compliance; he told them, *that neither his Character, nor Skill in Conveyancing² were to be employed in varnishing over glaring Injustice.* His Friends, astonished and terrified at the Boldness of his Answer, asked him, what could give him Confidence to talk at that Rate to Men who could take away his Life with a Nod? He answered briskly, — ‘Two things, that serve to dispirit other People, *old Age* and *Want of Children.*’ A certain Kind of Merit in Men of Wit, who not being Men of *Action*, are inconsequential in Government, is not only born with, but indulged in great Freedoms even by Tyrants. *Cascellius* was just of this Turn. At the Time the Public was full of Indignation³ at *Vatinius’s* Promotion to the Consulship by *Julius Cæsar*, being asked as a Point of Law, ‘Whether the Fruit of

² This was his Fort: So much that when the Oracle of the Roman Law, *Q. Scevola* was consulted concerning a Title to an Estate, (*de jure prædicatorio*) he constantly remitted his Clients to *Furius* and *Cascellius*.

Valer. Max. lib. viii. c. 12.

³ Catul. Odifsem te odio Vatiniano.

' the Pine were an Apple or Nut ? ' *If you be to throw it at Vatinius's Head, said he, it is plainly an Apple* — alluding to the Liberty taken by Spectators to throw Oranges and Fruits at Players: His refusal to make out the least Conveyance or Right in Virtue of the Grants of the Triumvirs, was a deliberate Condemnation of their whole Government, as contrary to Law and Justice. Yet it was connived at; and *Cascellius* lived to be given by *Horace*, as the Instance of the *most knowing* Lawyer in *Rome*, as *Messala* of the *most eloquent* *; and to compose, or rather furnish, Materials for a Treatise *de Benedictis*, of witty Sayings: such I suppose, as that just related concerning *Vatinius*†. These were some Appearances of Humanity in the Conduct of *Marc Antony*. The Truth was, give him but Materials to indulge his favorite Passions, (to debauch and to domineer), he little cared whether he were cruel or merciful: for the same Man who spared his Uncle and *M. Varro*, and who bore with *Aulus Cascellius*, when *Fulvia* had, without his Knowledge, put a Senator *Cesetius Rufus*, to Death; (because, living just in the next

* — Consultus juris, & Actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus.

De Arte Poet. V. 369.

† Macrobius relates another. A Trader intending to give up his Partnership, consulted him how the Law directed a *Ship to be divided*? Why, Sir, said *Cascellius*, the Law directs in that Case, *that neither you nor your Partner shall have a Ship*.

Houfe, he refused to part with a spacious Court (he coveted) and his Head was sent in during a sumptuous Dinner; the same Man, I say, to the Horror of his Guests, could order the disfigured Head to be brought forward; and having long and curiously considered it, when all were expecting in Silence, *This Person*, said he, *whoever he be, was not of my Acquaintance*. — A Saying full of Pride and Licentiousness, that could only flow from a Heart *fleeled* against Humanity!

When the Triumvirs therefore had thus gorged themselves and their Associates with the Spoils of their Country, and even of their nearest Relations; the approaching Spring, and unwelcome Accounts of the quick Progress made by the Assertors of Liberty, obliged them to think of the Plan of their next Campaign. They had reckoned that the subduing the hardy *Lycians*, and the Reduction of *Rhodes*, in which they heard *Brutus* and *Cassius* were engaged, would prove the Work of some Months: and indeed the Spirit and situation of the former, and unbroken naval Strength of the latter, gave Ground for the Supposition. But hearing that *Xanthus* was rased, — that all the strong Towns in *Lycia* had fallen one after another into *Brutus's* Hands, — that *Cassius* with an astonishing Rapidity, had chastised the perverse *Rhodians*, they were forced to let alone their *Proscriptions* and *Plunder*, and prepare for entering upon *Action*. They therefore resolved, that *Antony* and *Cæsar* should pass the *Adriatic* with a vast

Army of twenty Legions (near one hundred and twenty thousand Men) to encounter the Champions of the Republic, and extinguish the Remains of the *Roman* State; and that *Lepidus* (no doughty Warrior) should abide in *Italy* with *three* Legions, to overawe the Capital, and prevent Insurrections against their detested Government. But, in the mean While, the young *Cesar*, alarmed at the growing Power of *Sextus Pompey*, who was just in the Neighbourhood, thought he could crush him with his veteran Army, as it were *by the by*; and for that Purpose he dispatched *Salvidienus Rufus*, a bold forward Man, with a powerful Body to invade *Sicily*.

Salvidienus held the young *Pompey* and his Forces in such Contempt that having neither Ships of War, nor Transports, he resolved to pass his Men over from *Rheggio* to *Sicily* in Boats of Leather, such as the *Irish Curraghs*, made of a raw Hide stretched over three short Sticks laid across a long one: and he actually gave Orders for equipping with all Speed a sufficient Number of that Sort of small Craft. But upon second Thoughts and better Information, he found it proper to moderate his Impatience—countermand his *Curraghs* and set about gathering a real Fleet, by seizing all the Ships he could find in the Harbours on both Hands of *Rheggio*. The young Triumvir went down himself to the Coast to forward the Armament; where finding the Friendship of the two Sea-port Towns over against *Sicily*, *Rheggio* and *Monte Leone*, to be absolutely

necessary for his intended Descent, he solemnly swore to them that they and their Territories should be exempted from the Triumviral Decree, ordaining, ' *the Inhabitants of five-and-twenty of the chief Cities of Italy, to evacuate their Houses and Lands, in Order to make Way for their trusty Veterans.*'

No sooner was a sufficient Number of Ships assembled, than *Salvidienus* putting his Legions hastily on Board, stood directly over for *Sicily*; and *Sextus Pompey* at the same Instant sailed out of the Bay of *Messina* to give him Battle. The Passage between that City and *Rheggio* is scarce seven Miles broad: from a nearer Cape (to which a Pillar, erected, I judge, as a Sea-mark) still gives the Name of *Colonna*) it is but five. The Fleets quickly met, and having drawn up in the Line of Battle, began a furious Engagement in the very same Bay where the *British* Admiral, *Sir George Byng* beat the Fleet of *Spain* in 1719. *Salvidienus* fought under no small Disadvantage: his Ships were heavy and high built; many of them mercantile Vessels transformed into Gallies, but filled with Legions far superior to the Enemy's Marines. Pompey's Squadron consisted of light agile Frigates, manned with expert Seamen from *Spain*, *Africa* and the *Morea*. Nor were his Soldiers contemptible, though no Match for old Troops: But, on the unstable Element, Address got the better of Strength; and fighting in a *Streight*, where the Current and immense Caverns on either

Coast occasion Swirls and a Roll', (the Ground of many a Fable) made the heavy ill wrought Ships quite ungovernable, and gave *Pompey* in the End a fair Superiority. *Cæsar* Himself stood Spectator of the Fight from the nearest Promontory; and had the severe Mortification, to see his Fleet fall into Confusion, and towards Sun-Set, fly before his hereditary Foe. However, Want of Sea Room shortening the Pursuit, saved many of *Salvidienus's* Ships (who took Refuge in the ancient *Balarus*, now *Bagnaro*) and enabled *Cæsar* to make two or three Attempts to get over to *Sicily* by *Surprise*; making no Doubt, if the Legions were but once on firm Ground, he should trample upon *Pompey's* collectitious Troops, and soon besiege him in *Messina*. But the sharp Outlook kept by the Admiral, and the strong Guard disposed along the Coast, made all his Attempts prove abortive. It must have been humbling to an ambitious Youth, who thought himself irresistible at the Head of his Father's Veterans, to be thus baffled in the Dawn of his Captainship, and foiled in the first Essay where he had the sole Command. Nor did the young *Pompey* fail to carry it very high after his Victory. In a triumphant Manner he appeared with his Fleet before *Rheggio*, and in the Mouth of the Harbour, just under their Eye, had a mock Sea fight represented, where Boats of Wood encountered a Leather Squadron, in derision of the Currags ordered by *Salvidienus*.

⁂ Sylla and Charybdys.

In midst of *Cæsar's* Vexation, he received Letters from *M. Antony* who was at *Brindisi*, acquainting him, *That he was blocked up in that Port by Statius Murcus with a great Fleet; that Brutus and Cassius were in Motion; — and had passed the Hellespont from Asia with two powerful Armies, on their March for Macedon; — that if he did not mean to see them next passing over from thence to Italy, there was a Necessity to find Means to meet them beyond Sea, and strike the decisive Blow for Life and Empire.* *Cæsar* was in ill Health, through Excesses of Youth, and Rage at his Defeat; yet he obeyed his Colleague's Call; and having cantoned a Part of his Army at proper Places along the Coast, to prevent *Pompey's* getting footing in *Italy*, he sailed with the Flower of his Legions round *Sicily* (to avoid the *Faro of Messina*), and through the Gulf of *Tarento* took the nearest Way to *Brindisi*.

After the Conquest of *Rhodes*, the brave and vigilant *Statius Murcus*, who had commanded the victorious Fleet, sailed with a strong Squadron of it to the *Morea*, to watch the *Egyptian* Succours which *Cleopatra* was bringing in Person to the *Triumvirs*. He had not been long there when he received Intelligence, that soon after She had sailed from the *Nile*, a violent Storm at North-east had dashed her Fleet against the Coast of *Barca*; that the Queen herself in poor Plight and ill Health had with great Difficulty got back to *Egypt*: — and as a Confirmation of the News, he saw Pieces of the Wreck floating along the *Spartan* Shore. He then thought the best Service he could

do his Country was to sail to the Coasts of *Italy*, and prevent if possible Troops or Store-Ships from passing over to her Enemies; and accordingly had come, as *Antony* said, and cast Anchor under one of the little Islands that cover the Harbour of *Brindisi*, and forra the narrow Out-let from the numerous Creeks that compose its capacious Port. But while he was lying in Wait for *Cleopatra*, *Norbanus Flaccus* and *Decidius Saxa*, Soldiers of Fortune, raised by *Cæsar*, and now attached to *Antony*, had passed over with eight Legions to *Macedon*, before the Fleet of the Republic could arrive on the Coast. They were Lieutenant-Generals under *Antony*, and just of his Character; — bold, soldierly Men, without other Wishes than *Spoil* and *Pleasure*, and therefore proper Tools for lawless Power. *Norbanus* was a *Roman*; *Saxa* a *Spaniard*, born in *Biscay*, but naturalized and made Tribune by *Julius Cæsar*. He had a Turn for Fortification, and managed the important Province of pitching upon and measuring out the proper Ground for Encampments on a March. They had advanced as far as the Confines of *Thrace*, near two hundred Miles; and had sat down in the Mouth of the *Turpilian* Streights, between the ancient *Pangean* Hills (now *Monte Malaca*) that commanded the Passage to and from the *Hellespont*. But now their Masters, *Antony* and *Cæsar*, though eager to follow them, were stopped, and lying rather War, than Wind-bound at *Brindisi*.

The Republican Admiral kept close in his Station, wishing for nothing so much as an

Opportunity to fall upon them. They, on the other Hand, durst not face him with the few Gallies and Transports they had got together, being scarce the Number sufficient to contain their Men. But at this Pinch, (as Necessity is ingenious) they fell upon the following Stratagem. Having trimmed their Ships of War as for an Engagement, they ordered them on a clear Morning to sail out in great Parade, and bear away directly, but slowly, for the Island, as if to attack *Murcus* in his Station. They followed with the Transports, which they had dressed up with Turrets, and showy Machines, huzzaing and laying about them, as though they had been immediately to offer him Battle. The Admiral thought he had now obtained his Wish, *to deal with the Veterans at Sea*; but to avoid the Disadvantage of fighting in the narrow Mouth of the Harbour, he took an *Offing*, that he might have Room to extend his Front, and envelop the Enemy: and upon his so doing, *Antony* and *Cæsar*, instead of bearing up to join Battle, sailed directly into the Station which he had left, and occupied it with all their Forces. It is the only safe Road near *Brindisi*; and the Winds that blow in early Spring, and sometimes in Summer, which our Seamen call *Levanders* (very violent while they last) not permitting him to keep the Sea, he was even forced to stand over for *Cape Passaro* in *Epirus*, and leave the Passage open to the Enemy. If this Piece of military Art were really contrived by the young *Cæsar*, to whom it is ascribed by

Polyenus^{*}, it does no small Honor to his Capacity as a General; having thereby outwitted a Man of great Reputation, and who then commanded the victorious Fleet that had just humbled the first maritime Power in the World.

But *Murcus*, extremely vexed at the Triumvir's Escape, and perhaps more incensed at having been so over-reached, tried to wreck his Vengeance upon the *Transports*; and both catch as many Stragglers as he could, and likewise distress those already passed, by intercepting their Provisions, shipp'd from *Italy*. He did both very effectually, having been quickly joined by *Brutus's* Lieutenant, *Domitius Enobarbus*, with a Squadron of fifty Ships, and a complete Legion, besides a Body of Archers, the best Marines in the old Manner of fighting at Sea. Their Conjunction made them absolute Masters of the Passage between *Italy* and *Greece*, and so overawed the Coasts on either Side the *Adriatic*, that no considerable Convoy durst follow the *Triumvirs*. Yet, Spite of their utmost Vigilance, the high Premium promised by *Antony* and *Cæsar* made single Ship-masters run the Risque of sailing through the combined Fleet; and the Winds shifting, as usual at that Season, they took the Opportunity of dark Nights and a rough Sea to transport several Parties of the *Cæsarean* Army. It is a Run of about fifty Roman Miles between *Brindisi* and the *Thunder-Hills*^{*},

^{*} Πολυαιν Στρατηγ.

Βιβ. η. κεφ. κδ.

^{*} *Infames scopulos, Acroceraunia.*

Horat.

with so many Rocks and Shallows interspersed, that first *Pyrrhus*, Prince of *Epirus* (who looked upon Italy as *a conquered Province*), and then a Man whose Views were as wide in Life, as in Letters, *M. Varro*, while *Pompey's* Admiral, had Thoughts of joining it by a Bridge of Boats, and changing the Voyage across the *Adriatic* into a Journey by Land. But other more necessary Cares prevented both from executing that grand Design ¹.

¹ Plin. Hist. Nat. Lib. iii. Cap. 11.

B O O K VII.

THE Effects of *Genius*, the Gift of Heaven, are visible all over the World. While devouring Time, according to ancient Fable, obliterates common Productions, and swallows up the Succession of ordinary Beings; this celestial Spark defies his Power, and stamps Immortality upon its genuine Offspring. The Names of the Nations that inhabited ancient Thrace, from the Mouth of the *Strymon* to the *Hellepont*, had all been buried in Oblivion, with the other unknown *Tartar* Tribes, if *one* great Man had not recommended them to the *Muses*, and, by *their* Means, to everlasting Fame. It is true, that Heaven, who gave that Genius, likewise over-ruled its Cultivation; and directed the future Law-giver and Priest, who was to civilize Barbarians, and make Cannibals humane, to Egypt, the Seat of Wisdom for his Education. There *Orpheus*, the great Parent of Philosophy and religious Rites, was formed; and, on his all-foothing Lyre, struck to listening Savages the Lessons of a happy Life, and a happier Immortality. Who would have heard of the Snakes of the *Bistones*, of the Shouts of the *Edones*, of the *Sithonian* Snows, if their religious Bard had not made them first his own, and then the *Theme* of succeeding Poets¹. Even their *first* Names had

¹ Horat. Lib. ii. ode 19. Ibid. Ode 8. Id. Lib. iii. ode 26.

lunk many Ages before their *later* Denominations were either changed by the *Grecian* Empire, or finally effaced by the *Turkish* Invasion.

Through these Countries we left M. Brutus leading his great Army, — tracing the Rivers, and treading the Mountains famed in Song²: Countries now so obscure, that the Retinue of an Ambassador of *Venice* or *Vienna*, going to the Porte, can scarce mark the Stages, though formerly among the most frequented and known. For not only *Orpheus*, and *Homer* had published the Praises of fertile *Thrace*, but the numberless *Grecian*, and particularly *Athenian* Colonies, had made it almost another *Attica*, and rendered the Names of its Cities and Provinces as familiar as those at home. It became afterwards the Thoroughfare of the *Romans* in their Way to *Asia*, through which their Governors were passing and repassing every Year; and lastly, *Thrace* came to rival it with *Italy* itself, by being the Seat of the *Byzantine* Empire, and taking the Name of *Romania*, which it still bears.

Its being so much frequented by the *Romans* after the Defeat of *Antiochus* (ill-firnamed the *Great*), and still more after *Pompey's* glorious Expedition to the East, settled a great Intercourse between them and the little *Thracian* Princes, whose Territories lay contiguous to their Route. While the *Romans* continued *temperate* and *just*,

² *Hebro*, *Strymon*, *Nessus*, *Ilamus*, *Ismarus*, *Rhodope*, *Pangæa*. See *Virgil*.

these Virtues, joined to their wonderful civil and military Policy, commanded the *Admiration* of their Allies: some of whom were so struck with their Superiority over the Rest of Mankind, that at their Death they left their Kingdoms to the Senate and People of *Rome*, as thinking that they made the best Provision for their future Happiness, by putting them immediately under the *Roman Government*. *Attalus* had thus given them Possession of *Pergamus*; *Nicomedes*, of *Bithynia*; *Ptolomy* the Musician, of *Cyrene*; and *Sadeal* Prince of the *Mædians*, dying without Heirs, had bequeathed his Territories to the *Romans*. He was the Son of *Cotys*, who had been one of *Pompey's* Confederates during the civil War. But the Confusions with which that Calamity, and the horrid subsequent Proscriptions, filled the whole Empire, having prevented their entering upon the new Legacy, or putting the Government of it on a proper footing; that opportunity of Plunder was not missed by their unquiet Neighbours the *Bessians*, a numerous Tribe on the West Bank of the *Strymon*, and spread, under many Names, among the Skirts and Vallies of Mount *Hemus*. The *Thracian Mountaineers*, like those of other Countries, were generally addicted to pilfering: but the *Bessians* were such egregious Rogues, that *Strabo* tells us they were called the thieves by those who kept not the cleanest Hands themselves'. — It agreed every Way with *Brutus's*

^a Ὑπὸ τῶν Ληστῶν Λησται προσαγορεύονται.

Views and Inclinations , to vindicate the bequeathed Territory , as a new and convenient *Province* to the *Roman* Empire ; and to chastise a disorderly Race , that were a Curse to all their Neighbours. — He marched across the *Silver Hills* *, and penetrated among the Rocks and Fastnesses, where they boldly faced and gave him Battle. But it was to their Cost — they were routed — their Retreats searched out and destroyed , and they reduced so low , that there was little Hazard of their giving Disturbance to their more peaceful Neighbours for some Years to come †. After the Victory, Brutus was saluted Imperator, or *Commander in chief* by his Army, the Title of supreme military Power; and having settled *Sadael's* Country upon the *Roman* Establishment, and quashed the *Casarean* Factions in the adjacent *Macedonian* Towns, he again turned Eastward , repassed the *Hellespont* , and called in the great Detachments he had left at *Natolia* , and down to the rich Country about *Sardis*. Here he had desired the other General of the Common-wealth, C. Cassius, to meet him, that joining Armies, they might pro-

* *Rhodope* , now *Monte Argentario*.

† The Epitome of Livy agrees not here with other Historians ; M. Brutus adversus Thracos parum prospere rem gessit. Lib. cxxii. Dion says , he proposed to chastise the Bessians , and raise his Reputation , ὡς ἀμεινότερα διαπραξέσθαι. βλ. μζ. It is probable that the Word parum has crept into these incorrect Abridgments ; as it immediately follows , omnibusque transmarinis Provinciis Exercitibusque in potestatem suam & C. Cassii redactis , &c.

ceed in their great Undertaking, of restoring Liberty to their enslaved Country. But though they were embarked in the same Cause; and were both aiming at the same End; yet it was scarce possible amid so great Affairs, and each surrounded with Persons of different Views, but some little Misunderstandings must fall in between two Commanders in chief, while at a Distance. So perfect a Harmony in the supreme Command, as subsisted between *John Churchill* Duke of *Marlborough*, and *Prince Eugene* of *Savoy*, is a singularity in History. On such Occasions, there are never wanting busy Instruments to blow the Coals, raise ugly Suspicions, and exaggerate the most trivial Omission or innocent Inattention into a heinous Breach of Friendship.

But before *Cassius* had left the Coast to march toward *Lydia*, he was in great Danger from the same wicked Hand that had attempted the Life of *Brutus*. *L. Gellius Publicola*, a worthy and eminent Man, had married the Widow of *Valerius Messala*, an amiable Lady of the *Emilian* Family, and Sister or Cousin to *Decimus Brutus's* Wife. She bore him a Son, very unlike Father or Mother; but very like his Uncle *Gellius Publicola*, a notorious Profligate, who run out his Estate, and then headed Mobs in the *Forum* for Money*. Whether *Catullus* the Poet lashes the Uncle or the Nephew, is hard to determine; I presume it is the

* See his Character drawn by *Cicero* in his Pleading for *Sextius*.

latter, because his Father had been forced by Surmises of the worst of Crimes to sit in Judgment upon him in Presence of the better Part of the Senate. The Youth, among other Things, was accused of criminal Conversation with his Mother-in-law⁷, and of having plotted his Father's Death. But upon a full and fair Hearing, he was absolved both by his Parent and the Council of assisting Senators. Yet his After-life affords no Presumption in favor of the Equity of this Sentence: for he certainly formed a Design to cut off *Cassius* in the Midst of his Army; and that Design was discovered to the General by *Paulla Gellius's* own Mother. The foolish Traitor has been tampering, it would seem, with some Family-Servants to perpetrate the Deed, who have let their Mistresses know his base Intention; and she, both from a deep Regard to *Cassius* (whom, says *Dion*, she extremely loved) and to save her unhappy Child's Life, made Haste to inform him from Rome of his Danger, in his own Camp. What Anguish and Shame would the noble *Messala* feel at this new Discovery? He, who held the first Place in *Cassius's* Friendship, and who by his eminent Virtues so well deserved it? The Lady, however, did not miss her Aim: the Information came in Time to prevent the execrable Attempt, and the Traitor *Publicola* was again pardoned by *Cassius*, as he had been by *Brutus*.

⁷ If it were so, the Consul and Cenfor *L. Gellius* has probably divorced *Polla*, and married a younger Wife.

These two Chiefs now met at *Sardis*^{*}, the ancient Capital of *Lydia*, standing at the Foot of Mount *Tmolus*, between the two celebrated Rivers the *Pactolus* and *Cayster*. At the Approach of *Cassius*, *Brutus* drew out his whole Army, both to do him Honor, and to encourage the Legions by the Sight of their united Power. The Armies met with Transport, and now conjunctly repeated the Salutation of Imperatores, *Commanders in chief*, to their Generals. But they, before they entered upon any other Business, retired by themselves to discuss their mutual Suspicions, and give and take the *Eclaircissements* necessary for their future Harmony. With Doors shut, and without Witnesses, they began each to expose his Complaint; Apologies followed; then Proofs and plain Dealing. They turned warm; their Voices rose — Passion swelled up, and Friendship hurt though but in Imagination, made them both burst into manly Tears — the Senators and General Officers standing without, were startled at the high Tone in which they spoke; but the Orders to the Guards, to keep the Doors shut, were express, and without Exception. The Conference continued long with great Emotion. Their Friends were on the Rack for the Consequences; when a Man of a very particular Character happened to enter, who quickly relieved them.

M. Favonius little valued his being a noble Roman, and of senatorial Dignity; to be above

^{*} — Quid Cræsi Regia — Sardis. Horat. Ep. ad Bullat.

Titles, and like *M. Cato* to depend upon himself, was the supreme Ambition of his Soul. Cato he admired, and set him up for his Pattern in every Part of his Life. But instead of the calm Steadiness of that Patriot, *Favonius* was impetuous in Virtue, and seemed to be hurried headlong to his Duty by a Kind of Enthusiasm. He was strong in Person, boisterous in his Nature, and that Turn was not softened by the Addition of cynical Manners to the Principles of rigid *Stoicism*. In the civil War he stuck close by Cn. Pompey ; and was one of the few Senators who attended him after the disastrous Day of *Pharsalia*. But in his high Prosperity, during the first unhappy Triumvirate, *Favonius* was his declared Adversary. Pompey had his Leg bound up, for some slight Hurt, with a white Bandage, (which the Romans had no Stockings to hide), and in that Habit appeared in public. — ‘ *It is all one, Sir, said Favonius* ‘ looking to his Leg, *on what Part of your Body* ‘ *you wear a Diadem*.’ Yet this very person, when Pompey, stript of every Thing, and without a Servant was flying towards *Egypt*, would not forsake him ; but seeing him, one Evening before Bath, attempt to use the Fleshbrush himself, (an Office usually performed by Freed-men or Slaves) *Favonius*, I say, seeing this, forgot his senatorial Dignity ; but assumed a much higher, and ran to do the necessary Duties about Pompey’s

* See the ancient Diadem described Vol. II. pag. 77. in the Note.

Person, which he repeated while permitted to attend his Fortunes. Happening now to come into the Antichamber, and hearing the two Generals so loud, he wanted to rush in between them. The Door-keepers tried to keep him out by Force; but it was no easy Matter to stop *Favonius* when his Career was once begun. He shoved the Servants aside, burst open the Door, and, in a *theatrical Tone*, advanced, repeating a Line of *Nestor's* Speech to *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*.

— — But You, my Sons! comply — —
 Since both are less advanced in Years than I.

Cassius at this fell a laughing; but the serious *Brutus* rose and thrust him out of the Room, calling him a *false Philosopher*, and a *real Cur*. His Drollery, however, had a good Effect: The Generals put an End to their Dispute; and whatever the Grounds of their Differences might be, they absolutely vanished. And indeed, when I attentively consider the Dissimilitude of their Tempers and Manners, it appears rather surprising that their Liking and Confidence should have suffered so little Interruption.

C. Cassius had all the Qualities that compose a great Man; Capacity, Courage, Learning, Industry, and Love of Liberty to the highest Pitch. In the earlier Times of the Republic, that *keen Spirit* which marked all his Conduct, which made him give a Blow to *Faustus Sylla*, the Dictator's Son, in his Youth, which made him strike the Tyrant

in his riper Years, and bear down all Obstacles in his Way to Freedom, would perhaps have procured him a *Surname*, like that of *Titus Manlius*; whose *Tone of Voice* in giving Orders, and Resolution to see them punctually executed, added Imperiosus to his Name. But now, that same Quality so requisite in a Chief, and especially in a *Struggle for Life and Liberty*, had most unjustly hurt his Character, by a Comparison with the excessive Mildness of M. Brutus. In this Parallel, our Hearts betray our Judgment, — a secret Liking to the humane sweet-tempered Man, makes us overlook the great General, the high-spirited Hero, formed for such a mighty Struggle as the rescuing an oppressed Empire. Had Cassius been believed, M. Antony had accompanied his guilty Master on the Ides of *March*, and the public Tranquillity, sacrificed to his lawless Ambition, had been probably resettled on a lasting Basis! Had Cassius been believed, the Friends of Liberty had immediately taken Arms at the *first* inlisting the Veterans, and the flagrant Forgery of *Cæsar's* Tablets! and in fine, had Cassius's Plan in conducting the War been steadily followed, it is more than probable, that *Liberty* would have again triumphed, ten thousand Miseries been prevented, and that *exalted Race* of Men formed by the *Roman* Constitution, continued for some Ages the Blessing and Ornament of the Western World!

On the other Hand, the Softness of *Brutus's* Temper, and his rigid Adherence to the *old Forms* of the Republic, led him to take Steps highly pre-

judicial to the common Interest. Every Man has his peculiar *Way*. *Brutus*, in risking his All for the Restoration of Liberty, yet loved to indulge his Humanity, his Generosity and Abstinence, in conducting the great Enterprize. *Cassius*, as an old Writer has happily expressed it, when once embarked in the glorious Cause, *kept his Eye constantly fixed upon the Issue, as a Gladiator upon his Antagonist*. But their unfeigned Love to their Country, and that Roman Passion, *public Spirit*, overcame every smaller Dislike, and joined them in the truest Esteem and sincerest Friendship. They had now both modelled their Armies, and exercised them to their Liking; and had likewise made ample Provision, especially *Cassius*, for their Support. He knew that the *Cæsarean* Legions were hired to fight against their Country by Plunder and Profusion; and took early Care to have it in his Power to prevent his Army's being seduced by Prospects of greater Gain; and to make it as much their *Interest* to stand by the Cause of *Law* and *Liberty*, as to assist in overturning them. In this he had far outstripped his Friend; and I make no Question, but the Demand made by *Brutus* of a Supply to his military Chest, was one of the weighty Articles of their warm Conversation. The Fortunes of many young Volunteers, and the Hopes of a Number of Attendants, depended upon the *General's* Success and Generosity. No *Roman* Governor went abroad without a hungry Train of these Expectants', as we see daily hap-

² Compare *Catullus's* X. Epigr. De Varii Scorto, with *Propertius's* XVI. Elegy. Book II. Prætor ab *Illyricis*, &c.

pens in our own Country. Those about *Cassius* represented to him, 'That it would be very hard, ' if he, raising Money with so much *Odium* to ' himself, and saving it with such Management, ' should share it with *Brutus*, who lavished it on ' the Troops for Popularity.' *Cassius* did not listen to the interested Advice; but ordered *one third Part* of all the Treasure he had amassed to be paid over to *P. Sextius*, *Brutus's* Paymaster. The Armies were in great Affluence: they were possessed of all the rich and moneyed Provinces of the Empire, *Italy* excepted, whose Blood had been so cruelly sucked by the Triumvirs; Luxury and Magnificence in Dress crept in among the young Officers; and *Brutus*, in his Letters written from *Asia*, made heavy Complaints of the *sumptuous Habits* of his Tribunes, who disdained to have the Buckles and Clasps of their *Sagum* or military Robe of any baser Metal than Gold.

The first Evening of the Junction of the Armies, *Cassius* entertained; and according to the Politeness of these Times, *Brutus* named the Company. They were set at Table, and Supper served, when *Favonius* entered the Dining-room fresh from the Bath. *Brutus* immediately declared that he came *uninvited*; and ordered him to take his Place at the lowest End of the Table: but he, instead of being in the least abashed, or obeying the Landlord, pushed forcibly in between two Guests, and sat down in the Middle. There was a Humor, not to say a Buffoonry, about *Favonius*, that made many of his Improproprieties pass without Of-

fence. The very next Day an Accident happened that nicely displayed the Character of either Chief. A General Officer under *Brutus*, *Lucius Pella*, had seized upon some petty Trifles at *Sardis*, as thinking the civil War a Season of Impunity. The *Sardians* laid their Wrongs before *Brutus*, who heard them openly in a Court-martial, and condemned and broke *L. Pella* in the Face of the whole Army. The Affair made great Impression, and particularly stung *Cassius* to the quick. A few Days before, two of his Officers had been accused and convicted of the same Crime, whom he took indeed to Task *in private*, and gave them a severe Reprimand; but neither deprived them of their Rank, nor withdrew his Friendship. As this was known in the Army, *Brutus's* Procedure was a Sort of Reproach to his Remissness. He took his Friend aside, and told him, 'this was not the proper Time for Severity — that it was possible to be too legal and too righteous; that the present *Conjuncture* required mild Management to secure those Friends that would stand by them against their Enemies,— and that *L. Pella* was a Man of too much consequence (having exercised the Office of Pretor at *Rome*), to be publicly disgraced and driven over to the *Triumvirs*.' *Brutus*, whose favorite Passion, *the Love of Justice*, was touched, bid his Colleague, with some Edge, recollect the Ides of March — *when Cæsar, though a notorious Robber, drew Vengeance upon himself, not so much for what he plundered in his own Person, as for empowering and abetting the Rapine of others : so that if any Con-*

junction or Necessity of Affairs were a good Reason for conniving at Injustice, it would have been better for us, Cassius ! to have allowed Cæsar's Gang to go on plundering, than to wink at it in our own Creatures: as what was only sordid and mean in them, when Masters of every Thing, would be most base and inconsistent in us, amid the Dangers and Toils undertaken to reform such Enormities. Let me take hence Occasion to do Justice to this good Man by showing his Heart in several various, but all of them amiable Lights.

M. Brutus in his Youth had not been insensible to Love; and if we can believe one of the later Authors, he could but ill defend himself from the Charms of *Cytheris* the celebrated Actress². He was a Man, though a virtuous one, and no pretended Monk. His Fondness for this Girl, or some unknown Lady, took, it should seem, the usual Vent, and broke out in *Love-Verses*, mentioned by the younger *Pliny*³. *Cornelius Gallus*, now about the young *Cæsar*, was deeply struck with *Cytheris*, and loved her to Extravagance. He was a Man of great Spirit; but unhappy both in Love and Friendship, excepting the Protection he gave a Poet, who has repaid him with Immortality⁴. But *Brutus* probably has not pursued his Amour;

² *Cytheridem Mimam cum Antonio & Gallo amavit, S. Aurel. Victor.*

³ *Facio nonnunquam versiculos severos parum — an ego verear, ne me non satis deceat, quod decuit — M. Brutum — ?*

Plin. Lib. V. Ep. 3.

⁴ *P. Virgil. Bucol. Eclog. X.*

as finding her a coquettish Creature, and pre-engaged to another: and soon after being married, first to *Clodia*, and then to *Portia*, his Thoughts and Passions have taken another Turn, and we hear no more of his Love. Could we figure to ourselves a Person of no Desires — of no Pride, no Ambition, no Curiosity, it would make a cold unamiable Character. Real Virtue lies not in wanting the Affections and Feelings of other Men; *but in commanding them, and especially in directing their Operations to some fixed, laudable Purpose.*

In conducting their Lives, the greater Part lie at the Mercy of *Accidents*. The Run of Affairs, or Company; — succeeding Passions or Pleasures *overbear* them; and according to *these*, they are worthy or wicked, trifling or important in their several Spheres. But the real good Man, who has a fixed Resolution to do his Duty; and the truly great Man, whom no Prospects of Danger or Death can deter from the incessant Pursuit of his Purpose *to do good*, make the ordinary Affairs of Life *subservient* to that unalterable Point of View, and are thereby *Masters* of themselves, and *above* the Incidents that rule and ruffle ordinary Men. If we look attentively around us, we will find that this is the grand Division that ranges Mankind into two Classes. Those either in very *low* or very *high* Stations are *the least* their own Masters. The former, to supply the Necessities of Nature, live, as we say, from Hand to Mouth: the latter, besides the *Whirl of Accidents* and Amusements, which is their Element, are blown hither and thither by their own

Passions, and by those of both Friends and Enemies. He is truly a *great* and perhaps a *rare* Man, who can be calm amidst the Storm, and *serenely* pilot his tossed Vessel through Shelves and Rocks to the destined Port. But such was Marcus Brutus. The Night before the Battle of *Pharsalia*, we found him abridging *Polybius*; and now, amidst the *Din* of civil War, and the Cares of a tottering Empire, he was scanning the various Connexions of Life, and left a Treatise then composed upon that important Subject. I apprehend it is not every Reader that will enter into the *Grandeur* of this Conduct. The *vulgar* Notion of a Hero, is a Man *eager and undaunted in the Pursuit of Glory*. How vague the Idea! how illusive the Object! — Well-founded Fame is only *due*, and in the End is only *given*, to Wisdom and Goodness. They are inseparable in their Natures; and vain are the Efforts of the unhappy Person who tries to tear them asunder. Good Affections, animated with a noble Spirit, and breaking forth in that disinterested Conduct which naturally results from them, *ennoble* their Possessor both in private and public Stations. The Revival of the Laws, the Restoration of Liberty, the Exaltation of the Good and Wise, and the consequent Welfare of Mankind, were the Objects that first put a Sword in *Brutus's* Hand to strike the Tyrant, and now kept it unsheathed at the Head of an Army. The Accomplishment of *these* great Purposes filled his Breast with the Cares of a Hero. Yet these Cares did not so wholly possess him, as to prevent his Views run-

ning calmly over the *different Scenes of Life*, and prescribing the *Duties* required in the several Relations that constitute and bless Society'. Let us go farther, and tell, that these heroic Qualities were even *polished*, and made more amiable by a *high Taste* for the elegant Arts; of which I will the more willingly give a remarkable Instance, as it affords an Opportunity of wiping off a Reflection with which an ambiguous Expression has stained his Memory.

Besides the Love of *Cytheris*, they pretend that he had a *favorite Boy*; and impute a Passion to him, which, notwithstanding the Corruption of the *Roman Manners*, must have been a grievous Blot in his Character. Were there any very promising Youth among *Brutus's* Relations or Servants, a Man of his Humanity and Learning could not avoid cherishing his Genius, and taking particular, perhaps *personal* Care of his Education: But that his Virtue and Temperance could stoop to any infamous Commerce with the Boy, is an absurd and monstrous Supposition. It is only *left dubious* by a complaisant Poet, in an abandoned Age, when they sought the Cover of *great Patterns*, to sanctify shameful Vices*, and to sooth the ulce-

* M. Brutus in eo Libro, quem Περὶ καθήκοντος inscripsit, da multa Præcepta, & Parentibus, & Liberis, & Fratribus: hæc nemo faciet quemadmodum debet, nisi habuerit Quo Referat: Vita sine Proposito vaga est.

Senec. Ep. XCV.

* Jupiter and Ganymede is the trite Comparison to which every loose Writer has Recourse on such Occasions: But

rated Mind of a Tyrant, a pretended *Reformer* of Manners⁷; but who had fallen from his scenical Censorship, and was living in the open Practice of an unnatural Crime⁸. The Poet Martial, in

the most flagrant Instance of this Condescension is the grave and philosophic Arrian. In his admirable Περιπλῆξ or Voyage round the *Euxin*, addressed to the Emperor Hadrian, he enlarges upon the Description of the *Isle of Achilles* near Oczakow, where divine Honors were paid not only to the Hero, *Achilles*, but to his Favorite *Patroclus*. This he does to flatter the Emperor's extravagant Passion for *Antinous*, whom he attempted to deify. To what Meanness will not a Lust of Power make even great Men stoop?

⁷ Martial. Lib. VI. Ep. ii. and iii.

⁸ It would be Want of Taste to detract from the Merit of a great Part of *Martial's* Poetry. He was an acute and ingenious Man, of a very elegant Turn, and not without a Sense of genuine Worth. Virtue, — *real* Virtue was never more happily described than by him in the Character of *Decianus*: Lib. I. Ep. 38. But at the same Time, never was there a more abject Flatterer of Vice. Among a thousand Instances, his three Epigrams upon the Name of *Earinus*, *Domitian's* Catamite, Lib. IX. Ep. 11, 12, 13. and as many upon the young Man's *Curls*; particularly the Dialogue where he introduces *Jupiter* and *Ganymede* canvassing that weighty Subject, Ibid. Ep. 36. shows that *great Ingenuity*, *noble Sentiments*, and a very *inconsistent* Practice made the real Character of the Poet. It does him Honor to compare him to Monsieur *Malberbe*, who flattered Henry IV. it is true; and soothed his unseasonable passion for the Princess of *Conti*: nay from whom it happened to drop, *That a Gentleman's Religion was always the same with the King's*. But neither his Flattery nor Complacency were so profligate as *Martial's*, which justly drew on him the Displeasure of two good and great Men, *Nerva* and *Trajan*; and made the admired *Italian*, *An-*

speaking of little elegant Pieces of Poetry like his own short Compositions, *affects* to compare them to Brutus's *Little Boy*⁹: and has used an Expression in describing the Statue (which the Antiquarians would call *Putto*) that admits of a *double meaning*.

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΙΟΝ¹.

drea Naugerio, on a Day dedicated to the Muses, humo-
rously offer up some of his *immoral* Pieces, in an annual
Sacrifice to Vulcan.

⁹ *Hâc tu credideris longum ratione Colossum;
Et Puerum Bruti dixeris esse brevem.*

Lib. II. Ep. 77.

IN GAURUM.

*Ingenium mihi, Gaure, probas sic esse pusillum,
Carmina quod faciam, quæ brevitæ placent.
Confiteor: Sed tu bis denis grandia Libris
Qui scribis Priami Prælia, magnus homo es.
Nos facimus Bruti Puerum, nos Langona vivum:
Tu magnus Puerum, Gaure, Giganta facis.*

Lib. IX. Ep. 50.

¹ *The learned Isaak Vossius, after observing that Words begin-
ning with Χόλος not only denote a Thing mutilated or maimed,
but little or dwarfish, all - together, gives this Inscription for
an Example. Martial, says he, calls Brutus's Boy Καλοπαιδιον:
for where we read in the common Editions of the ΑποΘορῆτα
Βρῦτῃ Παιδιον, I found in M. de Thou's excellent Manuscript
writ on Vellum Βροῦτουκὺλοπαιδιονfichile, no Doubt for
Βρῦτῃ Κολοπαιδιον, Fictile. The blundered Inscription, in Ro-
man Letters, has been writ by some Monk ignorant of Greek,
who has clapped to Fictile, as if it had been Potter's Ware,
of his own. By the Epigram on Gaurus, it should seem that
either Strongylion had some favorite Boy called Lango in his
Eye, whom he copied in the admirable little Statue; or that
there was a Youth remarkably handsome of that same Name,
living under Domitian.*

Gloria

*Gloria tam parvi haud est obscura Sigilli ;
Istius Pueri Brutus Amator erat.*

“ Though small the Statue, far-spread is it's Fame;
“ This lovely Youth was *M. Brutus*' Flame.”

In reading this, one is apt to conclude, that the Deliverer of his Country had been fond of the beauteous Boy whom the Statue represented : whereas the strict Truth is, that *Brutus* was only fond of the Statue of a Boy, *because of its elegant Workmanship*. This the elder *Pliny* puts out of Doubt, by letting us know ‘ that *Strongylio* the ‘ celebrated Statuary had cast the Amazon called ‘ *Fine-Limbs*, which *Nero* used to carry about ‘ with him ; (as *Hortensius* did the wonderful ‘ Sphinx, his Bribe from *Verres*) and that he like- ‘ wise cast The Boy, *made famous by bearing the* ‘ *Name of Brutus of Philippi, because of this Fond-* ‘ *ness for it*.’ This Fondness must have been very remarkable, to have affixed *his Name* to the Statue ; and shows a high and declared Relish for Sculpture and the *plastic Arts*.

Under two Chiefs, so accomplished, was the whole Strength of the *Roman Republic* now collected. Not only the Representatives of the ancient *Patrician Families*, whose Greatness almost surpasses our Comprehension, graced their Camps,

“ *Strongylio fecit Amazonem, quam ab excellentia erurum Εὐκρυμῶν appellant : item fecit Puerum quem amando Brutus Philippiensis cognomine suo illustravit.*

C. Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. xxxiv. Cap. 8.

being the Sons of those who had frequently Crowns and Kingdoms at their Disposal; but all the most powerful Allies of the ancient Commonwealth now took Arms in its Defence: and as a great Part of the *Roman* Power depended upon *them*, it will contribute not a little towards understanding this History to look into the Origin of that Branch of their Militia.

The first Allies of *Rome* were commonly *discontented great Men* in the several hostile Countries that envied her growing Power. These failed not to join with an undaunted conquering People, in hopes of a *Change at home*; and seldom missed their Aim. For the *Romans*, who were not often baffled in their Attempts, too well understood their own Interest to neglect their fast Friends. They left either a great Part or the whole of the Management of the conquered Country in *their* Hands, and by this Means made sure of an Ally, whose best Security for Life and Grandeur was the honorable Title he received from the Senate of *Friend* and *Confederate* of the Roman People. — When their Inclination or Interest called upon them to carry their Arms again into these Parts, either to protect their own, or make War on the adjacent Provinces, they received the most important Assistance from these royal Dependants. It was *they* who procured them Intelligence, victualled their Armies, directed their Marches, took the Field with them in Person, and mounted the better Part of their Cavalry. These Services are of such Consequence that the Allies seem to

M III

have had a greater Hand in the *Roman* Success, and therefore to *claim* a greater Share in the Glory of their Conquests than they are generally allowed by the *Roman* Writers. It was the impetuous Attack made by a Battalion of *German* Foot upon Pompey's Cavalry, that, when Victory hung long in suspense, *first* began the fatal Break at the *Pharsalian* Field³. And in the rashly undertaken War of *Alexandria*, Julius had been again undone, but for the Courage and Conduct of the brave *Idumean*, *Antipater*, Father of *Herod* the Great. When *Marc Antony* in the Beginning of his Usurpation intended to garble the Senate, he beset it with *Jthyrean* Bow-men⁴; *Jewish* Barbarians, whom *Caesar* had probably got from that same *Antipater*, and who were retained in *Antony's* Service after his Master's Death. In a Word, the *Romans* had among their Auxiliaries, Bodies of Troops of all the warlike Countries in the Empire, armed with the Weapons at which each Nation excelled.

³ *Nam cum diu equo Marte contenderent, jussuque Pompeii effusus a cornu erupisset Equitatus, repente hinc, signo dato, Germanorum Cohortes tantum in effusos equites fecere impetum, ut illi esse pedites, hi venire in equis viderentur.*

L. Flori Lib. iv. §. 2.

⁴ See Luke's Gospel, Ch. III. v. 1. Strabo ranks them with the Mountain-*Arabs*, and says they were all mischievous. Τα μὲν οὖν ὄρεϊνα ἔχουσι πάντα Ἰσραῖλοι τε καὶ Ἀραβες, κακοῦργοι πάντες. Certum agminis locum tenebant Barbari Sagittarii.

Cicer. Philipp. V.

They had Slingers from *Minorca*, Bowmen from *Crete*, light Horse from *Numidia*, heavier armed from *Gaul* and *Spain*, Engineers from *Greece*, and both Ship-Carpenters and Ship-Captains from *Cilicia*, *Epirus* and *Rhodes*. Amidst these, a few *Roman* Legions were what the British Regiments are now in an allied Army — the *Soul* and *Confidence* of the Expedition. But inferior Names, be their Services ever so great, are commonly effaced by the superior Splendor of those who have the chief Command.

The first Rank among the Confederates in Brutus's Camp was held by the old venerable Warrior, Deiotarus, attended by all the Forces of his Kingdom. Then a great Body of *Thracian* Cavalry^s, being the Troops of three several Princes: first Sadael's Subjects, now under the dominion of the *Romans*; then the young Cotys' Squadrons, who was educating at *Chizico*, and three thousand Horse commanded by *Rhascupolis* in Person, a Man we will have soon Occasion to mention. He and his Brother *Rhasc* were *Salapian* Princes, who with a Politic common to many Countries, had divided their Troops and taken opposite Sides, though in perfect Amity between themselves. *Rhascupolis* had joined *Brutus*; and *Rasc* had gone over to *Norbanus* and *Saxa*, Lieutenants under *Antony*. There were besides, serving for Pay in

^s Thracia sequitur, inter validissimas Europæ gentes, in strategias L. divisa.

Plin. Lib. IV. Cap. 11.

the same Manner as our modern *Swiss*, Bodies of *Gallic* and *Portuguese* Cavalry, which I suppose had been brought from *Marseilles* by *Sextus Pompey*, who, having no use for them as Admiral, had sent them by Sea to join the Land-Army under *Brutus*. The Allies of *Cassius* were generally from the *Eastern* Countries. Among these four thousand Horsemen, armed with Bows from *Parthia*, *Media*, and *Iberia*, made the chief Figure. *Al Gaud* too, an *Arabian* Chief*, the same who at the Siege of *Apamea* had sold himself to *Cecilius Bassus*, the highest Bidder, and whose Archers had chiefly contributed to his Victory, now followed *Cassius* to the War: as did *Tarcondimot*, the *Cilician* King, formerly *Pompey's* Friend: he who increased their naval Power with a Squadron of Ships, and probably led the Land-Forces both of his own Principality, and those of his unhappy Neighbour *Ariobarzanes*, who had paid for plotting with his Head.

With this additional Strength to their own Legions, *Brutus* and *Cassius* marched to meet the Enemies of their Country, from *Sardis* to *Abydus*, on the

* Dion calls him *Alchaudontius*. I take his Name to have been *Chaudon*, or *Ghaud*: the first Syllable being the *Arabic* Article. If written with α , it signifies a yellow Flower Nenuphar; answering to $\xiανθός$ *Μενελαος*, from his yellow Hair: But if pronounced deep in the Throat with γ , it is the Name of the Prince of the old *Arabian* Tribe to which the Prophet *Hud* was sent. Among the Medals of the *Numidian* Kings, the Name of *Gaud* appears in the Series of *Juba's* Ancestors.

East Side of the *Hellespont*. By this Time the Eyes of the World were turned upon them; and all Men's Thoughts fixed on the mighty Event: for never was any War entered upon with a blacker Aspect. The atrocious Cruelties which the *Triumvirs* had committed upon the greatest and best in *Rome*, could scarce allow them to hope for Mercy if they were vanquished: and what Quarter could the Friends of Liberty expect from those who had perpetrated such horrid Deeds in cold Blood? *The worthy, and the wise, in all the States and Towns of the Empire were Day and Night making Vows to the Gods for Cassius and Brutus's Prosperity: while the wild and wicked, were praying for Success to Antony and Cæsar: for the Methods which the Triumvirs had taken to ascend to lawless Power, and the dreadful Use they had made of it, left them no Friends, but their Associates in Rapine and Blood. They had no Strength but J. Cæsar's Veterans; nor any Fund for their Pay, but downright Robbery and Violence. They were accordingly hated, and held in Execration wherever they marched, getting nothing but what they extorted by the Sword; while the Army of the Commonwealth was received with Blessings, and plentifully supplied to the last. From it there was no Desertion from the Time that Brutus first took Arms in Macedon to the Engagement at Philippi: but great Bodies of Auxiliaries, compelled to follow the Triumvirs, deserted on their March; and still more, the nearer they came to the two Armies raised to rescue unhappy Rome.*

At *Abydos*, when all was ready to embark for *Europe*, Brutus is said to have seen the Vision of his Evil Genius, which *Plutarch* tells in this Manner.

‘ *Brutus*, says he, was of a wakeful Constitution, and by long Habit, had reduced his Sleep to a very few Hours: But now the Weight of Affairs filled his Mind with so much Anxiety, that without going to any other Bed than the Couch on which he supped, a short Nap after Meat was all the Rest he took. As soon as he waked, he applied to the Dispatch of Business for the remaining Part of the Night; writing or deliberating by himself, until the general Officers came at Day-break to take Orders at his Tent. The very Night before they were to pass the *Hellespont*, when every Body was retired, *Brutus* was lying awake:—a dim Taper burning before him, and according to his Custom, canvassing something very seriously with himself. He continued in this Exercise, till about the Dead of the Night—when he imagined some Body had entered the Room; and casting his Eye towards the Door, he saw a most dreadful and uncouth Spectacle, as it were a monstrous Corpse, hideous and ghastly, standing by him in profound Silence. He asked it, nothing dismayed, *What Demon or Mortal it might be!* and why it had come there? *I am*, said the Spectre, *thy Evil Genius; and thou shalt see me again at Philippi.* Well, replied the fearless *Brutus*, *I shall*

‘ *meet thee there*: and immediately the Phantom,
 ‘ (as usually happens) vanished from his Sight.’

Great Struggles of States when eminent Men head the Parties, seldom fail to produce *wondrous Tales*, which Credulity and Superstition carefully transmit to Posterity. Such Commotions beget eager *Hopes* and dismal *Fears*; — Passions that blind the Judgment, and introduce a *Taste for Miracles*. Two Rebellions have been raised in Britain within my Memory, by Men insensible of their public Happiness, and fond of Slavery, — (make them but Bashaws under a Sultan). In the Course of both, *Prophecies* and *Prodigies* sprang like Mushrooms: every Day had its Prediction, and Sights were seen every Night in the Sky — all portending a Change of Government. This Weakness of the human Mind, strongly painted by our great Lord *Verulam*, as the Foundation of *Panics*, well accounts for *P. Pomponazio*’s curious Observation — ‘ That he could not recollect to
 ‘ have read the History of any great *Revolution* of
 ‘ Affairs, nor even the *Life* of any memorable
 ‘ Man, famous either for Virtue or Vice, without
 ‘ some great *Portent from Heaven* always attending
 ‘ his Birth or foretelling his Death ’.

In believing and recording such Legends, Plutarch has been just an *old Priest*; much in the Character, which the *French* by an Abuse of Words call *un bon Homme*. ‘ Brutus, continues
 ‘ he, called his Servants, who all affirmed, they

‘ P. Pompon. De Incantat. Chap. X.

‘ had neither heard a Voice , nor seen any
 ‘ Apparition that Night. In the Morning, he
 ‘ told his Friend *Cassius* what had happened, and
 ‘ received from him a Solution of all Dreams and
 ‘ Visions,’ which I think it no more necessary
 to insert, than I would to account for the Death
 of the *Great God Pan* , or the Return of a Person
 from *Hell*, two Stories told by the same credulous
 Author. Not that I think it impossible that *Brutus’s*
 Fancy should offer him between sleeping and wak-
 ing some *ugly Form* , according to the State of
 Body and Mind, he was then in ; but am apt to
 put the *Reality* of the Apparition upon a footing
 with *Castor* and *Pollux* bringing the News of a
 Victory, or of *Julius Cæsar’s* Ghost fighting against
Cassius in the approaching Battle at *Philippi*. The
 Notoriety of the Story, and the general Opinion
 entertained by the Ancients, that every Man had
 a Genius (or two) presiding over his Fortunes ,
 which we will have frequent Occasion to mention,
 induced me to take Notice of it at this Time.

The Hellespont is now known by the Name
 of the *Straits of Gallipoli* ; and the two Towns
 on the opposite Shores, *Sestos* and *Abydos* (famed
 for *Hero* and *Leander’s* Loves) by the Castles of
 the *Dardanelles*. The combined Army had no
 sooner passed to the *European* Side, then they
 resolved to march toward *Hexamili*, the ancient

• See the great Physician Hippocrates , Περὶ Ἑνύπνιον.

• Scit Genius natale Comes , qui dirigit astrum.

Horat. Ep. ad. Flor.

Lyfimachia (built by *Alexander's* Northern Lieutenant upon the Neck of the *Thracian Peninsula*), and from thence by the *Long Wall* to push on to the *Sapean Pass*. But being informed that *Norbanus* had taken Possession of it with eighteen thousand Men, they halted to consider, whether they should proceed as they first intended, or take some other Route to *Macedon*. This was the first Rub *Brutus* and *Cassius* met with in their progress from the Heart of *Asia*, of which they were now Masters. In the Council of War held on that occasion, *Rhaseupolis*, in whose Dominions the Pass lay, told them that the direct Road to *Macedon* through *Enos* and *Marogna* led through the *Sapean Straits*: but that if it was occupied by an Enemy, it would be vain to attempt to force it: That there was indeed another, which took a Circuit over the Mountains; but thrice as long, and so rugged, that it was *almost impassible*. After deliberating, it was however the Opinion of the Generals, still to keep the nearest Way by the Coast—the rather that they imagined *Norbanus* had not left *Macedon* so much to oppose their Passage, as to lead his Legions out of a barren, exhausted Country, where they could scarce subsist, to a very fertile one. They therefore kept the Road to *Hexamili* and the *Long-Wall*, and the second Day arrived at the *Black-Bay*, that takes its Name from the River *Melas* running into it. Thickets hanging over a Stream make it look gloomy and dark; and have thereby given Names to many Rivers, particularly those

called Dee wherever the old *Gallic* prevailed¹. Being now arrived on the Banks of the *Archipelago*, and drawing near to the Enemy, it was resolved to review their Troops, and make a general Muster of the whole Army. It there appeared, that they had seventeen full Legions, that is to say, upwards of *eighty thousand effective Men*. Their other Forces were either left in Garrison under the Governors of the Provinces, or on Board the several Squadrons commanded by *Lentulus*, *Murcus* and *Domitius Enobarbus*. But these were the Nerve of their Army, being *Roman* Legionary Soldiers. What Numbers of Infantry followed their Allies, I know not; but they had full twelve thousand Horse, of the several Nations above described. After the Muster, the solemn Ceremony of *Lustration* was performed: an expiatory Sacrifice, which (like a modern Absolution) purified the Army from all Crimes, and filled them with Confidence of the Favor of the Gods: then the Arrears of the promised Donative were largely distributed, and according to Custom², the Soldiery immediately called to the Tribunal. It was a great Theatre of Turf raised without the Camp, in a Hollow, fit for containing many thousand Men. Hither came Cassius and Brutus, attended by the noble Body

¹ *There are four of that Name in Britain, all shaded with Wood.*

² *Lustratum rite exercitum ad concionem vocat,* (Corbulo). Tacit. Lib. xv. An.

of *Senators*, and young *Patricians*, that bore Command in their Armies, or sought Protection in their Camps. At their Appearance a Shout of Joy rent the Heavens from the surrounding Multitude. The Sight of one another inspired that pleasing Hope and mutual Trust that elevates the Courage and fits for Execution. For some Time the Joy was tumultuous; but Silence being proclaimed by the Heralds, C. *Cassius* the elder General stepped a little forward, and addressed the Army in this Manner.

“ ‘ The grand Bond of our Union, my Fellow-soldiers! is the *Common Cause* which we maintain; and that Tie is strengthened by the Faith we mutually plighted, to stand by each other to the last. On *our* Part *We* have punctually fulfilled our Engagements, by making good to you *more* than we promised; which is the best Earnest of what you may expect in Time to come. *Our* Confidence therefore is founded in your Fidelity and Courage; and *yours*, in the Virtue and Worth of those noble Persons whom you see standing with me on this Tribunal. Need I tell you of our other military Preparations; our Magazines of Corn and Arms—our Treasures and Fleets—our brave and numerous Allies from all the great States and Kingdoms of the Empire? Words would be thrown away in reciting what you perfectly

’ To understand this Speech of C. *Cassius* it is necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the Constitution of the Consular Government. See Vol. I. page 68—to—99.

know, or in exciting the Courage of Men, inflamed by the highest Motives of interest and Duty. Nor is it necessary that I should expose the *Emptiness* of those Calumnies with which we are loaded by two wicked Men; because it is your Knowledge of their Injustice that puts those Weapons in your Hands against the Usurpers. Let me only so far touch upon our *Cause*, as to show you that it is the most just and glorious that ever engaged Men to draw the Sword. Both *You* and *We*, fighting in the *Roman* Armies, either as Soldiers or Commanders along with the late *Cæsar*, assisted to raise and make him great: and *We* continued in such Friendship with him, as to banish all Suspicion of *personal* Hatred. But his *illegal Conduct* after the War, made him obnoxious, not to *Us* in particular, whom he promoted and favored, but to the *Laws* and *Liberties* of Rome. These sacred Laws, devised by the Wisdom of our Ancestors, this Man trampled under Foot: No Decree of the Senate — no Vote of the People, was any farther valid than consisted with his arbitrary Will. *Cæsar* usurped the supreme Power; and the solemn Oath sworn by *Junius Brutus* and the whole *Roman* State, *never to endure another King*, had been taken in vain—the direful Imprecations in Case of Failure must have fallen upon us—if *We* their Descendants had not *expiated* our Country, and prevented *one Man* from appropriating to himself the Treasures and Armies of the Republic, — from transferring the Election of Magistrates from the *People*, and the Government

of Provinces from the *Senate*, to his own Person—and in one Word, in all Affairs of Peace and War, making himself our *Lord* instead of the Laws and sovereign Courts acting by their Tenor. *You—Gentlemen!* while engaged in *Action*, were perhaps the less sensible of these Enormities, that you were only Witnesses of his *military Excellence*: but you came soon to feel his Encroachment, in your Turn. In the Field, as *Romans*, you obeyed the legal Officers, nominated by the *Roman People*: but in the Forum it was *your* Votes that ratified the *Nomination*—; and in the weightiest Matters, (the *Senate pre-consulting*, to prevent Mistakes) it was *You* that gave the final Sanction. It was the Majority of *your* Voices, by Tribes or Centuries, that created the *Consuls*, the *Pretors*, the *Ediles*—the *Tribunes*, military or civil: to *You*, lay the last Appeal from all Courts and in all Causes—and from *You*, the Generals, Judges and Governors expected the Honors due to good Conduct, or dreaded the Disgrace inflicted on Malversation. Under the Influence of this happily poised Constitution, We arrived, my Fellow-Citizens, at the Height of human Felicity. You selected the worthiest on whom to bestow Honors and Commands; and *they* from generous Gratitude, made you the noblest Returns. It was thus, that from a Sense of his superior Worth, you pitched upon the *Young Scipio* to go Consul into *Africa*; and annually picked out those Men to be your *Tribunes*, who you thought, if there were Occasion, would most effectually oppose *us Patricians* on your

Account. But why should I run over our wondrous Constitution? Since, to say it in a Sentence, from the Time of *Cæsar's* Usurpation, *you have* not elected a *single Magistrate*, named a *single General*, nor so much as chosen *one of your own Tribunes*. It has not been in your Power to honor any Man for his *Merit*, or punish him for his *Demerit* to the Commonweal: nor, of Consequence, has any Man thought himself at all obliged to *You*, for any Magistracy or Office,—nay nor for any Redress of Wrongs—or just Sentence in his Favor. *Cæsar* was *all*—You were Ciphers—and reduced *so low*, that you durst not defend your *own Tribunes*, though sacred in their Persons, and irresistible, by the Power of their Colleagues—*These*, who went to be your Protection and Refuge, you saw stripped of their Magistracy; and because, zealous in your Interests, they had shown proper Indignation at the wicked Attempt to make *Cæsar a King*, their holy Vestments were torn off their Backs, without other Trial or Accusation, than the *absolute Command* of the Tyrant. This flagrant Invasion of your Rights, though an Attack upon a *popular* rather than a *patrician* Magistracy, the *Senate* considered as the final Overthrow of the Laws, and Dissolution of the State. But as they could not resent it *openly*, nor call the Criminal to Account *in the ordinary Course of Justice*, by Reason of the military Force which he had seduced by Bribes to support him, they had Recourse to *the sole Method left for the Relief of their oppressed*

Country, *to make away with the Oppressor*. This Measure, approved by the *Greatest* and *Best*, could be properly executed only by a *Few*: and that it was *so approved*, appeared immediately. For no sooner was the *Senate* at Liberty to hold a *free Assembly*, than the first Thing they proposed, was to decree *Honors* and *Rewards* to their Deliverers. But *Antony*, then Consul, interposing, under Pretence of preventing farther Disorders; and *We* being willing to show that no Views of Wealth or Power, but *an unfeigned Love to our Country*, was the Motive of our Conduct; the Motion was dropt, and the *Senate* contented themselves with the *Restoration of Liberty* without putting any Mark of Infamy upon the Ufurper's Memory. An *Amnesty* therefore, or *Act of Oblivion*, was unanimously voted, and by a special Decree, a *Nullity of all Prosecution* for *Cæsar's Death*. A little thereafter, when *Antony* was beginning to instigate the Multitude against us, the *Senate* was pleased to assign to us the most honorable Governments, and invest us with high Authority; ordaining all the Provinces of the Empire, from the *Adriatic* to the *Euphrates*, to obey our Orders. Took they — do you imagine — these Steps, to *punish* us as sacrilegious Persons, or to honor us as the *Saviours of our Country*, by putting the magisterial Purple, and the Rods and Axes, Ensigns of sovereign *Power*, in our Hands? Upon the same Principle they recalled *Sextus Pompey* from Banishment — ordered the Price of his paternal Estate to be paid out of the Treasury, and appointed him *Lord high Admiral* of the Roman Seas: Not
that

that he had any Hand in destroying the Usurper; but being Son of *Pompey the Great*, who first took Arms for Liberty, and having harassed *Cæsar's* Creatures in the farther Spain, they resolved he should not be without Authority in the Republic. What other Proof or Mark would you wish of the Senate's Pleasure, except that it should signify to you its Approbation of all our Conduct in Writing? This it will do—and give you both the due Praise, and substantial Reward of your Bravery as soon as it is in their Power. At present I need not acquaint you in what a *dismal State* Things are at *Rome*. The greatest Senators, unheard and without Form of Law, are doomed to Destruction: Their Houses and Estates seized, without Sentence of a Judge. — They are murdered and mangled wherever found — in their Houses — in the Streets — in the Temples — by Soldiers — by Slaves — by secret Enemies. — They are searched for and hunted down like wild Beasts — dragged out of Caves and Lurking - places to the Slaughter; though the Roman Law allows the greatest Criminal to go into voluntary Exile. But in the sacred solemn Place where you hold your high Assembly, in the *Roman Forum* itself, where never the Head of our bitterest Enemy was brought, *There* the Heads of your *Consuls*, your *Pretors*, your *Tribunes*, are lying in Heaps, and a *Price* assigned to the *Ruffian* who cuts them off. This execrable Price has revived and called forth all the Wickedness that lay suppressed in unhappy *Rome* — — all the various Shapes that *Hate* assu-

mes, between Husband and Wife, Father and Son, Master and Servant, have broke loose with unbridled Fury, and *effaced* the Morals of the State: For the *Leaders* in these horrid Doings, that *show* the *Way* in Wickedness, are the *Triumvirs* themselves. They began the Proscription with their own *Brothers*, *Uncles*, and *Guardians*, and broke through all Ties of Nature and Duty: though we do not hear, when *Rome* was taken by the fiercest Barbarians, that they cut off any *Senator's Head*, or *insulted* his Corpse, or forbid their Enemies to seek Safety by *Flight*: — Nor did we ever so use the Inhabitants of any Town we took, or hear of any Nation that gave their Captives that inhuman Treatment which now the *Mistress of Nations* and *Head of the World* meets with, from three Men, who pretend to *order* and *resettle* the Common-wealth. — What was *Tarquin's* Crime in comparison of this Carnage, who, though settled a King, was expelled for an Injury done through Passion to a single Woman? And yet, my *Fellow-citizens*! the *Triumvirs*, black with Crimes, and drenched in Blood, call Us *Murderers*, and pretend to be revenging *Cesar's* Death--- while they are proscribing and putting those to Death *who were not so much as in Italy*, when he was killed. Cast your Eyes on the honorable Company standing with me on this Tribunal — the far greater Part of them are in *that* Class — being proscribed either for their great Estate, noble Blood, or nobler Disposition to the public Liberty. So is the young *Pompey* proscribed;

though as I said, in the *farther Spain*, when we were executing our great Design: But his Father's Love of legal Power, and his being honored by the *Senate*, make him *criminal* with the *Triumvirs*. What shall we say to the distressed Ladies? — Did *they* dip in the Plot, to be fined in exorbitant Sums — or did those of the People worth *ten Myriads*, who are loaded with new and intolerable Taxes, and forced to exhibit the Amount of their Possessions, under Pain of Proscription? Yet with all their Rapine and Extortion, are they not able to pay the promised Donative to their Soldiers: and We, who took no illegal Methods, have both acquitted our Promises and been able to keep noble Rewards in Reserve for your future Services. Heaven therefore smiles on our Undertaking; at the same Time that it is favored by the *Best of Men* — Recollect your own eminent Citizens, your *Generals* in War — your honored *Consuls* and *Pretors* at home — *Behold them now here*, driven from *Rome* for their public Spirit, and taking Part with *Us*, who proclaimed *double the Reward* to their Preservers, which the *Triumvirs* proffered to those, who should cut off their Heads. For as they could not suppose, that the Men who had killed *Julius*, because he wanted to play the Tyrant, would tamely suffer *them* to domineer, and not resettle the supreme Power according to Law, in the *Roman Senate* and *People*, therefore they doom us all to Death*: But our Views being

* The Sense requires we should read in Appian, who

widely different — *theirs* to tyrannize, of which they have given a terrible Specimen, *ours* to deliver our Country, that we may live free under the Laws, no Wonder if the *Gods* promote our Cause, and all good *Men* pray for our Success. In all War, *Justice* is the solid Ground of Hope; and that Justice dispels the Scruple of any of you having served under the late *Cæsar*. You were not then *Cæsar's* Soldiers — but your *Country's*: — nor did you receive your Pay or Premium from *Cæsar* — but from the public Treasury: — as neither now, are you *Brutus* or *Cassius's* Men — but the State's: and We, though Leaders, are your Fellow-Soldiers, and still Servants of the Common-Wealth. Were the *Triumvirs* of this Mind, both Parties might securely quit their Arms, and give up their Legions to be disposed off by the Republic — a Condition on which *We* would cordially receive them. But since they disdain it, and that their Rapine and Murders have disabled them from accepting it — *let us march*, my Fellow-Citizens! *let us march*, and in the Name of the Senate and People of Rome, fight for the Liberty to which we were born. — — — “*At this the Air rang with a Shout from the whole Camp — let us march, followed by eager Cries from the Soldiery, to be led instantly against the Enemy. The Generals, though delighted with their Ardor, again commanded Silence: when Cassius resumed:*” The Gods, that govern

has preserved this Speech, προγυράσσει — not προγυράσσειν, which makes none.

human Affairs, and preside over *just* Wars, will not fail to reward such brave Men according to their Merit: But for your present Encouragement, let me tell you, as far as human Foresight can go, how superior we are to the Enemy. Our *Numbers* are equal; though we have made great Detachments to answer the Exigencies of the War: but in *Cavalry* and *Shipping* we far surpass them: having Bodies of Auxiliaries, all the Way from the *Parthians* and *Medes*. We have no Enemy in *Front* but the *Triumvirs*: They have us *before* them, *Sextus Pompey* *behind* them; and are beset with our Fleets under *Murcus* and *Domitius*, that intercept their Convoys, and command the Coasts. In all the Country behind us, there is not a hostile Spot — but Provisions and Treasure, the Sinews of War, are flowing upon us from the richest Provinces. They are in Want of both, being shamefully in Arrear to their Troops; and frustrated in their Expectation from their *Sales* and *Forfeitures*. For no honest Man would meddle with the odious Purchase; and the Revenues of *Italy*, exhausted by the deplorable civil War, are totally ruined by Rapine and Confiscations. Magazines and Stores they have none —: nor can they be supplied but from the barren Hills of *Macedon*, or the narrow Tract of *Theffaly*, and that by long and laborious Land - Carriage: for should they attempt to bring Corn from *Africa* or the Gulf of *Tarento*, *S. Pompey*, or *Statius Murcus*, must seize it in the Passage. — Whereas our attending Fleets furnish us plentifully from the Isles,

and the vast Continent from *Thrace* to the *Euphrates* lies open to our Convoys. This happy Situation puts it in our Power either to push the War, or to reduce our Adversaries by Famine, and *this* is what human Prudence and the Care of your Generals could perform — the Rest we expect from *propitious Heaven*, and from your Bravery. — Mean Time, for the Spirit you have shown on this Occasion, and the noble Ardor you testify in the best of Causes, *We* order twelve Pounds to be immediately paid down to every Soldier; sixty Pounds to the Centurion, and to the superior Officers in Proportion⁵.” So saying, the Sign was given for dismissing the Assembly — but the Legions remained about the Tribunal, expressing their Pleasure by loud Acclamations of Prosperity to their Leaders, and detesting the Triumvirs Cruelty. They were directly called to receive the Donative; and proper Reasons were found to give those who had distinguished themselves on former Occasions an Addition to the promised Sum. As every Cohort was cleared, they filed off towards *Dorisco*, a large Hollow, capable of holding just ten thousand Men. Xerxes made it famous, having there easily numbered his enormous Army, whose Names it would scarce have been possible to range in a Muster-Roll. It cost them two Days hard marching, to trace the winding Shore of the Gulf of *Megarissa*⁶, and four

⁵ Αππικον Εμθουλ. Bib. δ.

⁶ The modern Name of the *Black Bay*.

more, ere passing through *Enos*, and crossing the *Hebro*, now *Mariza*, they reached their Rendezvous; it being one hundred and twenty miles from the *Long - Wall* to *Dorisco*. Here they were joined by their Generals, and marched down through the Coast-towns to the *Serrian* Promontory over against *Samandrachi* ⁷. They then quitted the Coast to avoid the Circuit; having first concerted a Measure that bid fair to make *Decidius Saxa* disencumber the Pass without Stroke of a Sword.

After the Departure of *Domitius* for the *Italian* Seas, the Squadron which attended the main Army was commanded by *Tullius Cimber*. He was a very brave Man, a sincere Lover of his Country, and, in some People's Opinion, would not be less qualified for a *Commodore*, that he loved Drinking, and had a Flow of rude Mirth in his Liquor: yet no Excess in Wine ever made him blab a Secret; and he was equally trusted with the grand Design upon *Cesar*, as those who drank nothing but Water like *Cassius* ⁸. — *Could I bear a haughty Lord*, said he once, jesting on his own Frolics, *who cannot bear Bacchus himself*. He was now ordered to sail round the lofty Promontory with his whole Fleet, having one Legion and a Body of Archers on Board, and to send large Parties on Shore to survey the

⁷ Turkish Corruption of *Samothrace*.

⁸ *Tullius Cimber* & nimius erat in vino, & scordalus: in hanc rem jocatus est ipse; Ego, inquit, quemquam feram, qui vinum ferre non possum?

Senec. Epist. LXXXIII.

Country, and mark out Places fit for a great Encampment. A little higher up, the Chains of the *Silver* and *Chestnut* Mountains intersect one another; the former (*Rhodope*) running East and West; and the latter (*Pangea*) North and South, with the *Nestus* gliding at the Foot of it. Where they cross, two Passes are left, made by diverging Skirts of the Hills, and named from the neighbouring Tribes, one the *Sapean*, and the other the *Torpilian* Straits: The *Greeks*, when Masters of the Country, called the Place Συμβολον, the Meeting, viz, of the Mountains. The nearest to the Shore had been occupied by *Norbanus*, and that farther within Land by *Saxa*. But *Cimber* having turned the Promontory, quickly fell to measuring the Ground, and laying out the Bounds of a Camp; and the News of his doing so, as quickly reached *Norbanus* — who concluding that the whole Army under *Brutus* had clambered over the Promontory, called upon *Saxa* to come in all Haste and join their Forces, lest they should be overpowered, and their Retreat to *Macedon* cut off. *Saxa* obeyed, having left a small Body to guard the Pass, whom *Brutus* attacked and broke, and led the whole Army through the *Torpilian* Strait. *Norbanus* then found he had been caught by Stratagem, and fell a fortifying the *Sapean* Pass with greater Care; it was impracticable to force it, and the Republican Army was once more at a Stand. The Season was advancing, they had still a long March to *Italy*, the End of their Hopes; and nothing is more irksome

to Troops than to tramp back again the Road they have already come. In the general Damp of the Army, and Suspense of the Generals, *Rhascupolis* being questioned about the Country, told them, that there was a *Possibility* indeed to avoid that Pass; but it would be by taking a Compass over the *Sapean-Mountains*, and marching for three Days among Rocks and dry Defarts untrod by mortal Foot: That if they would provide Water and Ammunition-Bread for these three Days, on the fourth they might reach the *Harpessus* which falls into the *Hebro*, from whence they had but sixteen miles to *Philippi*: that these Mountains were covered with such Forests as the Birds would scarce see them passing, and therefore they might surprise their Enemies so as they could hardly escape. This last Consideration chiefly prevailed with the Generals to undertake so daring an Expedition. A great Detachment was sent off under *Brutus's* Son-in-law the young L. Bibulus, with *Rhascupolis* for their Guide. They struggled up the Steeps with great Patience and Alacrity; and the rather that some of their Scouts affirmed they had from a high Top discovered the Glance of a Stream. But the fourth Day about Noon, being fatigued and spent, and their Provision of Water beginning to fail, the Men began to lose Patience; 'they were told, they said, the dry Defart was to last but for three Days — here was almost a fourth. — Their Scouts, it was true, had seen Water, but that *Thracian Traitor* was bewildering them on-Purpose to

‘ give them up a Prey to the Enemy.’ This Notion spread — a Panic and Despair seized them — they cursed *Rascupolis*, and threw Darts at him, when he was running about to encourage them — and after all, would have turned back, if *Bibulus* had not gone among the Mutineers, and mildly entreated them to remember *they had been picked out as the bravest Men to lead the Way to the whole Army; and that a little Patience would make out the remaining Road, which he hoped they would perform in Silence and good Order.* They listened to the young Patrician; and at last, towards evening, the Vanguard spied the wished-for River. They set up a Shout of Joy at the Sight, which being always caught by the next in Order, it ran through the long-extended Line in which they marched, until it reached the Rear. The News of their Passage being brought to *Cassius* and *Bru-tus*, they made an amazing Stretch over the same Mountains, in Hopes of environing *Norbanus* and *Saxa*, and lopping off a Limb of the Triumvirs Power: and through that wild and unfrequented Route they would have certainly got behind them; if the too sagacious *Rhase*, being out on an advanced Party, had not perceived the re-echoed Shout, and suspecting what had happened, gone to view the Hills. When he saw them coming down to *Philippi*, he was astonished — how such an Army could pass a Desert he thought impervious to wild Beasts; and made Haste to acquaint *Norbanus* of his Danger, who that same Night decamped in the Dark, and marched a great Pace

back to *Chrysopoli* upon the *Strymon*. Both Armies upon this Event talked of nothing but the Address of the *Thracian* Brothers.

The Coasts of *Macedon* and *Thrace*, though a good Soil, lay uncultivated in the early Ages of *Greece*; the Inhabitants being no Seamen, and the Shore unsafe because of frequent Piracies: But the *Grecians* becoming more civilized, particularly the *Chalcideans*, and having made many Settlements up and down, it flourished extremely in Trade and Agriculture; until the Ambition of *Philip*, (a Man better deserving the Title of Great than his hot-headed Son,) had its usual Effect. — The *Turks* say, no Grass can grow on the Spot where the Grand Signior's Horse has once trod. So *Philip* drove out the free commercial *Greeks* to make Way for his Garrisons and Miners, and reduced it to its former Desolation. Near the Mines there was a Town called *Datus* or *Wells*, which he found conveniently situated for bridling the *Thracians*, and protecting the Workers of those Silver-Mines, that enabled him to pay the Mercenaries, and bribe the leading Men in the *Grecian* Republics'. He fortified it, and called it *Philippopoli* or *Philipsburgh*, which was contracted into *Philippi*.

To prevent a puzzling Mistake, it is necessary to observe that there are two Towns of this Name; one in the Province of *Pthiotis* in *Thessaly*, the Country of *Achilles*, not far from *Pharsalus*,

' Horat. Ode xvi. Lib. iii.

where the fatal Battle was fought between *Pompey* and *Cæsar*; and another in the Confines of *Thrace*, on the North-east of *Macedon*, over against the Island *Thaso*. The whole Breadth of the Kingdom of *Macedon* intervenes — but as these Countries were anciently comprehended under the general Name of *Emathia*, the Poets, who are fond of similar Images, have play'd with the two Names¹, and given Rise to an Imagination that *Brutus* and *Cassius* pitched upon the self-same Field of Battle which *Pompey* had chosen before². The Tract of Mount *Hæmus*, now *Cumoniza*, (but variously named as it runs across from the *Archipelago* to the Gulf of *Venice*) sends out many Branches; on one of whose projecting Skirts stood the lofty *Philippi*³. It occupied the Top of a steep Hill;

¹ Poetæ locorum nominibus quasi suo quodam jure abutentes, ponunt *Emathiam* pro *Thessalia*. *Julius Cæsar Pompeium* ad *Pharsalum Thessaliæ* decivit: *Augustus* autem *Brutum* & *Cassium* ad *Hæmum* & *Philippos Thraciæ*, quæ quidem Urbes, tota interjacente *Macedonia* dissitæ sunt. Poetæ tamen, duce, uti videtur, *Virgilio*, utramque pugnam narrant quasi eodem loco pugnata.

Lipsius.

² Ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis,
Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi;
Nec fuit indignum Superis bis sanguine nostro
Emathiam, & latos *Hæmi* pinguescere campos.

Virg. Georg. I.

³ Eandem illam, quæ fatalis *Cn. Pompeio* fuit, arenam infederunt, says a foppish Writer *Florus*; who has given a very inaccurate and immoral Account of this War.

with a Tract of woody Mountains, through which *Brutus* and *Cassius* had passed, to the North; a Morass towards the Sea on the South: the two Straits bounded it to the East; and to the West a vast Plain declines gently for many Miles to the Banks of the *Strymon*. It is not unusual at the Termination of a Ridge of Mountains to see a broken rocky Hill rise abrupt out of the Plain, especially if the Declivity lean towards the Sea*. About two miles from *Philippi*, and scarce one asunder, rose two such Heights; and these the two Generals of the Commonwealth seized on, *Cassius* the Southern, and *Brutus* the Northern Hill. It was a happy Situation for a great Camp, and for their chief Design of starving the Enemy. The steep Ascent rendered the Post inaccessible, a deep Morass on this Side, and Rocks and Woods on that; while the Pass between the Hills was fortified by a Ditch and Rampart leading

—*Video Pangea nivosis*

Gana jugis, latosque Æmi sub rupe Philippos.

Lucan. Lib. i.

* Such we see about *Stirling* in *North-Britain*, being Excrescencies from the *Grampian* Ridge; and some to the West of *Edinburgh*, where the *Pentland Hills* are discontinued. I have met with them frequently in *Wales*, and even at *Matlock* in *Derbyshire*, though an Inland Country. But the greatest Number of them, and in the greatest Perfection, are described by M. Bouguer in the Account of his Voyage to *Quito* and from thence to the West of *Peru*, where the vast Tract of the *Cordilleros* subside into a Plain.

from one Camp to the other. The island *Thaso*, within an hour's Run, was their Store-house; and the Harbour of *Naples**, at seven Miles Distance, their Ship-Station: and to complete their Convenience, the little Brook *Ganga* watered the Hollow between the Camps. For though they were enclosed with one common Trench and Wall, and had easy Communication by open Gate-ways, yet each Army possessed a Camp a-part. No Situation could bid fairer to keep them in Affluence, and starve their Enemies, which was the prime Point of their military Plan. Wherefore, instead of pursuing *Norbanus* and *Saxa*, who had sent Message after Message to the *Triumvirs*, they fell a fortifying their own Camp with great Alacrity; having received Intelligence, that *M. Antony* was marching through *Macedonia*, with incredible Rapidity, leading six more Legions to support his Lieutenants.

When he and the young *Cæsar* had outwitted *Murcus*, and got over to *Greece*, the Youth was in so bad a Way that he was left sick at *Durazzo*; while his Colleague advanced by forced Marches, if possible to prevent *Chrysopoli* being pre-occupied, in Order to make it the Resource of Provision for his Army. He was agreeably surprised to find the Place fortified by *Norbanus*, — gave the Government of it to *Pinarius Scarpus* a Kinsman of the late *Cæsar*, and with his usual Confidence,

* Not in Italy but in Thrace: this Name, signifying the New Town, is spread all over the World.

pushed on within a Mile of the Enemy, and encamped in the Plain. Before his Arrival, the Troops under the Lieutenant-Generals had been drooping; as it generally dispirits Men to give Ground before an Enemy: But now their Courage was roused, and they talked of nothing but Victory. Cassius had sent a strong Party down to the Shore to escort a Convoy from *Thaso*; Antony, having Information of it, planted a superior Party in Ambush to intercept their Return. They were discovered, and attacked with such Advantage, that few of them escaped to carry News of the Disaster. This unlooked for Check renewed their former Dejection, and made even *Antony* himself doubtful of the Event. His Uneasiness daily increased through the growing Inconveniences felt in his Camp: for the Difference of their Posts and the great Superiority of that occupied by *Cassius* and *Brutus* was not long of appearing. They sat dry and healthful on a Hill — their Enemies low and damp in a Hollow: they brought their Fuel with Ease from the Wood—the other scarcely scraped together a few Shrubs out of the Fens—these drank from the Brook—those from a Pit—these had Vivres from *Thaso* in their Neighbourhood — those by Land-carriage of two-and-forty miles from *Chrysopoli*. The Sense of this Superiority made the experienced General *Cassius* spare no Pains to strengthen his Works; he drove a new Ditch and Wall from his Trenches to the Marsh or Lake, which completed the Circumvallation of the Camps (except where on *Brutus's*

Side a Precipice secured them to the North) and looked upon *Antony's* encamping under their Nose, as the Attempt of a Mad-man, which he must quickly repent.

The young *Cæsar* mean While was passing a bad Time at *Durazzo*, between Sickness and Anxiety. If *Antony* conquered without him, he must bow to him as his Master—but if vanquished by *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the whole Weight of the War must fall at last upon himself. He lay eight or ten Days under these Apprehensions; and then, though very weak, and scarce able to bear the Motion of a Chaise, set out for the Camp. His Arrival revived the flagging Spirits of the Soldiers, (which have many Ebbs and Flows in a Campaign) and made them for a While forget the unhappy Ambuscade, and the Inconveniences of their Situation. But these last increased so fast, that *Antony* saw there was a Necessity either to decamp with Disgrace, perhaps with Loss, or to fall upon some Means of forcing the Enemy to an Engagement. In vain did he draw out every Day both his own and *Cæsar's* Men, and march up to the very Trenches of the Enemy, offering them Battle: The Generals would not be tempted from their Concert, nor bring their Legions down to the Plain, but kept close within their Works or upon the high Grounds; permitting only their Horsemen to skirmish, who for the most Part came off superior; happy—had they been able to persevere!

It was while Things were in this Suspense that
Brutus

Brutus painted the Temper of his own Mind, in a Letter addressed to *Atticus* at *Rome*. In the immediate View of the grand Decision, he was kept serene by Philosophy; and full of that divine Enthusiasm, which a conscious Rectitude pours into the human Soul. He therefore wrote, "*That his Affairs were in the happiest of all Situations; for he would either restore Liberty to his Country, or be himself without Care for the future.*" These Sentiments are philosophical upon *Roman* Principles, and could not but be genuine in this Patriot, because of a Piece with his former Maxims and Conduct. Besides the Collection of his Letters and Speeches; and besides the Treatise already mentioned *Of moral Duties*, he wrote other two; One concerning Virtue, and the other a practical *Pattern* of it, in the Character of his Uncle *M. Cato*. In the first, he affirms, *that it is sufficient Consolation to a good Man banished from his Country by the Spite of a Faction or Power of a Tyrant, that he can carry all his good Qualities along with him.* ' In my Return to *Italy*, says ' he, after our public Calamities, I paid a Visit ' to the noble *M. Marcellus*, then in Exile at ' *Lesbos*. I found this illustrious Person, not only ' living as happily as human Nature admits, but ' more intent upon improving his Knowledge and ' advancing in Virtue, than in his most flourishing ' Estate. His Behaviour filled me with such ' Admiration, that when about to take Leave of ' him, it seemed to me that *I* was rather going ' into Banishment at *Rome* than leaving him in

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‘ that Condition at *Mitylene*.’ *Happy Marcellus!* (says *Seneca*, who tells the Story) happier in the Admiration of *M. Brutus* than in the Applause given to thy Consulate by the *Roman People!* What Greatness of Mind must it have been, that commanded the Admiration of the Man, who was himself admired by the all-accomplished *Cato*? *Cæsar*, though drunk with Power and hardened in Crimes, could not bear to see *Marcellus* in a State unworthy of him, and therefore gave Orders to the Ship-Master, who was carrying him to *Rome*, not to touch at the Island. This was a Piece of *Homage* paid to Virtue by an Enemy: and it was scarcely to be thought that the Man struck with such Virtue, would either bear the Yoke of its Foe, or live under the Tyranny of his Successors—“ *In all Respects*, continued *Brutus*, *we are prepared; having a great Power of Men and Money; but the Chances of War make it still uncertain whether we shall live in Liberty, or die with Honor. Whatever happens, Antony must pay for his wicked Folly, who having had it in his Power to be reckoned among the Cassii and the Catos, has chosen to be a Retainer to the Boy Octavius!*”

For many Days both Armies continued in a State of Inactivity; not only military Reasons having Weight with the Republican Generals, but Considerations of Humanity and their Duty as *Romans*: they remembered their Enemies, however virulent, were their Countrymen; that if they engaged, Brother must fight against Brother, and

Father against Son — and that whoever fell, or whatever Party were worsted, Rome must be the Loser in the Issue. Both the Safety of their own Men, and Commiseration of their Adversaries, made them therefore earnestly wish to conquer without Blood. But neither the Restlessness of their Rival-Chiefs, nor the Temper of their own Troops, permitted them to follow their moderate Inclinations. And first *Brutus's* People with whom he lived liker a Companion than a Commander, began to murmur, — ‘What had their General
‘seen amiss about them, or where had they
‘turned their Backs, that he should thus distrust
‘their Bravery and give the Preference to their
‘Enemies? They were *Soldiers*, and had come
‘there to *fight*, and not to keep Guard in a
‘Ditch, nor to peep at their Foes through Port-
‘Holes and Palissadoes—Some of them dared to
say, ‘That if they were to be kept at this dull
‘Duty all the Campaign, and not allowed to
‘strike a Blow for Liberty, they would leave the
‘Camp and return home.’ They made their
Generals so uneasy, that either this Impatience of
the Soldiery, or a Return of his former Way of
thinking, brought *Brutus* himself to wish for a
decisive Battle. This naturally produced a Council
of War; in which that Chieftain gave his Opinion,
‘that they could not expect their Army to be in
‘better Plight, nor greater Ardor to fight among
‘the Men next Year than now; that in all the
‘Skirmishes hitherto they had evidently the
‘Advantage, which was no small Presumption

‘ in Favor of a general Battle; that the World
‘ had for many Years been groaning under the
‘ Miseries of War; both the *Romans* and their
‘ Subjects being exhausted with Contributions,
‘ and harassed with quartering Soldiers, and Party-
‘ Fury; — that he thought it was full Time to
‘ put an End to these Calamities, and either
‘ restore Liberty to *Rome* by their Victory, or
‘ let the World remain in some Sort of Peace by
‘ their Defeat.’ *Cassius*, on the other Hand,
firmly adhered to the former Concert — ‘ the
‘ Advantages of it, he said, were already visible
‘ in their Enemies Eagerness to fight — that their
‘ Wants would increase every Day until down-
‘ right Famine came to force them to a voluntary
‘ Surrender, or make them decamp in such a
‘ Way as to afford the fairest Opportunity to
‘ crush them in their Retreat — that he thought it
‘ both imprudent and cruel to venture the Lives
‘ of so many brave Men, or even the Wounds
‘ of worthy Citizens, when a little Patience
‘ would obtain their great Purpose in one Shape
‘ or other, and most probably without Effusion
‘ of *Roman* Blood.’ To this *Atilius*, one of
Brutus’s Friends, warmly assented, and added he
could by no Means think of fighting till *next*
Year. And what Advantage, pray, said *Brutus*,
will we have next Year above our present Con-
dition? *Why*, replied the Senator, *if none other,*
I shall at least live so much the longer. — At this
dastardly Saying *Cassius* stormed, and the other
general Officers were highly offended —: perhaps

it was their Indignation at this low Piece of Wit, as well as some *Suspensions* of the Hazard of Desertion among the Troops, if they were not quickly put upon Action, that joined with their own Impatience or fond Hopes, brought a Majority of them to be of *Brutus's* Opinion; and it was accordingly determined to fight next Morning, being *Cassius's* Birth-day. *Brutus* was delighted with the Resolution; dined in public—shone in Conversation, being full of the Dictates of Heroism and Maxims of Philosophy, and, contrary to his usual Custom, went early to Bed.—*Cassius* took only the young *Messala* and one or two Friends to his Tent, with whom he supped in private, very thoughtful and silent, which was not his Way;—and when about to part, taking *Messala* by the Hand he squeezed it hard—and Bear me Witness, *Messala*, said he in Greek, that the same Thing happens to me which happened to the Great Pompey, in being forced to stake the Welfare of my Country on one Throw of the Dice—But let us keep up our Courage—Fortune may favor even the ill-advised; and remember you are to sup with me on my Birth-night.

Next Morning early, the Scarlet Robe, the Sign of Battle, was seen displayed over *Brutus's* Tent. He had desired his Friend to take the Command of the Right-Wing, due to his Age and Rank: *Cassius* not only refused to take it, but gave him the choicest Legion in his Army, commanded by *Messala*, in the Heat of Youth, to begin the Attack. The Generals of the Enemy

had been very differently employed ; and the Account given of *their* Conduct assigns the bringing on a general Battle to a different Cause.

M. Antony was now an Officer of great Experience ; having served or commanded upwards of twenty Years. He saw the Danger of their Situation in its full Extent: he perfectly knew with whom he had to do—a Leader not more dreadful for his Resolution and Spirit than for his military Skill ; who would seize every Advantage, and give none : in a Word, the Man in the World whom he dreaded most. He knew how they were beset on all Hands, with Fleets by Sea, and Armies by Land ; without any possible Resource, in Case of a Miscarriage. He saw Scarcity beginning to appear in the Camp, and was aware how short a While *Macedon's* barren Hills could supply an Army of one hundred thousand Men. These Views made him pass the gloomiest Days and worst Nights he had ever known, except among the *Alps* in his Flight from *Modena*. To attack a Camp so fortified by Nature and Art would be mere Madness ; to force them out of it, or pass by them on either Side, was equally beyond his Power : had he been supporting a good Cause, he would have drawn Pity in so desperate a Situation—At last he bethought himself, whether it were not possible to drive a Causeway by a double Trench across the Morass, with such Secrecy and Dispatch as to pass that made by *Cassius* before it was discovered by the Enemy. He set about it ; still drawing out the Legions

with all their Ensigns as usual, to give no Suspicion; but having picked out the best Pioneers from every Cohort, he ordered them to work hard all Night, and in the profoundest Silence. Could he complete it undiscovered, it would either cut off the Communication with *Thasos* and their Magazines; or force them to fight on equal Terms. But the Work was heavy; for besides the double Ditch, *Faggots* and *Reeds* were to be first laid to keep up the Earth, Stones were to be sunk in many Places to strengthen the marshy Edge, and Bridges of Wood to be made over the stagnating Pools: Yet so much was he favored by the thick growing *Reeds* then at their Height, and so well obeyed by the laboring Soldiers, that in *ten* Nights they reached firm Ground—The eleventh, as soon as it was dark, he commanded a certain Number of Cohorts to take their Way over the new made Road—seize upon some Eminencies between the Enemies Camp and the Sea, and before it was Day, to fortify them in the best Manner the Time permitted. When Cassius was told that the Heights on this Side the Fen were possessed by the *Casareans*, he could scarce credit the Information; but having seen the cross Causeway, he was amazed at the Sagacity and Secrecy with which so great a Work had been conducted; and set instantly about rendering it useless to *Antony*: For this Purpose he began a broad Rampart, fortified on either Side, which should reach from his *Camp* quite through the Morass to the Sea; and run so athwart the

Enemy's Dike, as to prevent all Communication between those already passed, and their main Camp. The *Roman Warfare* was frequently as much carried on by the Mattock and Spade as by the Sword and Spear; in which they have been imitated by some eminent Moderns*. When this Rampart was so far advanced as to approach and almost commanded the other, *Antony* could not bear to see his Measures baffled, and his Detachments cut off; which must have happened, if the sole Means of their Intercourse were shut up: — and if this Approach of the Works fell out *that same Morning*, on which *Brutus* had resolved to hazard a Battle; then, what some of the old Writers say will be true, *that though there was no Concert, yet both Armies drew out as if by Agreement*†.

It will scarce be expected that I should describe the Prodigies and Portents that are said to have preceded this memorable Engagement. I suppress them as I did the *fiery Meteor*, in Shape of a Bolt, which so grave an Author as *Pliny* relates to have appeared in the Heavens, and portended the Miseries at the Siege of *Modena*. Let me rather observe, that of all the Battles that ever were fought,

* Alexander Farnese Prince of *Parma*; Maurice of Nassau Prince of *Orange*; Henry de la Tour Viscount of *Turenne*; and the Duke of *Villars*.

† Οὐχ ὁμολύγησαν μὲν, ὅποτε τὴν μάχην ποιήσονται ὥσπερ δὲ ὑπὸ συγκειμένων τινός, πάντες ἅμα ἔφ' ἐξωπλίσαντο.

Διων. Βιβ. μζ.

this was the greatest; not so much for the *Numbers* engaged on either Side — for the *Fierceness* of the Encounter, or *Obstinacy* of the bloody Contest (though in all these Respects it was *terrible*) but for its momentous Consequence, and what *depended* upon its Issue. It was to decide, not whether this or the other Faction, *Sylla* or *Marius*, or even *Pompey* or *Cæsar* should prevail; but the Fate of the World — whether *glorious* Liberty or *universal* Slavery should take Place — whether the Roman Republic should recover its former Splendor — the Republic, that once *glowed sublime*,

With the mixed Freedom of a thousand States;

— or sink, — for ever sink, in Slavery and Meanness. If *Cassius* and *Brutus* came off Conquerors, the Laws resumed their Majesty, the Senate its Reverence, the People their free independent Spirit, and all the three diffused their *salutary* Influence through the Empire — But if *they* were foiled, there was no Hope that the Commonwealth would ever more raise its Head; that the Citizens of *Rome* would dare to claim their native Liberty; or *aim* at recovering those Privileges that had long made them the first of Men.

When in such a Quarrel both Armies were drawn out, it was at once a glorious and a dreadful Sight. Never had the *Romans* brought such a military Power into the Field, as the four Armies led forth in the Plains of *Philippi*. The Empire had exerted its full Force; and could go little

beyond the mighty Effort it now made on either Side. But among the Legions, those led by *Brutus* were distinguished by the Splendor and Richness of their Armour: though in other Respects that General loved to keep his Troops sober, he indulged them in decking their *Arms* with Gold and Silver, and making them as splendid as they pleased. A brave fellow's Courage, he thought, was heightened by rich Accoutrements, and a Plunderer would part with his Blood, rather than his silver-plated Shield. They were at this Time in high Spirits, as well as their General: their Horsemen had beat the Enemy in every Skirmish; they construed their performing the solemn Rite of Lustration in their *Lines* as a Sign of Fear, and contemned the mean Allowance of a little Bread and three Shilling *per* Man, given by *Cesar* and *Antony* for the Sacrifice. When the Battalions were all under Arms, the two Generals appeared in the Front, and after agreeing upon the Order of the Attack, and just about to repair to their Posts, *Cassius* turning to his Friend ---- 'Now, said he, *Brutus!*
' We enter upon Action ---- may Heaven give
' Victory ---- that we may live together like *Romans!* But as Futurity is dark, and the Event
' of a Battle slippery, how do you stand inclined
' in Case of a Disaster?' ---- *Why*, replied the Hero, *I was once in a different Way of thinking, and condemned my Uncle for giving up too soon -- Experience has altered my Opinion: I cannot think, if we now miscarry, of entering upon new Preparations, and turning the World upside down upon*

uncertain Prospects: I devoted my Life to my Country upon the Ides of March, and will disdain to spend it in any other Manner, than in the noble Freedom we have since enjoyed --- Cassius answered with a Smile of Pleasure, *The Resolution is worthy of my Brutus* --- *so animated let us go against the Enemy.* It was now far advanced in the Morning; when Brutus ordered the young Tully to lead out the Cavalry, and charge Cæsar's Left, to uncover his Flank, before his own Legions should attack. Then he gave out the Word, which was Liberty; but before the Tablets in which it was writ could be delivered to the Officers, they saw a Body of the Enemy crossing their Front, as it were in Contempt, to go and attack the projecting Rampart from Cassius's Camp. This Sight they could not bear: the nearest Tribune gave the Signal; the Legion ran down upon their Side; and the whole right Wing was in Motion in a Moment.

Cassius, looking about, saw the Disorder; and from his supreme military Skill foreboded no Good from an uncommanded Attack: when at the same Instant, a Cry struck his Ears from the Extremity of his own Camp, as if they were come to Blows in the Morass. It was so; and had happened thus.

Though the young Cæsar had been some While arrived, he was of little Significancy, partly through Inexperience, and partly through Sickness: the Burden of the War both in Contrivance and Execution lay upon his Colleague: yet this Morning, on a Dream of his Physician, M. Arto-

rius, he had crawled out of his Tent, and was carried in a Chair through the Ranks. But *Antony* seeing his great Work in Hazard of being ruined --- his excluded Detachments cut to Pieces, and knowing all must be lost if they were in a Fit of Rage and Despair, commanded *Saxa* to take Hooks and grappling Irons, as if for a Scalade, and go and attack the West Side of *Cassius's* Rampart, while he made a Compass and assaulted the other. It was a Piece of desperate Service. The daring *Saxa* however traversed the Plain with his Veterans, on whose Flank *Brutus's* Men came furious down, and having the Advantage of Ground and Order, killed many of his Men. By this time *Tully* had beat off the Enemies Horse from their Left, and had the Chase of them through the Plain, when *Brutus* ordered *Messala* to extend his Line and out-wing them, while he himself led down the main Battle against the young *Caesar*. They met with a long and stout Resistance from the Veteran Legions; but his Men were flushed with their first Success; their loved General was at their Head; their Impetuosity at last bore down the Enemy's Line, and drove them back upon their Camp. *Caesar* could do little to rally them: *Agrippa* then and *Taurus* turned their Backs; --- *Gallus* and *Mecenas* accompanied their Master in his Flight: There was a great Carnage of no less than three Legions*. *Messala* having broke the exposed Wing, fell in with their Works,

* 18,000 Men.

and making a fierce Assault upon the Guard, drove them from the Trench, and mastered the Wall. Two thousand *Lacedemonians* just arrived were cut to Pieces; after which his Men, thinking themselves sure of Victory, fell to rifling the Baggage; and *Brutus*, having at Length with a very great Slaughter, cleared the Field, broke likewise into the Camp at another Place, and his People fell a plundering like their Fellows. This was a more fatal Error than the first: For on *his* Left, Things were in a different Situation: there was a cruel Struggle at the Rampart in the Morass: *Cassius's* main Army was drawn up in the Plain waiting the Signal to engage; there was only *one* Legion left under Arms to guard the strong Camp, and some Cohorts disposed along the Breast-work and Turrets on either Side of the Rampart. These *Antony* attacked with a Fury the Effect of Despair; and though he saw, to his no small Joy, that *Saxa's* daring March across the Front had fairly brought on the Battle, he would not regain the Field, lest in wheeling he should break his Files' — but pushing on through Darts and Stones hurled from the Turrets, he forced his Way up Hill to the Mound between the Camp and the Morass, which he attacked with redoubled Violence. Here the Legion left to guard it opposed him: But *An-*

' This explains what some Authors have written, that M. Antony was not present in this Battle; but only appeared to the Soldiers after it was over. Καίτοι γεγράφασιν ἔνιοι μὴ παραγενέσθαι τῇ μάχῃ τὸν Αντωνιον, ἀλλ' προσγενέσθαι μετὰ τὴν μάχην ἢ διώκῃσιν. Πλεταρχ. Αντων.

Antony and *Saxa* were Soldiers as well as Generals — and led the flower of *Julius Caesar's* Veterans; Men beaten to Victory, who in the Course of perhaps twenty Campaigns, did not know what it was to give Ground, or turn their Back to an Enemy. In Spite of all Efforts from the Walls, they pulled the Palissade to Pieces, filled up the Ditch, undermined the Battlements, and breaking with much Bloodshed through the Guard at the Gate, fairly forced their Way into the Camp. This Execution was so rapid, that the first Thing they met, was a Body in full March to relieve the Cohorts working on the Rampart. With the same Fury they fell upon these, and drove them headlong towards the Morass — after which *Antony* returned, and took Possession of the Camp with little or no Resistance. Meantime a bloody Scene was passing in the Plain below between *Cassius* and *Norbanus*: they were nearly on equal Terms — excepting that the *Cesareans* were both older Troops, and knew they must *starve* or conquer. But this was balanced by the superior Leader; and the Battle hung for Hours without Advantage on either Side. At first they used Art and Caution; but threw off all Guard as they warmed, if they could but wound the Enemy: No Noise or Clamor, — but a silent Rage and fierce Resolution to keep their Ground or cover it. At last disdainful distant Blows, they threw away their Shields, grappled like Wrestlers, and tumbled together with mutual Stabs: since the Battle of *Munda*, there had not been a more obstinate Con-

test. Two Things cast the Scale, and decided the Victory. Some Runaways from the Camp spread the News of its being taken among the *Eastern Bowmen*, who not being accustomed to Actions of such Continuance, turned their Horses Heads, and fled in a Body towards the Sea. Then the Eagerness of *Brutus's* Men in running down first upon *Saxa*, and then upon *Cæsar*, left all the Right of *Cassius's* Battle naked. Under these Disadvantages, his Legions long sustained the Fury of the Veterans; but being thinned with Slaughter and almost surrounded, towards Evening their Resistance began to slacken: *Cassius* did what a brave Man and great General could do to renew the Fight: he snatched the Eagle out of the flying Ensign's Hand, drove the Spike into the Ground, and bid them desert that and their General if they durst: But the Thought of their plundered Camp, and a Persuasion that *Brutus* was in no better Condition than themselves, damped their Spirits, and by Degrees brought on a fighting Retreat; and their Enemies had been so hotly handled in the Action, that they contented themselves with keeping the Field. And now the *Chance of War*, (hitherto but moderately *active*,) began to display its sovereign Power: for though the left Wings of both Armies were beaten, and the right Victors --- though both Camps were taken and pillaged; yet, in the Main, *Brutus* and *Cassius* had the Superiority. There were killed on *their* Side, including Baggage-men, about eight thousand; of the Enemies, above twenty thousand:

They took the Eagles of three Legions, besides many inferior Ensigns, and lost not one of their own: and lastly, *they* put the *Cæsareans* to a total and disorderly Rout on the Left; while *theirs*, though beaten, did not *break* and disperse. The Sun was declining, when *Brutus*, completely Victor, turning his Eyes towards *Cassius's* Camp, was surprised he could not see the *Pretorium* or General's Tent standing so lofty as it used to appear, nor the usual Camp-Arrangement in other Respects. The sharpest-fighted of his Officers said they saw the glistering of Arms in *Cassius's* Camp, and many silver Shields carrying up and down in the Trenches: but that neither their Numbers nor Armour seemed to be that of the Legion left to guard it; nor could they perceive the Field of Battle on that Side so thick strewed with Dead, as if so many Legions had been destroyed. This gave *Brutus* the first Suspicion of *Things being amiss* on the Left: and instantly commanding a Retreat to be sounded, he left a strong Guard in the Camp, and detached the young *Cicero* with a Body of Horse to the Relief of his Colleague, while he should bring up the Legions in all Haste to support him. Before this, *Cassius* had been forced out of the Field by the Retreat of his shattered Army; and his Camp being occupied by the Enemy, he retired with the Remains of his Body-Guard, to the Heights of *Philippi*, from whence he had a wide View of both Camps. While intent upon his own Duty, he could mind nothing else; and now the Dust
and

and Distance obstructing his Sight, kept him entirely ignorant of *Brutus's* Victory. In this anxious State he saw the Body of Horse sent by his Friend in Quest of him advancing a great Pace through the Plain; he then called his Aide de Camp, *Titinius*, an old experienced Soldier, and ordered him to go and bring him Word *What Body of Men that was, advancing towards them at so great a Rate.* *Titinius* went down to reconnoitre; and perceiving them to be Friends, come to seek his General after their Victory, instead of returning to deliver his Message, ran towards them in Transport; and they seeing their old Friend, and hearing that *Cassius* was safe, came all about the Officer with Joy and Shouting, and proceeded towards the Hill, surrounding *Titinius*. They were come so near, that *Cassius* could distinctly see him go up to them, and as distinctly hear their Shout when they closed upon him. He then gave up all for lost — thought that *Brutus's* Army was likewise beaten, and that this was a Detachment of the Enemies victorious Cavalry sent in Pursuit of himself. Ay — said he, seeing the Horsemen close on *Titinius* — *and have I prolonged Life that my Friend might be carried off in my Sight* — and turning into an empty Tent, he called his Freedman *Pindar* to do the last Office to his Master. Then pulling his Robe over his Head, he laid bare his Neck, and stretching it out, received intrepid the fatal Stroke. The Head had not been long on the Ground, when *Titinius* entered, a Garland on his Brow, and exulting with the

News of Brutus's *Victory*. But, when he saw Cassius laid lifeless on the Earth, first Consternation seized him—then, hearing the Manner of his Death, he drew his Sword, and, *I'll follow*, said he, *the glorious Man whom my Linging has undone*,—and plunging it into his own Breast, he fell upon the dead Body of his General.

The News of this dreadful Event soon reached Brutus who was advancing with the Legions:—He quitted his military Pace—flew to the Tent, and in the Agony of Grief threw himself down on his departed friend; with many Tears embracing the dead Body, and often calling him what he really was, the last of the Romans. This Epithet in the Mouth of Brutus was the highest Panegyric. He was himself by his Humanity, his Affability and Learning, liker a polished Grecian, than a Roman Hero, being much such a one as Xenophon, or his elegant good-natured Friend, Proxenus the Theban. But that daring undaunted Temper—that indefatigable Application, that supreme Love of his Country, that Detestation of Slavery, and Contempt of Life with the least Dishonor, which characterized an old Roman, all shone in C. Cassius; and with *him* that Spirit finally fled; as the ancient Manners, now corrupted, could no more form a Citizen of *that Stamp*. His Name was so terrible to Tyrants, that first Tiberius drove a noble Historian, Cremutius Cordus, to Death, for having called him, as Brutus did, The last of the Romans; and his Successor in Barbarity, bearing his Surname Nero,

drove the surviving Heir of the *Cassian* Family; a grave, learned, and worthy Man, from his Estate and Friends into Banishment to unhealthy *Sardinia*, for having the Effigies of his Progenitor among his Family-Statues, with an Inscription on the Pedestal, *Dux Partium*; the *Chief* of the *Party*. But the mild *Vespasian*¹ recalled him to *Rome*.

When Brutus had given Vent to the Bitterness of his Grief, he ordered the Body to be conveyed privately to *Thaso* to be buried. He knew the Soldiery were more led by their Eyes than Ears; and did not know what Effects the funeral Rites might produce, if performed in their Sight.

The Death of so great a Man at this Crisis, could never be compensated either to *Brutus* or to the Republic; and as the Loss of the excellent *Pansa* made Way for the *Triumvirate*, the untimely Exit of *Cassius* was the fatal Blow to the Cause of Liberty. For though nothing be more uncertain than the Event of a Battle, yet I cannot help thinking, that, if He had lived, the unhappy War would probably have taken another Turn. He was a consummate Officer, vigilant and active; fit for *repairing* Calamities (as well appeared after the Death of *Crassus*), with an Ardor of Mind that rose by Difficulties and Opposition². The severe Check his Troops had met with, would

¹ Cor. Tacit. Ann. Lib. xvi.

² *Fuit autem Dux Cassius, melior, quanto Vir Brutus.*
Vel. Paterc.

have given him absolute Authority, and put it in his Power to conduct the War as he inclined: which his surviving Friend was not able to do: But on how slender a Hinge do the Fates of Nations frequently turn—! The Slowness of an Aide de Camp—a Mistake of Clothes or Armour—Aide fect in Sight, such as *Plutarch* attributes to *Cassius*, shall baffle all Courage and Conduct³. It was this Defect made the late Marechal *Tallard* rush on his Ruin at *Blenheim*; as on the contrary, the *Glance of an Eagle's Eye*, in the Heat of Action, gave the Prince of *Condé* the Superiority to his Rival *Turenne* in a Day of Battle, though far inferior in the Conduct of a Campaign. But among a thousand Instances, the Field of *Philippi* affords the most striking Proof of what we properly call the Chance of War. It shows a great Battle to be the greatest of Ventures—when your All lies at the Mercy of Fortune; and a *small Accident* not to be foreseen by human Prudence, nor prevented by human Power, shall blast the best-founded Hopes, and *break* the best-laid Scheme, ever devised by Man⁴.

The high Consequence of this General appeared from the Opinion entertained of him both by

³ Ην γὰρ ἀσθενὴς τὴν ὄψιν ὁ Κασσιός.

Πλάταρχ. Βιβλ. 7.

⁴ Requieron las Armas un grano de *Temeridad*, que no se enquaderna con la *Madurez*: lo muy considerado de la mayor edad, detiene el *Brio*, enfrena la *Osadia*: ynunca los muy prudentes fueron grandes *Batalladores*.

Lor. Gracian. Pol. Fern.

Friends and Foes, and still more by the Sequel of the War. He had a *Syrian* Valet, by Name *Demetrius*, who, in Hopes of a great Reward, took an Opportunity, when it grew dark, to steal his Sword and *Sagum* or General's Robe; and with these Tokens deserted the same Night to the Enemy. He was quickly admitted into *Antony's* Presence, who was not a little dejected upon the Result of that bloody Day: for though he had carried the Rampart, rifled the Camp, and forced the Enemy off the Field; yet the total Defeat of *Cæsar's* Army, the terrible Battle he had fought himself, the entire Loss of his Baggage, and above all, his being driven back into his old starving Situation, left him very anxious about the Issue. In this State of Mind, when the Fellow came and told that *Cassius* was dead, he thought it a Fiction to procure some Money; but upon his producing the *Sword* and *General's Robe*, he viewed them eagerly, and being convinced they were genuine, cried out, *vici — I am Victor.*

Brutus mean Time, though overwhelmed with Grief, was omitting no Part of his Duty. Without eating or sleeping, after a Day of such Fatigue, he spent the whole Night in taking Care of *Cassius's* Men—in sending out Parties all around to bring in the wounded, and reconduct the wandering to the Camp. At the same Time he ordered Detachments of his own freshest Troops to beat up the Enemies Quarters, and alarm them with Attacks in the Night. A soon as it was Day,

he called *Cassius's* Legions to the Tribunal, gave them the due Praise of their Bravery, comforted them for the Loss of their Baggage which, he said, he would take upon himself and order sixty Pounds ' to be paid to every Man, and proportionably to the Officers. They were charmed both with his Mildness and Magnificence, and followed him when he descended from the Tribunal with joyous Acclamations, called him *The victorious — The unconquered General*. Of the Leaders on the Enemies' side, the young Cæsar did not appear for three Days after the Battle; it was believed that he was among the slain; as they had run the Chair in which he had been carried through and through with their Lances; and some Troopers came to *Brutus* holding out their bloody Swords, and affirming they had killed him. But *M. Antony* on the Death of *Cassius* had pulled up his Spirits, and though his Legions were much thinner, and the Men scarce able to stand with Wounds and Toil, yet he drew them out in Order of Battle, to dissemble his Distress — *Brutus* borrowed a little of the Enemies Art, put his People likewise under Arms, and marched out as if ready to fight. At this *Antony* thought fit to retire into his Trenches; and *Brutus*, turning

' This depends upon the Authority of Plutarch; and, allowing *Cassius's* Army to be 30,000 Men, will amount to 1,800,000 Pounds: an incredible Sum! the *Half* would be great Liberality; and 900,000 Pounds, added as a Donative that same Day to his own Men, would exceed two Millions *Sterling*.

to his Officers, said with a smile, *It seems those who gave the Challenge don't care to measure Swords with us.* Cassius's Camp was more commodious and better fortified than the other: *Brutus* therefore moved into it with his Troops; and calling his Army to an Allocution, addressed them thus.

“ In the Battle fought yesterday, my Fellow-Soldiers, we came off every Way superior: for though you were guilty of great Rashness, in attacking without *Orders*, yet you went on like brave Men, and both cut the boasted *IV Legion* in Pieces, who had the Post of Honor on that Wing, and put those next in the Line to a shameful Flight, driving them before you all the Way to their Camp. The Camp itself you took, and became Masters of the Baggage of both their Armies — Advantages far outweighing the Loss which we sustained on our Left. But when it was in your own Power to have finished, the Affair, and rendered your Victory complete, you chose rather to enrich yourselves with Plunder than to put your Enemies to the Sword: for most of you *passed by* their Battalions to fall the quicker upon the Booty in their Camps. Though this was very unsoldierly, yet still you kept your Advantage; they having rifled only *one* of our Camps; and you, *both* theirs; so that the Acquisition is just double the Loss; and through the whole Action you carried off the Prize due to Courage, and gained the Honor becoming our *Cause*. How much we have the better of them in *other* Respects, you may learn from your Pri-

soners. The Scarcity and Dearth of Provisions in their Camp, with their long and toilsome Conveyance, have brought them on the Brink of Famine. *This* must increase, of Course as our Admirals, *Pompey*, *Murcus*, and *Domitius*, with two hundred and sixty Ships of War, intercept all Supply from the Corn-Countries—as *Macedon* is already exhausted, and the little remaining in *Thessaly* must be dragged a hundred and fifty Miles over Land. Be assured then, when you find them eager to fight, that *Hunger* is the Cause; and that of two Evils, they only chuse, rather to perish by the Sword. Let us, who have Plenty, make this same Famine subservient to our great Purpose, to weaken and wear out our Enemies, until such Time as we find it proper to fall upon them—Let us not, my brave Friends, show an *unseasonable* Courage, nor be more forward than the Conjunction requires. Consider *that Sea*—lying open behind you, and supplying you with every Thing: and neither mistake *Conduct* for *Slowness*, nor *Rashness* for *Bravery*. Our happy Situation secures a *cheap* and *easy* Victory, providing you can but command yourselves, and hear their Scoffing and Insults without thinking you are affronted. You know they proceed from no superior Virtue, as *You* made appear by yesterday's Trial, but from downright Dread of Starving. Keep down your Mettle therefore a few Days—and, when it is proper to come to Blows, it shall have full Scope—*then* rouse your Courage—*then* exert your Strength, like those who are

fighting for *Liberty*, for the *Laws*, for every Thing dear to *Men* and to *Romans*! If it shall then please the Gods, that govern the World, as I hope it will, to crown our Endeavours with *complete* Success, it shall be my Care that the *Senate and People of Rome* completely reward your Merit and Services: but in the mean Time, for your noble Behaviour yesterday, receive from me *thirty Pounds per Man*, and the Officers in the usual Proportion “.”

But, for all this Conduct and Generosity, Brutus found his double Camp not so manageable as could have been wished. His own Men were wanton through Affluence, and insolent upon their Victory; *Cassius's* Soldiers were dejected as vanquished, not without a Spice of Hatred and Eevy at their new Camp-Companions: for having lost their own Commander, they were become stubborn to their Officers, and afraid of the Enemy: At the same Time he was encumbered with a *Multitude*, of Prisoners, whom the other Leaders were pressing him to put to Death, as *Antony* had massacred all their Men that had fallen into his Hands with his usual Barbarity. Brutus was pinched between Humanity and the Necessity of Affairs, and fell upon this Temper to reconcile

* The old Writers are not distinct in Money-Matters. The *Grecians* reckoned by *Drachmas*; Appian in one Place calls them *δράχμας ἰταλικὰς*, which we take for Sesterces; if so, this Donative will be about *L. 8. per Man*—but, if it be the ordinary *Grecian* Drachma, it is above *L. 30.*

them. The *Triumvirs*, to fill their Legions, had enlisted all the able-bodied Fellows that offered; Slaves, Fugitives, and Gladiators, the very Refuse of Mankind. These *Brutus* separated from the *free Romans*, and gave them over to the Soldiers to be put to the Sword: but would not hear of killing the others: on the contrary, he actually began to set them at Liberty; telling them, 'they were Slaves and Prisoners while under the *Triumvirs*: but that in *his* Camp, they were Citizens and free Men.' But he could not bring the Senators and Officers that composed his Council to the same humane Disposition. They said what was true, that they had lost Fathers, Sons, and Brothers, massacred by the Tyrants; that they had with the utmost Difficulty, and through a Series of Misery, escaped their merciless Hands themselves: that they were still butchering Citizens taken in fair War—and would he strengthen their Party, and send back in Safety the Tools of their Tyranny—? He was then obliged to order the remaining Prisoners into close Custody, as if to reserve them for Execution: but by private Orders to the Guards, and Hints to their Friends, stealing away one, and letting another slip, he found Means to save the most of their Lives.

He seems to have been a little *soured* on this Point. Among the other Prisoners were two of *Antony's* Gang, *Volumnius* a Farce-player, and *Saculio* a Harlequin. They were brought into

Brutus's Prefence by the Captain of the Guard, and accused of insolent Behaviour though Prisoners, and particularly of using scurrilous Language, and making coarse Jokes on the Death of *Cassius*. *Brutus*, having his Thoughts otherwise employed, took little Notice either of them or their Accusers: But *Messala* gave it as his Opinion, that they should be first publicly whipped, and then sent back naked to Antony, as proper drinking Companions for such a Leader. Some fell a laughing at this; while *Brutus* said not a Word: But the keen *Casca*, (the same who gave *Cæsar* the first Stroke) taking it up on another Tone, “We perform, methinks, but indifferent Obsequies,” said he, to our General, with Jokes and Laughter — But you *Brutus!* will show what Regard you have for your Friend’s Memory — ‘by the Chastisement you order for those Miscreants’ — At this *Brutus* looked stern, and with great Tartness answered, *Why then do you wait my Directions for such Matters, and don’t do with them what you please yourselves.* — Whereupon, taking this for an Order, the two Buffoons were hurried away to Execution. It has been faintly reported by some Authors, and believed by the credulous *Plutarch*, that besides the immense Donative then paid down, *Brutus* promised his Soldiers the Plunder of two rich Cities, *Mysithra* and *Salonichi*, (*Sparta* and *Theffalonica*). It is extremely improbable; because repugnant to his whole Character”

and Conduct. But if it were true, he did not trespass upon the Law of Nations. *Lacedemon* had sent two thousand Men to assist his Enemies; and his Garrison had been betrayed by the *Theffalonians* to the Triumvirs. These Acts of Hostility gave him an undoubted Title to strip the *Aggressors*, when conquered; though I am apt to think the Story wholly a *Cæsarean* Fiction, contrived to give some Sort of Color to their own Ravages.

On the same Day that the Battle of *Philippi* was fought, *Murcus* and *Domitius* engaged the Enemies Fleet in the *Adriatic*. *Domitius Calvinus*, an old Officer under *Julius Cæsar**, the same who fought unsuccessfully with *Pharnaces*, had rigged out a Squadron of *Triremes* or Ships of War, with which he was convoying a Fleet of *Transports*, full of Troops, to his Son. It was that Part of the Army, which *Antony* and *Cæsar* had not been able to transport for Want of Ships, when they gave *Murcus* the Slip related above. They consisted of two Legions, that is ten or twelve thousand Men; one of them being the famed *Martian Legion*, which had deserted *Antony* at *Brindisi*, and had the chief Hand in *Hirtius's* Victory at *Modena*: but, after that brave Man's Death, had

* It was enacted by the Senate in Pompey's Camp, μηδέναι Ῥωμαίων ἄνα παραιτάξεως ἀναιρεῖν, μηδὲ διαρπαζεῖν πόλιν ὑπήκοον and if these severe Men so decreed, what are we to believe of mild Brutus?

refused to serve under *Decimus Brutus*⁹, and gone over with the other Veterans to the young *Cæsar*. There was likewise a Recruit of two thousand pick'd Men for his *Pretorian Cohort* or Life-Guard; four Troops of Horse, and a good Body of Veterans recalled or rather allured with vast Promises to the Service. In Confidence of these, as much as in the Strength of his Convoy, *Domitius Calvinus* watching a Westerly Wind, set Sail from *Brindisi*, in Hopes of running through the Enemies Fleet: and two or three Transports that first put off, did escape with full Sails to *Epirus*: But the Wind failing, the Rest were suddenly becalmed, and surrounded by *Murcus* and *Domitius Enobarbus*, with one hundred and thirty Ships of the Line. Then began an Action of a very peculiar Nature. The Convoy fought in the usual Manner of their sea-engagements; which was to run down the Enemy with their brazen Beaks and Strength of Oars; but were soon overpowered by better Ships and more expert Seamen. But the *Transports* being full of bold experienced Men, were not to be boarded. *Murcus* therefore ordered his Captains to match themselves in Pairs, that they might take a Ship between them, and bearing upon her Sides at once, crush and sink her.

⁹ Qui illam Legionem optimè nôrunt, negant illam ullâ ratione adduci posse, ut ad te signa transferat.

Cicero. Ep. ad D. Brut.

To avoid becoming thus tamely a Prey, the Transports drew up in an oblong Square, with their Heads turned on all Sides to the Enemy, and made themselves fast with Cables and a Boom from Ship to Ship, so that they could neither be taken sideways, nor could the Gallies sail through them. In this Posture of Defence, the Shock of a Vessel pushed against them with Force of Oars, could do less Damage; and their Marines poured such Showers of Darts into their Assailants, as galled the Rowers, and spoiled their Eagerness to renew the Attack. They were like a firm Body of *Foot*, attacked by a light Cavalry; and might by this Conduct and Bravery have defied the two Admirals and their superior Fleet, until a Gale had sprung up to relieve them, if *Murcus* had not fallen upon a Way to make them suddenly cut the Boom, and disperse. Besides his Bow-men, he had a Train of Artillery on Board, Machines which threw Darts and Stones like Cross-bows, but infinitely stronger. Their Shafts he bedaubed with Pitch and Nitre, and drawing up in a Line surrounding the Enemy, he set them on Fire, and poured a Volley of them into their Ships. Before they could extinguish them, a second Volley and a third followed; and in a little Time, most of their Vessels were in a Blaze. This produced a dismal Scene of Horror and Confusion: The unkindled Transports tore asunder the Boom that fastened them to their flaming Companions, and were no sooner clear than they were run down by *Domitius* and his Captains:

The Legions on Board, and especially the *Martians*, conscious of their own Strength if on firm Ground, disdained to die like Dastards without striking a Blow, and forced the Pilots to steer up close along Sides a Galley, into which they suddenly leaped, and sold their lives very dear to the Marines. Some killed themselves on Board the burning Ships, before the Fire reached them; others perished by Hunger and Thirst; and some continued for five Days and Nights tossed about upon the half-burnt Hulk, and licking Pitch and chewing Ends of Ropes for their Sustenance. But the greater Part surrendered to the Admirals, and among these *seventeen* of their Gallies with all their Crews. *Domitius Calvinus* alone escaped by Strength of Oars and Swiftnefs of his Ship, and on the fifth Day got back to *Brindisi*. Great Actions falling out upon the same Day, or great Men being born and dying in the same Place, raise Admiration among the Vulgar¹: though these Events are produced by their own immediate Causes, without Regard to the Coincidency, which therefore signifies nothing² in itself, but only as it is improved in the Issue. This complete naval Victory rendered the Friends of Liberty absolutely Masters at Sea, and reduced the whole Strength of its Enemies to the few remaining Legions under *Antony* and *Cesar*: Could they have been wore out by Cold and Want, as they were in the most promising Situation for it,

¹ Plerisque vana mirantibus. Tacit. L. I.

² Ἐξέπληξε τὸ Συγκυρημα τῶν ἔργων ὕπερον ἐπιγνωσθέν. Αππ. Β. δ.

the Rest of that lawless Faction would have been quickly suppressed, and the Roman Republic once again resettled on its happy Foundation. This Reflection makes the Wound of Cassius's Death bleed afresh; for as *Brutus* seemed to be now entirely come over to *his* Plan for carrying on the War, it is still the more probable, that their joint Authority would have contained their Troops in due Obedience, and prevented their precipitating themselves and the Fate of their Country into the Hazard of another Battle. The fourth Day after the first Engagement, the young *Cæsar* appeared again to his shattered Army. He was in a miserable Plight both of Body and Mind. Upon the first Attack, he had fled towards the *Shore*; where, having no Ship to receive him, he was forced to take Shelter in the *Morass*, and plunge into a Bog to hide himself from *Brutus's* Horsemen. Here he spent three Nights in a worse Condition than our Sovereign Charles II. in the Oak after the battle of *Worcester*. His Escape rather resembled the unfortunate Stanislaus' Adventures after the Surrender of Danzig to the Russians under Count *Munich*. But *Cæsar's* ill Habit of Body in these wet Quarters, when the autumnal Showers and frosty Nights were already begun in that Climate, threw him into a Dropsy, and he returned with his Sides distended with Water between the Flesh and the Skin³. Little could be expected from a

³ *Philippensi prælio, Morbus, Fuga; & triduo in palude latebræ ægroti; &, ut fatentur Agrippa & Mæcenas, Youth*

Youth of one-and-twenty in that distressed Condition : *Antony* therefore being reduced to the same State of *starving* that threatened him before the Battle, was again upon the Rack for an Expedient that might extricate him and the Army. Very near to *Cassius's* Camp, there was a Hill, not large, but pretty steep, that rose between it and the Morass so often mentioned, which that General had fortified, and placed a Guard on it : But which *Brutus* had neglected, either elated with his Victory, or thinking it untenable by an Enemy, as it was within Shot of his Works. This Hill *Antony*, having got ready a Number of Fasci-

aquâ subter cutem fusâ, turgida latera. C. Plin. Sec. N. H. Lib. vii. c. 45. Compare this with the Compliments paid to him by Ovid upon the magnificent Temple he built *Marti Ultori* to *Mars the Avenger*.

Voverat hæc Juvenis, tunc cum pia sustulit arma :
A tantis Princeps incipiendus erat. And

Pharsalia sentiet illum,

Emathique iterum madescent cæde Philippi.

Even Horace, who perhaps commanded the Legion that drove him into the Bog, makes his Court by telling, that *he was carried along by the Torrent to take up those Arms.*

— — — — *Tulit æstus in arma,*

Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis,

that were to prove no Match for the Prowess of Cæsar's Sword. Mr. Waller's Apology to the Prince just-named, for his admirable Panegyric on the Protector, seems requisite here, *That Poets always excel in Fiction.*

nes and Hurdles covered with Hides, suddenly seized upon, and in Spite of all the Darts and Stones which *Flavius* could pour upon him, intrenched himself on it with *four* Legions. Under their Protection other *ten* moved down half a Mile, and encamped towards the Sea, and were quickly followed by *two* more, who advanced half a Mile farther. The Intention of these Dispositions was, either along the Beach or through the Morafs, to get between *Brutus* and his Fleet, so as to cut off his Supplies from *Thafo*, which would force him to quit his strong Post, or come to another Battle. He defeated it with Ease by Counter-forts raised upon higher Grounds, and Covered-ways carried down to the Shore. But the Enemy's starving Condition did not permit their conducting the War so slowly. Their Provision from *Theffaly* was consumed, the Sea shut up, and they were forced to detach an entire Legion all the Way to *Achaia* in the Heart of *Greece*, to scrape together what Corn they could: But in the mean Time Famine began to gripe, and their Camps in other Respects were uncomfortable. They lay in a Hollow in a Clay-soil, and the alternate Rains and Frosts after the Equinox, made them tread either Mire or Ice in their Tents. To harass them still more, *Brutus* dammed up the *Zygacte** in the narrow Valley through

* They pretend it was in the rich Plain of *Philippi* that *Proserpine* was gathering Flowers, when she was carried off by *Pluto*; and that in crossing this River he shattered his Chariot, and gave it the Name of *Zygactes* or *Team-*

which it runs; and letting it go in the Night, sent a Deluge into their Camp. Whether he attacked them at the same Time, is not related: but by the same Stratagem, Malcolm King of Scotland obtained a signal Victory over the Danes at *Murthlake*⁶. Being once near that Place, Curiosity led me to view the Scene of Action. I traced a large Brook running in a Den for near a Mile with jutting Rocks on each Side, just where it emerges into the Plain; and by the Sight of the Ground was well convinced of the Probability of the Tradition. But under the Pressure of Cold and Hunger, *Cæsar* and *Antony's* Troops turned quite desperate. They threw Billets into *Brutus's* Camp, promising a vast Reward to such as would desert, — and challenging those who would not, if they had the smallest Spark of Manhood, to come out of their Holes and fight. When this produced no Effect, the next Day, Famine still increasing, they ran up like mad Men, roaring out Reproaches, to the *Vallum* or Turf-wall; not to attack

breaker. If it should be asked, why the Scene of that Transaction should rather be in *Thrace* than any other Country, I believe it was owing to *Orpheus*, who first brought the Names and Rites of the Gods into *Europe*; and made the Rivers, Hills and Fountains of his native Land subservient to his religious Doctrines — as we call certain Springs, *St. Mary*, *St. John*, or *St. Peter's Wells*, of which the Saints never tasted.

⁶ An. Dom. 1011. Six years thereafter he erected *Murthlake* into a Bishop's See, to perpetuate the Memory of his Victory; which was afterwards translated to *Aberdeen*.

it according to the Rules of War, but to force a Battle by blind Fury. The more they raged, *Brutus* and his *Council*, who knew the Reason of it, persisted the more firmly in their Resolution, to bear all Manner of Insults in their Camp, rather than engage with Desperadoes to whom Death would be a Favor; and for *twenty Days* after the *first Battle* they prevailed with their Troops to laugh at the Scoffs and Menaces of the Enemy. But at Length, the common Men, through Ignorance and Folly, lost all Patience, and began to murmur by Companies — *Did we misbehave in the last Action? did we give Ground to suspect our Courage or Fidelity? did we not cut the oldest Legion opposed to us to Pieces — did we not storm the Camp, and make our General completely Victor? — Why does he still distrust us — why does he shut us up like Women within Walls — as if we could not wield a Sword?* They continued in this Way, until they infected their subaltern Officers, and tainted even the Centurions and the Tribunes of the Legions. They told *Brutus*, ‘ that to be sure *he* best knew what
‘ was proper to be done: and *his* Plan of starving
‘ the Enemy was no Doubt the safest; but that
‘ they could, from the Spirit and Eagerness of
‘ his Army, promise him a *short* and *certain* Vic-
‘ tory, and would not be answerable for the Con-
‘ sequences, if he persisted for confining them to
‘ their Camp.

As in concerting Measures before and after *Cæsar’s* Death, *Brutus*, through an *Excess* of Goodness, committed great Errors in Politics, the same

Mildness made him now miscarry in military Conduct. He allowed every Officer to be a *General* as well as himself; and wanted to command in no other Way but by *common Consent*: a new Reason for mourning the Loss of the experienced Commander C. Cassius! His superior Authority, acquired by approved Courage and Skill, permitted no Inferior to question his Orders, or to ask a Reason of his Conduct: *his Word* was a Law, to be executed without Dispute or Delay. For some Days, *Brutus*, though uneasy, took no Notice of their Murmurs, and wished to slur over the Disorder, without calling a Council of War, or publicly checking their Insolence, in dictating to their General. But at last both his own and *Cassius's* Legions turning ungovernable, he was forced to meet with the *Senators* and *Field-Officers* in Consultation. There to his surprise, he found the Cries of the Soldiery had made such Impression, that the Generality of them were for *fighting*; tempering their Opinion, indeed, with a Show of Prudence; 'That they thought the present Ardor
' of the Troops was by no Means to be neglected;
' that it promised a complete and glorious
' Victory; but if any Mischance should happen
' in the Field, as was extremely improbable, he
' would be *but where he was*; having it in his Power
' to retire into his Fortifications when he pleased,
' and to pursue his Plan of starving the Enemy
' as before.' With a Mixture of Indignation and Grief, Brutus heard them, saying the same Thing

in different Words : *military Men!* thus slightly for a popular Cry, to quit a safe and certain Victory, when Life, Liberty, and every Thing was at stake —! He paused long; and at last gave the fatal Assent, that ruined him, and them, and the Common-wealth. Well, said he, *it seems we must make War like Pompey the Great, and instead of commanding our Troops, receive Orders from them.*

That same Evening, one *Clodius*, a Deserter from *Antony's* Camp, came and asked Admittance to Brutus. It would seem he was a Person of no Consideration; or that the Officers, to whom he addressed himself, took it upon them to refuse him Access: He affirmed, ' that *Antony* and *Cæsar's* Fleet was wholly destroyed, and the Forces aboard, either killed, or enlisted under *Brutus's* Admirals; — that the News of that Blow had lately been received by the *Triumvirs*; and that they would leave nothing undone to bring on a Battle to-morrow; being both pressed by Famine, and wanting to fight, if possible, before the News of this Victory should reach Brutus.' Strange Misfortune —! that the Sea being open to *him*, and shut to his Enemies, *they* should hear of his naval Victory before him; and still stranger that the News at that grand Crisis should approach the Door, as it were of his Tent, and yet find no Entrance to the Man whom it would have enabled to retrieve oppressed Rome, resettle

Freedom, and save the last Stake of the Empire, —
I mean himself, and the Flower of the Nobility,
Knights, and real *Romans* that were in his Camp.

Next Morning, when all were preparing for
Action, some of his particular Friends, *Volumnius*
perhaps, or *Labeo*, came to the *Pretorium*, and
dissuaded him from drawing out the Army that
Day; mixing some personal Reasons to enforce
their Advice: But Brutus, who had taken his Re-
solution, briefly answered, ‘*I go chearfully down
to Battle to - Day; for either all will be well — or
my Cares will be at an End*’.

Accordingly he led
forth the rejoicing Legions, and marshalled them
on the Head of the Plain before his Camp; enjoin-
ing the Officers to keep the Advantage of the
Ground, and on no Account to allow themselves
to be drawn far from their Works. The Sight of
them drawn out without the Camp was the most
welcome Spectacle the hungry *Cæsareans* had ever
seen. No two Armies of different Nations could

‘The old Historians contradict one another upon this
Point; *Appian* says expressly, that Brutus was inform d
of the naval Victory, which was one of the Reasons, why
he declined fighting. But *Plutarch*, who tells the Story
of the Defection, expatiates upon the Intentions of Provi-
dence to put an End to the *Republic* by keeping Brutus
ignorant of his Success: and as he had *Messala’s* and
Volumnius’ Memoirs before him, I think his Account the
more probable of the two.

‘Fidenter, inquit, in aciem descendo: hodie enim aut
recte erit aut nihil curabo.

Val. Maxim.

be more fiercely animated against one another. The *Republicans* looked, not without Reason, on their Enemies as a Crew of Cut-throats and Robbers, whom they had already defeated, and made no Doubt of giving them the Reward due to their Crimes. The *Cæsareans* looked upon *them* as the sole Obstacles in their Way to Wealth, Power and Pleasure, and who were now reducing them to a State of starving. Not a Thought in either of their Breasts that they were *Fellow-Citizens*--- Sons of the same Mother, --- connected by all the Bonds of Nature and Society: the *inhuman* Passions ran high, and kept both Parties boiling and tumultuous: for the Night before the Battle, a Body of *Germans* had come over to *Brutus*, and to compensate it, *Deiotarus's* Lieutenant, *Amyntas*, deserted to Antony; as did likewise *Rhascupolis* the *Thracian* Prince; though others say, with more probability, that he rode directly home. But while *Brutus*, pressed with the highest Cares, was busy giving Orders --- assigning to every Legion their Post and Duty, Suspicions and Informations were brought to him of intended Treachery among his Officers and Allies --- They were not without foundation. Two noble Men of *Cassius's* Army, whose dissolute Manners better became the other Camp, deserted that very morning. The first of them was the twice-pardoned *Gellius Publicola* already mentioned; and the other, *Q. Dellius*, a Person of more Wit than Honesty, whom we will frequently have Occasion to mention. The account of their Treachery had been

just brought to Brutus, when, at the same Instant, *Camulet*, a *Gaul*, whom he had particularly honored for his Bravery, and who was at that Time riding almost by his Side, in the Face of the whole Army, went over to the Enemy. This touched him to the quick, and made him throw off all Delay---It was almost three after Noon when he gave the Signal to engage; and then, riding through the Ranks, with an unusual Sternness in his Countenance, *Remember*, said he, *Gentlemen!* who brought on this Battle---it is your Doing. You would fight--- Let us now see how you will acquit yourselves, and make good your Threats--- You have all Advantages, Ground — Camp — Provisions — while the Enemy has you on one Hand, and Famine on the other--- You have talked big for some Days--- now is the Time to show what you can perform. All is at Stake; and this Day must decide the Fate of Rome.

On the other Side Antony, who had obtained his ardent Wish, and was relieved from the Terror of perishing with his Army by Want, ran along the Legions with his Arm aloft, ‘Now, my Soldiers, said he, we have them—now we have got them *without* their Intrenchments,— don’t disgrace your daring Challenges — nor chuse to fight with Famine in your Bellies rather than with Foes in the Field. They *shall* — they *must* give Way to our Force, to our *Address*, to our *Despair*—for I need not tell you, that we have not *another* Day — not a Bit of Bread for *to-morrow* — *to-day* we must conquer, or nobly die—and conquer we will, if

‘ when we engage you think of your desperate
‘ Condition — and when you have once broke
‘ through them, stand neither to kill nor to
‘ strip, but instantly rush forward and seize the
‘ Entries of their Camp. This Afternoon, *if we*
‘ *are Men*, will provide us with Ammunition,
‘ and Money, and Camps, and Fleets, and all
‘ the Fruits of Victory — Push them only from
‘ their Intrenchments, and either drive them to the
‘ *Mountains*, or down towards the *Plain*, that
‘ those Men may not renew the War, whose
‘ Hopes lie in their *Walls* more than their *Swords*.’

I pass over the Omens preceding the Battle; the poor *Negro* hacked in *Pieces* by the Soldiers; the Pair of *Eagles* fighting over Head; the Swarm of *Bees* lighting on the Ensign of the first Legion, to tell that the Shock of the encountering Armies was impetuous and cruel. In this terrible Struggle, the one fought through Despair like hungry Wolves for Food; the others strove to acquit themselves to their General whom they had *forced* to give Battle. Brutus, who knew what deep Game he was playing, went on *in Person*; and both his chosen Band, and the Legion at whose Head they charged, fighting under his Eye, and exerting their utmost Strength, first broke through the Enemies’ Line: and the young *Cicero* making at the same Time an Impression with his Horse, *Cæsar’s* Troops were again in Confusion, and *Brutus* bore down all before him. But a fresh Legion coming up from *their* Right, the Fight was renewed with greater Fierceness. They

stayed not then to use their missile Weapons, Darts or Javelins; nor employed the Arts of Defence; but standing Man to Man, with Swords aloft, they gave and took their Death's Wound rather than flinch from their Rank. Once more those about *Brutus* broke through the Hostile Files, and Victory seemed ready to perch on his Head: but on the Left, where *Hortensius* commanded, the Fight was more balanced. *Messala* and he, though young Commanders, were doing their Duty with great Spirit; showing themselves every where to their Men—encouraging the brave with Hand and Voice, and sending fresh Cohorts to relieve the wounded and weary. But *Antony* enraged at the Resistance, took a Circuit with a Body of Reserve in Order to outwing them. *Hortensius* perceived the Design, and did effectually prevent it by extending his own Line, and bravely repelling their Attack. But being inferior in Numbers, that Movement towards the Left so thinned the main Battle, where *Cassius's* Legions fought, that *there* began the first Disaster. For three Hours they had maintained a desperate Fight without any visible Superiority. *Brutus's* Men, high-fed, and flushed with former Success, disdained to yield in a Battle to which they had forced their General, and made furious Pushes to over-bear the Enemy: while the old *Cæsarean Soldiers*, hunger-stung, and egged on by Despair, rushed upon Wounds and Death rather than yield and starve. At last towards Sun-set, *Norbanus* and *Saxa* having thickened their Battalion, ordered

them to join Shield to Shield, and bear forcibly upon the thinned Files of the Enemy. With this Effort, they could not break their Line, but they pushed them entire off the Ground, as if they had been moving some vast Machine. Though forced off the Spot, they kept still fighting and in Order; until at last a *Breach* being made in their Front, as it were in a Wall, they began to waver; and when once disordered, the Enemy pressing fiercely on, they could not rally, but fell into Confusion, and turning their Backs began to fly. It was then that *Brutus's* personal Bravery shone brightest — When the main Battle was broke, *Antony* made Haste to seize the Avenues to the strong fortified Camp, and ordered a Part of the victorious Troops to turn upon *Brutus* and his chosen Band, and if possible, cut them off from their Left. In that Distress, the Hero, almost surrounded, not only displayed his military Skill as a General, but Sword-in-Hand rushed upon the thickest Battalion, was nobly seconded by his Volunteers, many of whom fell in his Sight, and at Length, with great Slaughter trampled them under Foot, and broke through towards his Camp^s.

But *Brutus* could not be every where: the main Battle was already routed; *Hortensius*, the young *Cato* and his younger Cousin *Lucullus*; were doing their utmost to animate their Men

^s Βρατον ὅσα στρατηγικῆς ἢ στρατηλικῆς ἀρετῆς ἔρξα, καὶ γνώμῃ καὶ
χειρὶ παρὰ τὰ δεινὰ πρὸς τὸ νικᾶν ἀποδεικνύμενον. Πλάταρχ.

on the Left; but were now hemmed in on all Sides by the Veterans under *Ventidius* and *Pollio*, and at last forced either to fly or surrender themselves Prisoners at Discretion. That *M. Portius Cato*, worthy of the Name he bore, disdained to do. When he saw the Battle irretrievable, he threw away his Helmet, and with his Head uncovered, bid the Troop follow, and rushed fiercely upon the Victors, calling out his Name and Family, and by giving many their Death, was not long of obtaining his own. The Flight was various; some taking their Way to the Hills, up the Vale of *Zygæte*; others, especially from the Left, turning towards the Marsh or the Shore. Of almost seventy thousand Men, four veteran Legions (perhaps eighteen thousand) kept firm together, and though extremely thinned and sore with Wounds, retired with *Brutus* towards their Camp. It was now as dark, as a clear starry Night permits in Autumn, when at the Head of this Body, *Brutus* made an Attempt to regain his strong Situation, and break into his Camp upon the high Ground on the North; but finding it guarded by the Enemy still under Arms, and every Avenue doubly lined, he was obliged to retire among the neighbouring Rocks. In his Retreat he was hard pressed by a Body of Horse; and among these a Troop of *Barbarians*, probably *Camulet's* Crew, seemed to mind no other Body, but to go fiercely upon *Brutus's* Tract. Among his firm Friends, there was a noble Gentleman *Lucilius Lucinus*, a Kinsman of *Pompey* by the

Mother, who could not endure the Thoughts of Brutus's being taken. With the Appearance therefore of a Life-Guard, and the General's Robe, he loitered behind, and was furrounded; *My Friends*, said he, *you are lucky Men — I desire, that under which-soever of the Generals you serve, you will be pleased to carry me directly to M. Antony.* This Request left them not the least Doubt that it was Brutus himself — and instantly dispatching the best mounted of their Number, they surprised the Triumvir with the News, of their bringing such a Prisoner. He was pretty much at a Loss how to receive a Man of such Eminence and Worth, when the Horsemen came up and presented, as they imagined, the General of the Enemy. *Lucilius* fearless approached, and with the Dignity inspired by a noble Intention; '*Antony!*' said he, '*M. Brutus, is not taken Prisoner — nor will he be taken by any — Heaven forbid, that Fortune should have such Power over Virtue! Brutus, wherever he be, will be found in a Condition worthy of himself. But here am I, who deceived your Troopers, and who will chearfully bear the most exquisite Punishment you please to inflict.*' They were all amazed at this Speech, and the Horsemen, with much Confusion in their Faces, stood looking on the Ground, when Antony, who had no ungenerous Nature, addressing them. *Soldiers*, said he, *I suppose you think yourselves affronted by the Trick that has been put upon you: but assure yourselves, you have brought me a much greater Prize then you intended; for*

instead of an Enemy, you have brought me a valuable Friend. What to have done with M. Brutus, had he been brought hither alive, may I never prosper if I can tell: but I know how to use and prize such a Man as you now present me. — So saying, he embraced *Lucilius*, and turning to one of his chief Officers, bid him take Care he should want for nothing; and was repaid on his Part by the most faithful Services ever after. But being still afraid that the Republican Leaders should escape, and renew the War in Conjunction with *S. Pompey*, he left his Colleague to watch the Ports of their Camp, that none of that Army should get in, nor any of those left to guard it, should get out; and then ordered his Horse to beset every Road leading from the Field of Battle. They divided themselves; some taking their Station on the Banks of the Morass that led to the Sea, others guarding the Passes to the Mountains—and some scaling the Heights in the dark with *Rhasc* for their Guide, who knew every Hill and Hollow in the Country. *Cæsar* kept his Post till Midnight, when being still in ill Health, he gave it up to *Norbanus*; while *Antony*, whose military Talents chiefly shone in this deplorable War, went about caressing his Veterans, and telling them, *They had done gloriously all Day, but that they must have still a little Patience if they meant to complete the victory, and continue under Arms all Night.* Accordingly these old hardened Warriors drew up across the Channel of the *Zygæte*, facing the Mountains, to cut off all

Communication with the Camps or the Sea; and threw up a Vallum or Rampart between them and *Brutus*, not of Stone or Turf — but of the *Carcasses* and *Arms* of the Slain; and in this horrid Posture stood waiting the Dawn.

But *Brutus* having with difficulty clambered over the high and woody Banks of the River he had lately dammed up, marched a little Eastward along the Hills, until he came to a spacious Hollow, with a steep Rock on the South that secured them from a sudden Attack. There he resolved to pass the Night; and sitting down with a few Friends and Officers about him, the first Thing he did was to look up to the Sky, then bespangled with Stars, and pronounce aloud.

Ζεῦ! Μὴ Λαβοῖ Σὲ Τῶν Δ' ὅς Αἰτίος Κῶνων.

Almighty Jove!

Let not the Author of those Ills escape!

meaning no Doubt, *Marc Antony* — a Prayer that was fully answered to *Antony's* Conviction, and, as they say, acknowledged by him, when driven to Death eleven Years after by his present Colleague. What he then most lamented being his own wicked Folly, in chusing to become a *Tool* to the young *Cæsar*, when he could have been ranked with *Cassius* and *Brutus*, the foremost of Men.

Then *Brutus* naturally fell a recounting the Names
of

of the brave Men; who had fallen by his Side in the Heat of the Action, and particularly mentioned his Favorite *Flavius* Master of Artillery, and the steady *Labeo* his Lieutenant-General, with the most affectionate Grief: But as there had been no Time to refresh themselves after a Day of such warm Service, *Thirst* was threatening the Company, when one of them took a Helmet and went back to the *Zygæte* for Water. He was but just gone, when they heard a sudden Noise on the other Side; and *Volumnius* the Senator, taking Brutus's Esquire *Dardanus* along with him, went off to see what it was. The Noise ceasing, they both returned in a little, and *Volumnius*, thirsty like the Rest, asked what was become of the Water? Why, truly, said Brutus with his wonted Smile — *It is all drank out — But another Helmet-full shall be brought you immediately:* and the same Person being sent back, he with great Difficulty escaped being taken, being wounded by some of *Rhase's* Patrol. Brutus then began to reckon how many might have fallen in that Day's Battle, and inclined to believe that the better Part of his Army was safe and his Camp still untouched. In the Circle of choice Men that sat round him, there was one *Statilius*, a young Man of great Resolution and Spirit; whom the Love of Virtue made an Admirer of *Cato*, and a Follower of *Brutus*; the same who had been hardly restrained by the Philosophers in *Cato's* Family from killing himself along with that great Man at *Utica*. He now undertook to pierce through the Enemies' Line,

and if he found all *Things right* in the Camp to light up a Blaze, and return to *Brutus*. He was as good as his Word: he *did* elude their strict Watch in the Dark — got into the Camp, and lighted up the Blaze, a Signal that all was well. But after long Expectation, the General, who knew his Courage, said, with a Tone of Assurance, ‘*If Statilius be alive, we shall quickly see him,*’ But *Statilius* was no more: he had been intercepted and killed in his Return. *Brutus* therefore passed the remaining Part of the Night, lying as he was, upon the Ground, giving such Orders to *Clitus* his *Valet*, and *Dardanus* his *Esquire*, as made them burst into Tears, and too well showed his final Resolution — About Break of Day, the Tribunes and other Officers came all about him, full of Confusion and Repentance for their Folly in advising the Battle, and acquainting him that they had there four Legions still unbroke, besides those guarding the Camp. *Brutus* would not condescend to go himself among the Men; but he ordered their Officers to sound them, *if they would follow him to the Plain, make a Push to break through the Enemy, and regain their Camp, which was safe with all their Baggage.* Their Answer showed that it is not possible to inspire the calm Spirit of Heroism into the Breasts of common Men. They act by Fits, as the Gust of Passion either swells or subsides. The very Troops who had rushed like Mad-men upon Battle — who had long fought with the highest Bravery and Contempt of Death, now bid the Officers tell the General, ‘*to take Care of himself — for after twice*

• *trying their Fortune in Fight, they were resolved,*
• *for their Parts, not to cut off the little Hope they*
• *had left of Pardon from the Triumvirs.* When
this Message was delivered to Brutus, he turned
to his Circle of Friends, and, *If that be their*
Way of thinking, said he, *I can be henceforth of*
no more Service to Rome. The Import of this Con-
clusion damped every Countenance, and moistened
every Eye: even *Volumnius* with all his Phi-
losophy could not contain his Tears. *Brutus*
observed him, and in the learned Language,
asked with a Smile, *What was now become of his*
Strength of Mind — his cultivated Reason, and
Meditations upon Virtue? and invited him to
partake in the Honor of his Death, and hold the
Sword upon which he was to run his Breast. But
neither *Volumnius* nor any of the Persons present
would consent to perform that dismal Office; on
the contrary, one of the Company said it was
Time to be gone and save themselves by Flight —
at which Brutus starting up, *Yes,* said he, *it is*
Time to fly, but by Help of our *Hands* rather
than our *Feet.* Then embracing every one of the
illustrious Company, with a graceful Serenity in
his Looks, he assured them, “ That he tasted
the purest Pleasure — as he had done his utmost
for his Country, and been deceived by no
one of the worthy Men in whom he had put
Confidence — That *Fortune* must answer for the
Calamities brought upon *Rome*: but as for *himself,*
he was far happier than the Victors — not for-
merly, when commanding Nations: but now,

when he should leave such a Reputation for Virtue, as Arms and Treasure could never purchase — no more than the highest Prosperity could save *Antony* and *Cæsar* from the Infamy of having unjustly destroyed the best of Men, and of seizing wicked and worthless as they were, the Government through Blood and Violence.”

He then entreated them to take Care of their own Safety, and retired a little farther with two or three of his greatest Intimates, among whom was his Master in *Grecian* Eloquence, *Strato*, a Native of *Epirus*. Him he singled out, to lend his helping Hand to his Exit. But the *Grecian* appearing averse, and saying, *he ought to deliberate a little longer*, the resolute *Brutus* was calling upon one of his Domestics — when *Strato* interposing, *If you are determined*, *Brutus!* *You shall not want a Friend rather than a Servant to obey your last Commands*; and laying Hold of the Hilt of the drawn Sword, *Brutus* put his left Arm over his Head, and directing the Point just where the Heart beats, plunged it with *Strato's* Help into his Body, and immediately expired.

Thus fell the Patriot, who to unaffected Goodness, joined high Abilities and unwearied Application. With his last Breath fled all Hopes of retrieving the Common-wealth; and Liberty, the Soul-exalting Blessing that gives a Value to Life, and Dignity to human Nature, bid farewell for ever to degenerate *Rome* — Unhappy the Nation, whose Constitution comes to depend upon the Event of a single Battle! — — Humanity and Justice are

banished from between the Ranks of encountering Squadrons — and the Happiness of the State, and of the thousands of Families and Individuals that compose it, comes to depend upon the Brawn and Bones of the *common Men*. The high Courage and Skill of *Cassius*, the untainted Virtue of *Brutus*, the glorious Cause of Liberty, and sacred Love of their Country, were of no Avail against the *hardened Veterans*, bred by *Julius Cæsar*, and flushed with Carnage and Blood. Their superior Strength and Address, gained by a long Habit of illegal Warfare, made *Tyranny* triumph, and gave *lawless Villany* the Ascendant over *Virtue* and *Justice*. *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the first of Mankind, fell as Sacrifices; and the World was left a Prey to the Brutal *Antony* and inhuman *Cæsar*.

In the former mighty Struggle against *Julius's* Usurpation, a *full and square* Restitution of the Republic was scarcely expected from *Cn. Pompey*, had he been victorious. It was rather believed, that he would have retained the chief Power, under some *legal Title*; though it was not to be doubted but he would have made the *very best Use* of it. What *Sylla* and *Cinna* and *Julius Cæ-*

* I found this favorable Opinion of Pompey's good Intentions (so contrary to the Sentiments of some great Authors, and of some greater Men now living) upon an unsuspected Testimony given in Confidence by an intimate Acquaintance, after Pompey's Death. The severe Tacitus says that Pompey was a better Dissembler than Marius and Sylla, but not a better Man; and Julian in his admirable Censure of his Predecessors, introduces Alexander of Macedon affirming, 'that Pompey had more of the Fox than the Lion in him.'

far intended by taking up Arms, appeared by their turning Tyrants, after their Victories: But even those who fought against M. Brutus did not pretend to say, that he had any other View than the saving his Country and restoring the Republic: just as the great Admiral and Captain, Gaspar de Coligni, was believed even at the dissolute Court of *France*, to be the only Protestant Grandee, fully persuaded of the Truth of his Religion, and to arm in Defence of it, from an Impulse of Conscience. In the same Manner, of all the Heroes engaged in the Recovery of *Rome*, from the Oppression of *Julius Cæsar*, M. Antony believed Brutus alone to have undertaken it from no personal Prejudice against the Man, but from a Motive of pure Patriotism. When his Body was brought down from the hills (upon the Submission and Pardon of the

To both these, I oppose this Judgment given by Cicero. Non possum, says he to his Confident Pomponius Atticus, upon the Subject of Pompey's lamentable Exit, Pompeii casum non dolere: hominem enim Integrum & castum & Gravem novi. 'I cannot but be deeply affected with Pompey's hard Fate; for I found him to be an upright, disinterested, and steady Man.' The three Words employed by Cicero, which my Translation lamely expresses, give the best, and therefore the highest Character competent to a Mortal: they ascribe to him real Probity, unblemished Virtue, and a steady uniform Practice. Add to this the unsuspicious Testimony of an abject Cæsarean: Fuit Pompejus, innocentia eximius, sanctitate precipuus, eloquentia medius; Potentie, quæ ad eum honoris causa deferretur, non ut ab eo occuparetur, cupidissimus — pene omnium vitiorum expers.

C. Vell. Paterc. Lib. II. § 29.

four Legions) and laid before the Triumvir, he slightly upbraided him with the Death of his Brother *Caius*, but from a Regard to his Dignity and Virtue, took off his own General's Robe, of great Value, threw it over the dead Body, and ordered one of his chief Domestics to make him a magnificent Funeral, and send home the Ashes to his Mother *Servilia*. This was a decent Piece of Respect from the Man whose Life *Brutus* had saved upon the Ides of March. But his Orders were ill executed: The Person employed stole the costly Robe, and with-held the other Expenses of Oils and Incense necessary for the Pile; of which *Antony* being informed, broke into a violent Passion — asked if he had any Sense *how great a Man's* Burial had been intrusted to his Care? and ordered him to be instantly put to Death. Some say, that the young *Cesar* cut off *Brutus's* Head, and sent it to *Rome* to be thrown at the Feet of *Julius Cesar's* Statue; but that the Ship carrying it was lost in her Passage to *Brindisi*.

M. Cepio Brutus is generally allowed to have been one of the best and most accomplished Men that ever did Honor to human Nature. Even those whom *Party-Rage* or Dread of *absolute Power* forced to condemn his killing *Cesar*, proclaim him, with one Voice, to have been in every other Respect a perfect Pattern of Virtue¹: and had *Cassius* conquered at *Philippi*, as Brutus did, that Action

¹ Uno Facto Virtutes suas præcipitavit. Val. Max.

Κασσιος η Βρυτος εις αρετην οδηγεται χωρις Αυτου Ενός. Αππιαν. Αλεξ.

would have been reckoned the *Glory of his Life* and celebrated as *such* by all the subsequent Authors. What footing either strict modern Casuistry, or the Gallantry of Friendship, may put it upon, lies out of my Way to inquire. But the ancient Patriots had a Maxim, *That the Welfare and Liberty of our Country is the highest and most heroic Principle of Action.* ‘ That every other
 ‘ Consideration must stoop to this; be it Father
 ‘ or Brother, or the most intimate Friend — be-
 ‘ cause every other Tie and Endearment is absor-
 ‘ bed in the Love of our Country; and the greater
 ‘ the Sacrifice, the more glorious the Service’.
 They asked, for Example, whether the Friends of *Coriolanus* ought to have taken Arms with him, and joined the *Volsicians* against their Country? Whether *Q. Tubero* did not well to abandon *Tiberius Gracchus*, when he began to embroil the State? Or how it was, that *Servilius Ahala* was admired for killing *Sp. Melius* in the Forum — that *M. Manlius* was with universal Approbation hurled from the Top of the *Tarpeian Rock* — that *Cinna* and *Carbo* were stabbed — and *Catiline’s* Crew destroyed with public Applause — all for attempting to do the very Thing which *Julius Cæsar* both attempted and fatally for himself and *Rome*, after five Years of Blood and Confusion, brought at last to bear?

But *Anneus Seneca* teaches another Doctrine:

² Sed omnes omnium charitates complectitur Patria.

³ Tib. Gracchus Regnum occupare conatus est; vel regnavit is quidem paucos Menses. Cicero de Amicitia. See Vol. I. p. 178.

To understand it, we must remember, that he lived under Tyranny, and being banished from Court, meanly fawned upon the Tyrant's Slave*; that being afterwards placed in a high Station (in which he did indeed good Service) he was obliged to countenance and palliate many wild Steps of absolute Power. In this Light we will not wonder at his telling us, ' That it was a disputed Point, ' whether M. Brutus ought to have *received* his ' Life from the Hands of the Man whom he thought ' himself bound in Duty to kill: Upon what Principles, continues *Seneca*, he entered upon that Enterprize, shall be considered in another Place. ' It is my Opinion that *Brutus*, though a very ' great Man in other Respects, was quite *mistaken* ' in that Business, and did by no Means walk ' according to the Rules of his own Philosophy. ' He could never else have dreaded the *Name* of a ' King; under whom, if he be *good*, the State ' enjoys its highest Happiness: nor could he reasonably expect, that ever Liberty would prevail, ' where the Price was so exorbitant, both of Dominion and Slavery: nor that the *Common-wealth* ' could resume its ancient Form, when its *Members* ' had lost their ancient Manners: nor that Right ' and Equality should take Place in that City, ' where he had seen so many thousands take Arms, ' not for *Liberty*, but the Choice of a *Master*.'

The same political Reasons are urged by the ingenious *Italian*, *Trajano Boccalini*, (a Man of

* Polybius, one of the Emperor *Claudius*'s Freed-men.

more Wit than Solidity,) who introduces *L. Junius Brutus*, the Scourge of the *Tarquins*, instructing his Name-fake, 'that Rome was ripe for Liberty, when *he* called the Citizens to throw off the Yoke: But that they were fond of Slavery when his *Descendant* killed *Julius Cæsar*.' Both the Philosopher and the Satirist (for such was *Boccalini*) argue from the most fallacious of all Proofs, the *Success* of the Undertaking; and seem not to have reflected that the Senate, the Knights, and all the *sound Part* of the Roman Empire, were warm in the Cause of Liberty; and that the final Loss of it depended upon a thousand, and these not improbable, Chances — any one of which happening (such as the Safety of *Cassius* or *Pansa*; *Antony's* falling at *Modena*, or being starved at *Philippi*), the Common-wealth would have been *resettled*, and all these puny Politics would never once been heard of. For never was there a greater Instance of the Weakness of such Speculations; and indeed of all human Foresight, than the *ultimate Issue* of these cruel Commotions. When *Julius Cæsar* was killed as a Tyrant, to the Joy of the Senate, the Nobility, and of every Body (except his own Creatures and poisoned Army), it could enter into no Man's Head, that among so many great Commanders and able Statesmen as were still left, a Youth of scarce nineteen Years should outstrip them all, and again overturn the public Liberty. *Brutus* therefore had solid Reason to hope for Success in his great Undertaking; and would have succeeded but for his own excessive

Mildness and Clemency. But as I have met with Men of great Worth, whose high Sense of *private* Friendship permits them not to approve of the chief Part of his Conduct, my Regard for *them*, makes it necessary to touch upon the two Reasons that determine my Judgment of the mighty Deed.

First I cannot help being of the Opinion; 'that
' a *public Tie* supercedes all *private Obligation*:
' that no personal Favor done to you in particu-
' lar, can dispense with a Duty on which the Hap-
' piness of Millions, in a Word, of your Coun-
' try, depends; and therefore, that the rescuing
' the Laws and Liberties of a noble Nation from
' the Yoke of a Tyrant is the most glorious of all
' human Actions; and the Obligation which every
' free Citizen lies under to contribute to it to the
' utmost of his Power, cannot be cancelled by
' the Tyrant's being his *Friend*, *Relation*, or *Be-*
' *nefactor*'. In the next Place, I know of no *Obli-*
' *gation* that M. Brutus lay under to *Cæsar*.' In

' Quod potest esse majus Scelus, quam non modo ho-
minem, sed etiam familiarem occidere? Num igitur se
obstrinxit Scelere, si quis Tyrannum occidit, quamvis fa-
miliarem? — Pop. quidem Romano non videtur, qui ex
omnibus præclaris Factis, illud *pulcherrimum* existimat.

Cicer. Cato Major.

Præcipiendum igitur Bonis, ut si in ejusmodi amicitias
ignari, casu aliquo inciderint, ne existiment ita se alligatos,
ut ab amicis, in magnâ re aliquâ in Remp. peccantibus,
non discedant: Improbis autem poena statuenda est: nec
minor verò iis qui secuti erunt alterum, quam iis qui ipsi
fuerint impietatis Duces:

Idem in Lælio.

private Life, *Cæsar's* criminal Commerce with the *Mother* was a cruel Injury to the *Son*: and in public, *M. Brutus* was not only guilty of no Crime, but was acting the true Patriot, when fighting against him at *Pharsalia*. A Pardon presupposes Guilt: and *Julius Cæsar* had no more Title to the Life of *Brutus*, or of any of his Fellow - Citizens, whom he that Day murdered by thousands, than a Highwayman who holds a Pistol to your Breast, and is graciously pleased to spare you, upon delivering your Money. It is precisely the Pirate's Case, who told Alexander, 'that *they were both of a Trade — both Plunderers; the only Difference being, that his Majesty did that with a great Army and Fleet, which he, poor Devil, could only do with a single Ship.*

Let us speak plain, and not be deluded by Faints of Grandeur: A Robber who should overcome your Resistance — save your Life — give you back your Money, nay double or triple it, on Condition [you should *live his Slave*, and assist him to reduce your Friends and all Mankind to the same Condition, would be just in the Place of *Caius Cæsar*, and You would be under the same Tie of Gratitude as *M. Brutus* was to the Roman Tyrant*.

To the Bulk of Mankind, it is probable, this will always appear in a different Light; because they

* *Moriendum ante, quam ullam conditionem Civis accipiendam Reip.*

M. Cato apud Velleium, Lib. II. § 49.

all feel the Influence of *private* Friendship, and the most abandoned have *some* Perception of its Obligations: but a *just Sense* of the Value of Liberty and of the *public Spirit* which *it* alone can inspire, is the Attainment but of a *Few*: and perhaps *it is proper* it should be so; — for as none but Men of the soundest Heads and largest Hearts are capable of judging truly, and pronouncing impartially in so great a Cause, so there are none but *Heroes* capable of putting the Sentence rightly in execution.

Julius Cæsar, by his Treason and Rebellions, was the Cause of more Murder, Devastation and Misery than ever Tyrant committed; and it is a Sort of Paradox in History, how a Man so wicked and criminal, instead of being loaded with the most deserved Infamy, should yet retain some Sort of Reputation with that impartial Judge of Merit, Posterity. Let us trace the Prejudice to its Source, and show the Canals through which it has flowed to modern Times.

The first Rise of it was his *political* Humanity⁷. His Treasons principally regarded the State; that is, the Body of the Citizens in general, which were therefore less felt in the Beginning, though big with universal Ruin. But his Favors, or rather

⁷ Luc. *The Virtues of Humanity are Cæsar's.*

Cat. *Curse on his Virtues: they've undone his Country;*

Such popular Humanity is Treason.

Cato a Tragedy, Act iv. Sc. 4.

Profusions, were bestowed upon *particular Persons*, especially such as could promote his Power or Pleasures, — a Piece of Conduct in which he was imitated by a Man not unlike him, either in Address or daring Designs, the Cardinal Duke of *Richelieu*; whose Maxim it was, *To insult the Courts, and caress particular Members*. The Favors done by *Cæsar* to Individuals were thoroughly felt, and had a powerful Operation. They so attached his Creatures to him, that their common Oath was

Ita vivo Cæsare moriar!

So may Cæsar survive me!

and many of them being Men of Wit and Capacity, such as *Crispus Salustius* his Lieutenant, *C. Oppius* his private Secretary, *Cn. Matius* and *Corn. Balbus*, successively Masters of Artillery, their Tongues and Pens spread a false Varnish over his Character, that hid its real hideous Features, and set forth only the *great Talents*, which he abused to the public Ruin.

But that same *false Gloss* would have soon wore off, if it had not received new Strength by a very strange *Contrast*. As slight Misfortunes are sunk in greater Evils, the horrid Things done by his Successors, in some Sort *effaced Cæsar's Crimes*: and the Miseries they had brought upon the Empire came to be considered as *small Afflictions* in Comparison of the *atrocious Tract of Massacre and Rapine* under the Triumvirs. He banished, and forfeited, and murdered, it is true, but he did it

cunningly * and no farther than he apprehended was necessary to secure his Usurpation: For no Man better knew, that a *Show* of Humanity and Moderation was among the chief Props of his Power: he therefore willingly spared all that either were not of Consequence to give him Umbrage, or who he thought could be *made* his Friends: whereas the subsequent total Extinction of *Law* and *Right*, and bursting the most sacred Bonds of Nature, made *his* illegal Sway appear a golden age to the *Romans*°. Had Pompey and the Senate prevailed, with such Men as *Marcellus*, and *Cato*, and *Cicero*, to moderate their Councils; or had the excellent *Cornificius*, the brave *Trebonius*, and the accomplished *Pansa*, survived (not to mention the Heroes that fell at *Philippi*;) *their* mild and legal Administration would have spread Horror over *Cæsar's* Rapacity. But now, what *Tacitus* suggests of Augustus, that he pitched upon a savage Successor, whose Cruelties might reflect honor on his

* Καίσαρ ἢ ἀδήλως ἢ ἐν οἷς ἤκιστα ἂν τις προσεδόκησε τὰς τιμωρίας ἐπ' αὐτοῦ.

Διον. βιβ. λη.

It was Cæsar's Way, says Dion Niceus, to pretend to pardon those who opposed him, as it were through Generosity and Greatness of Mind: but secretly, he always employed some proper Instruments to ruin them, without raising Suspensions: Καὶ γὰρ τῷτο ἦν Καίσαρι, προσποιεῖσθαι μὲ ὑπερορᾶν ὑπὸ μεγαλοφροσύνης τῶν λυπῶντων αὐτόν· δι' ἄλλων δὲ τινῶν αἰεὶ τὰς ἐχθρὰς τίνυσθαι ἀνυπόπλως.

Διον. Πομπ.

° Οἱ τρεῖς ἄνδρες ἔγω τὰ πράγματα διηγόν, ὥς χερσὶν τὴν τῷ Ἰσλίου Καίσαρι μοναρχίαν φανῆναι.

Ο Αὐτός.

own Moderation, *actually happened* to Julius Cæsar; who stands therefore indebted to the bloody Triumvirs that his Memory is not blacker than *Marius'* or *Catiline's*. But this is not all.

The *Prejudice* in his Favor, thus disguised by *Wit*, and heightened by a terrible *Foil*, received its final *Sanction* by the Success of his Party. To cover their private Ambition, the Triumvirs borrowed the Pretence of avenging *Cæsar's* Death as the Cause of all their unnatural Wars; and their Victory rivetted down that solemn Sham, and tainted all the Party-Writers, all the complaisant Poets, all the shallow Compilers of the following Reigns, who blindly adopted the *Cry of the Victors*, and infected Posterity with the same senseless Tale. This Party-Language, contrived to color the Triumviral Murders, was revived under *Tiberius*, and taken fondly up by the after-Historians. The *Greeks* especially of the lower Age and Class, soothed their Malignity by speaking disrespectfully of the greatest Men of that Republic, which had eclipsed and conquered their own. Dion Cassius seems delighted when he is throwing Dirt upon the most venerable Patriots of the Commonwealth¹; and even Plutarch's ill-matched Parallels

¹ *That I may not seem singular or severe, I will take the Liberty to transcribe a Sentence from a Dissertation upon the latter Greek Historians by M. l'Abbé Sallier, a Man of extensive Learning, solid Judgment, and whom with Pleasure I call my Friend.*

J'aurois pu rapporter plusieurs Traits d'Aigreur & de Jalousie tirés de l'Histoire de Dion Cassius; & qui tombent
betray

betray a Prejudice against the brightest *Roman* Characters—I suppose that he may have the better Bargain of them in their Comparison with his *Grecian* Worthies².

Now the original Works of the great Men who wrote the true History of those Times being unhappily lost³; and particularly that Part of the candid Historian *T. Livius*' Work, which narrated the civil War, — and none but Party-Writers remaining⁴, with *Julius* himself at their Head; these *still lower* Authors who transcribed them, came to be soon translated, and, for Want of better, so much read, that they filled *Europe* with the same sophistical Notions. Particularly *some* frothy *French* Writers (contrary to many eminent Pens of that ingenious Nation), by crying up the Cæsars for *Heroes*, have propagated an empty Opinion of

sur ce qu'il y a de *plus illustre* à Rome — Jamais Historien ne s'est livré plus ouvertement à la séduction de la *Haine* & de la *Prévention*.

Mémoires de Literat. Tome viii.

² Plutarque conçut le dessein bizarre, j'ose le dire, de comparer des hommes qui ne sont pas plus distans les uns des autres par l'éloignement des Temps & des Lieux, où ils ont vécu, que par le genre de vie qu'ils ont mené, par la nature des Passions qui les ont gouverné, par la différence des Actions qui les ont distingué.

³ P. Nigidius Figulus, T. Ampius Balbus, M. Actorius Naso, Q. Ælius Tubero, M. Aquilius Niger, P. Volumnius Flaccus, M. Val. Messala, T. Iunius Saturninus, M. Asinius Pollio, Cornelius Nepos, Cremutius Cordus.

⁴ *Aulus Hirtius* or *C. Oppius*, *Velleius Paterculus*, *Valerius Maximus*, and the innumerable Memoir-Writers.

the Dignity of a Succession of Princes, who were, generally speaking, not only the worst, but the *meanest* of Mankind. Then the impertinent Parallel, which after *Plutarch*, they have drawn of two wholly different Men, *Alexander* and *Julius*, as the *two Heroes* of the Universe, has rooted the Illusion in the Minds of those who look no farther than the Surface: as the putting his *Memoirs* into the Hands of Youth at School, prepares them to swallow it when they come to be Men.

Cæsar's Memoirs are written with great *Elegance*, and with still greater *Art*. In his Account of the civil War, he disguises his *Rebellion* against his Country, and long-laid *Plot* to destroy the Constitution; on the contrary, he labors to make it appear by the Deduction of his Story, that he was iniquitously driven to the *Necessity* of taking up Arms; a Plea which has been adopted by most of the Writers of his Party'. But that this was mere *Pretence* is evident, first, from the whole *Tenor* of his former Life (the true Test of a Man), which leaves not the least Doubt of *what Cæsar aimed at*. Then, all the audacious abandoned People in Rome, were his Friends and Favorites—all the Good, the Grave, the Worthy, his constant Enemies'. How could it be otherwise? when his whole *Conduct* made it plain, that he had no regard to Right or

' Yet here Velleius deserts him. Alterius Ducis Causa melior, alterius firmior videbatur.

' Quidquid erat in Urbe Lecti Sancti.

Seneca.

Wrong; but as it tended to promote his Interest: that is, his Ambition and Grandeur:—when he *trampled* upon every Thing that stood in the Way of his darling Passion to *domineer*;—that therefore his Virtues, or the *Appearances* of them, were not owing to his *Will* or *Choice*, else they had been constant, but to his *Understanding*; and so were *taken up* and *laid down* at Pleasure: that is to say, that he had *no Morals*; and as one intimately acquainted with him said, was the greatest Profligate ever put to Death for Usurpation⁷.

His Clemency in particular, which is the most insisted on, and whose Foundation we have already discussed⁸, was all Art and Dissimulation. The double Contradictory Orders given to his Troops at *Pharsalia*⁹, and the Account of his artificial Management (given by one of his Admirers) at the Battle of *Thapsus*, are good Specimens of it. ‘In that Pursuit, he gave no Quarter’; and after

⁷ Ille ipse (C. Jul. Cæsar) quem tu nequissimum occisum esse dixisti.

Cicer. ad C. Cass. Lib. xii. Ep. 2.

⁸ Vol. I. page 247.

⁹ Voces obequitantis (Cæsaris) exceptæ, altera cruenta, sed docta, & ad victoriam efficax. Miles! faciem feri altera ad *jaclationem* composita, Parce civibus: cum ipse sequeretur —!

Flor. Lib. iv. cap. 2.

¹ There was no less than *fifty thousand* men fell in this Battle. The Generals, who had been in Places of Dignity in the State, Consuls or Pretors, immediately killed themselves, rather than be taken alive—many of those who were, says *Plutarch* (οὐχὺς δὲ Κæσαρ ἴκλεινε) Cæsar ordered to be put to the Sword.

' the Battle, *Afranius* Pompey's Lieutenant-General,
 ' and *Faustus Sylla*, the Dictator's Son falling into
 ' his Hands, he commanded both to be immedi-
 ' ately put to Death. But his Relation the young
 ' *Lucius Cæsar* having surrendered at *Utica*, though
 ' he mortally hated him as a Lover of *Rome*, he
 ' stood in some Awe to kill him, but bid him
 ' plead for his Life before a Council of War, that
 ' he might condemn him under Color of Law.
 ' Yet still disliking to pass Sentence of Death upon
 ' his own Kinsman, he *deferred* giving Judgment;
 ' and in a few Days, *Lucius* disappeared and was
 ' never more heard off. *Cæsar* had made privately
 ' away with him: For, continues the *Cæsarean*
 ' Author, *Some* of the noble Persons that were
 ' about him, whom he did not like, he was glad
 ' to get rid off by exposing them to the Enemy;
 ' and *others* he gave secret Orders to his own Men
 ' to kill treacherously in the Heat of a Battle.'

These Facts correspond with his Sayings; two
 of which already related give his real Character².
 Among the Rest, he took a Couple of Verses
 (which *Euripides* has put in the Mouth of *Etheocles*,
 when he refused to let his Brother take his Turn
 in the Throne) as it were for his Motto.

*If one must needs do wrong, the noblest Cause
 Is Royal Power — in other Things be just*³.

² Vol. I. p. 250 and 257.

³ Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδὶ εἶν χρεὶ, Τυρανίδος πέρι
 Κάλλιον ἀδικεῖν τ' ἄλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεών.

To which add another weighty Maxim, and you will have his political Creed. *Two Things*, said he, *are necessary*, Troops and Money — how procured, and for what Purpose, appeared from his Practice. But the greatest Politician is not always on his Guard; Conjectures happen, that draw out his concealed Sentiments, and lay open the Recesses of his Heart. The Idea that *Cæsar* had of the whole Conduct of the civil War, after his fruitless Attempt to intercept his Son-in-law at *Brindisi* he comprehended in a single Sentence. The main Body of *Cn. Pompey's* Veteran Army was in *Spain* under *Afranius* and *Petreius* his Lieutenants—he himself had gone over to *Greece* — where he had no regular Forces ready: *Cæsar* therefore said, *He was going against an Army without a General, and hoped to return to a General without an Army.* The veteran Army was *All*: like his Imitator *Richelieu's* *Ratio ultima regum* * inscribed upon his Cannon. In *this* lay his Confidence, and *there* was the Foundation of his Trust. It dropped from him too at an unguarded Moment, when he was provoked by the inviolable attachment of the City of *Seville* to *Pompey* and the Common-wealth. *With whom did you think to conquer?* asked he after his final Victory; *did you not know, though you had made away with me, the Romans had ten Legions able not only to cope with you, but to pull down Heaven Itself.* I select these Sayings, not as the most criminal and insulting thrown out by *Cæsar*, but as the most expressive

* The last Reason given by Kings.

of his *Temper* and *Designs*, and therefore the clearest Evidence (next to his *Actions*) of the *Artifice* employed in his *Memoirs* to *palliate* his Crimes. When returned to Rome formerly the Seat of Liberty, where all Tongues were free, after he had, by the Help of these *ten Legions*, cut every Throat that durst utter a Word against him, he told his once fellow Citizens, that *thenceforth they must converse with him more circumspectly, and take whatever he said for a Law.*

‘ Now let me ask, in the Words of an approved
 ‘ Patriot’, What was to be done with the Man,
 ‘ who had contemned Right and Wrong; and
 ‘ trampled upon Duty and Honor to ascend to
 ‘ sovereign Power? whose final Wish was to
 ‘ enslave the conquering *Romans*, and become
 ‘ Lord of all the Nations of the Empire? Was his
 ‘ Wish *laudable*, or did *Honor* attend its Comple-
 ‘ tion? He who thinks so, must praise the Def-
 ‘ troyer of Law and Liberty, and think the horrid
 ‘ and execrable Extinction of them a glorious
 ‘ Achievement. But if some shrewd Person should
 ‘ say, that *it is not honorable*, it is true, to oppress
 ‘ any free State, and much less to enslave your native
 ‘ Country; but if any Man be able to accomplish it,
 ‘ it is his Interest *so to do*; — with what Sort of
 ‘ Reproof, or rather with what Reproaches shall
 ‘ I correct his Judgment? Is it possible, good
 ‘ Heavens! — can the blackest of Crimes, the

‘ M. Tul. Cicero de Offic. Lib. iii.

‘ parricide of our Country ‘. and the Slaughter of
 ‘ our fellow-Citizens be any Man’s *Interest*? even
 ‘ suppose that Man should, by the thin oppressed
 ‘ Residue, be complimented as the Father of his
 ‘ People? Can Anguish and Trouble of Mind —
 ‘ Suspicions by Day, and Terror by Night, be
 ‘ any Man’s *Interest* — ? Can a Life led amidst
 ‘ Snares and Dangers — faithless Friends and dis-
 ‘ contented Subjects — ? But above all Tyrants,
 ‘ He who with their *own* Army oppressed the
 ‘ Romans: — who would needs have not only a
 ‘ *free State*, but the Mistresses of Nations, and *Head*
 ‘ of the *World* to be his Slave — what black
 ‘ Thoughts! what Stings of Remorse? what in-
 ‘ ternal Pangs must have torn his Soul? Under
 ‘ *these* he must live — and live upon this Footing,
 ‘ that whoever puts him to Death, shall be the
 ‘ most esteemed and glorious among Men’ ?

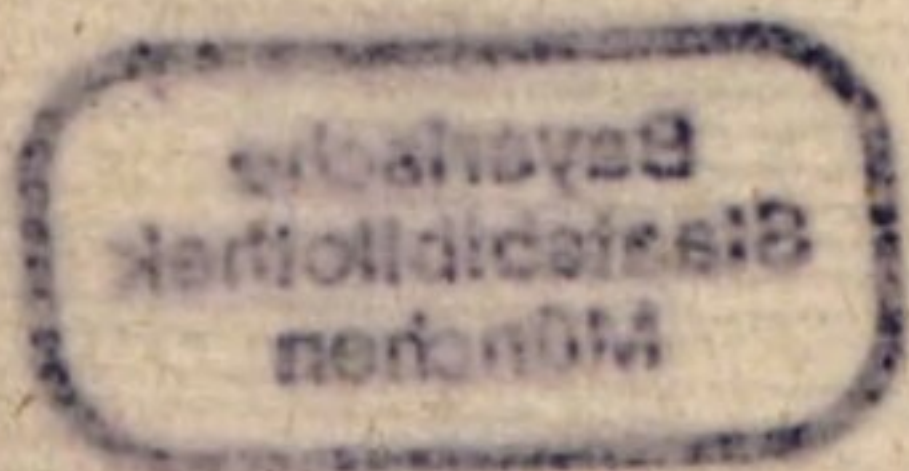
The *Roman Tyrant*, therefore, to use the Phrase

‘ *Apud Romanos Deus Iulius; quia hoc scelerato hominī
 placuit Antonio: Deus Quirinus, quia hoc Pastoribus visum
 est: cum alter germani Fratris extiterit, alter Patriæ Parri-
 cida. Quod si Consul non fuisset Antonius, C. Cæsar pro
 suis in Remp. meritis, & defuncti hominis Honore caruisset;
 & quidem consilio Pisonis soceri, & L. Cæsaris propinqui,
 qui vetabant funus fieri, & Dolabellæ Consulis, qui columnam
 in foro id est titulum ejus evertit, ac forum expiavit.*

Lactant. De F. R. Lib. i. cap. 15.

‘ ——— Victimā haud ulla amplior
 Potestque magis opima mactari Jovi,
 Quam Rex iniquus. —

Senec. — Hercul. Furens.



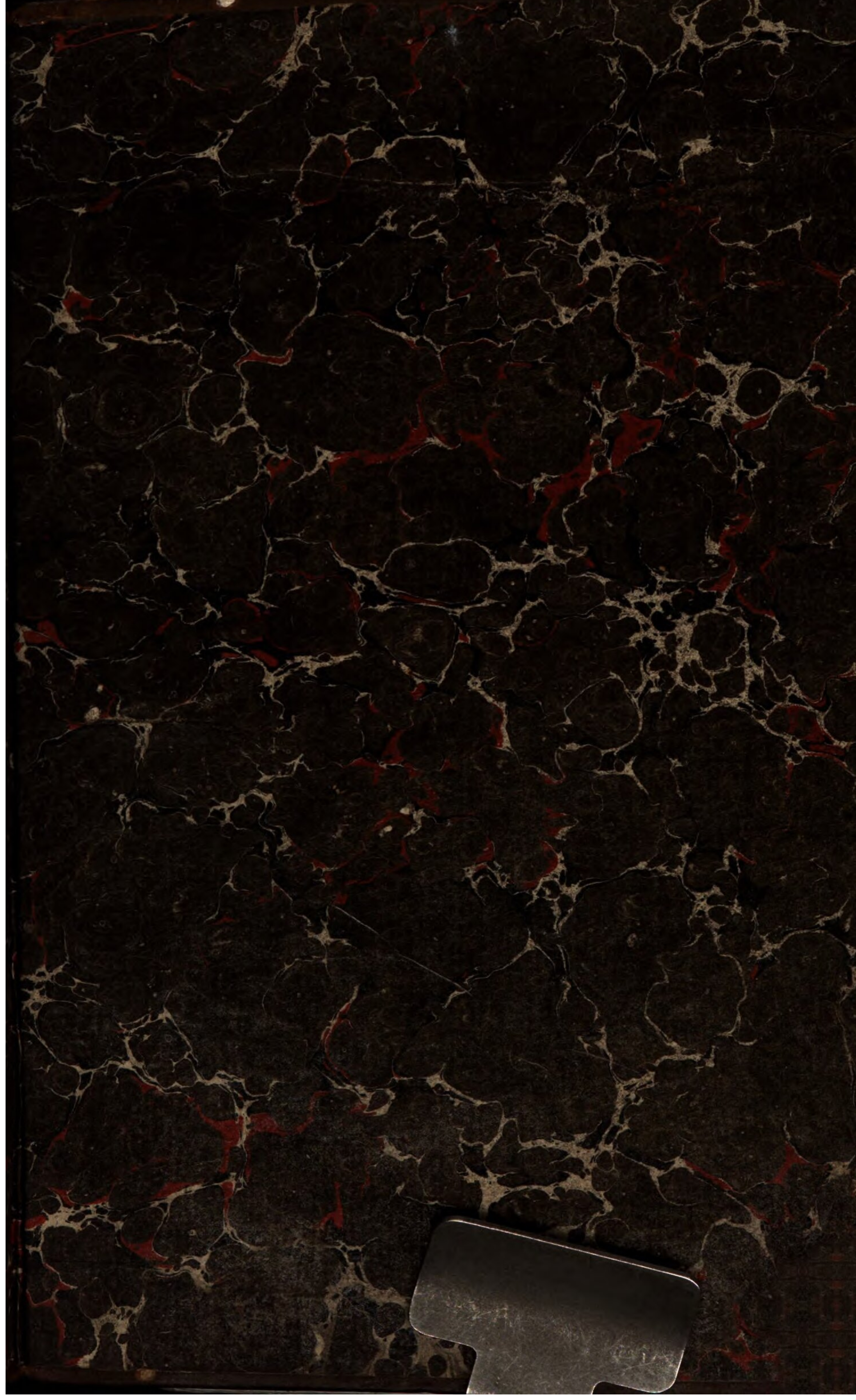
of a great Lawyer, *was rightfully slain* * : and *M. Brutus*, though so amiable in his private Life, as to be the Delight of his Relations, the Admiration of his Friends, and impossible to be hated even by his Enemies, will still shine with superior Lustre, as the Deliverer of Rome : and he and his Brother-Patriot, *C. Cassius*, will live, — not in Virtue to the Statues erected to them by the *Athenians* next to *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton*, but in their Memories being dear, and their Characters held sacred by every real Friend to Liberty and Truth.

* Prægravant tamen cætera Facta, Dictaque ejus, ut & abusus Dominatione, & Jure cæsus videretur.

C. Sueton. Tranq.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.







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Memoirs of the court of Augustus

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Basil (1794)

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